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HANDBOUND
AT THE

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48
1911
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Mrs CRAWFORD as MARIAMNE.

I vindicate my Innocence

B 30626

MARIAMNE.

A

TRAGEDY,

By Mr. FENTON.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

234405
15.7.29

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JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
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1794

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JOHN, LORD GOWER,

BARON OF STITTENHAM.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's known candour and humanity were never more conspicuous, than when you condescended to promote the interest of the following tragedy. An imperfect essay! at first attempted only for a private amusement, and formed on the model of the ancient Greek drama; but I was afterwards prevailed upon by my friend Mr. Southern's importunity, to bring it on the stage. The uncommon success which it met with there, I have not the vanity to ascribe to any merit in the play; but owe it purely to the general disposition of the town, to give a kind reception to whatever comes recommended with your Lordship's protection. Let your goodness, my Lord, indulge the ambition I have that it should now appear in the world under your patronage; and allow me the honor of ever being, with the most perfect esteem and gratitude—

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

ELIJAH FENTON.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
The muse recalls the suffering good to fame,
Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power,
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years:
A name enlarged with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on the throne:
Whose bold ambition trembling Jewry view'd,
In blood of half her royal race imbru'd.
But now reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien:
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
We shew the tyrant in the lover lost.

If no compassion, when his crimes are weigh'd,
To his ill-fated fondness must be paid,

Yet see, ye fair! and see with pitying eyes
The bright, afflicted, Mariamne rise.
No fancy'd tale; our opening scenes disclose
Historick truth, and swell with real woes.
Lawful in virtuous grief the Queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears.
Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
Give tears to beauty, and to virtue fame.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
HEROD the Great - - - - -	Mr. Smith.
His young Son.	
PHERORAS, the King's Brother - -	Mr. Gardner.
SOHEMUS, first Minister - - -	Mr. Bensley.
NARBAL, a Lord of the Queen's Party -	Mr. Clarke.
MAZEROTH, a young Lord related to the Queen.	
High-Priest - - - - - -	Mr. Hull.
SAMEAS, the King's Cup-bearer - -	Mr. Davis.
FLAMINIUS, a Roman General - -	Mr. Wroughton.
	Women.
MARIAMNE - - - - - -	Mrs. Hartley.
SALOME, the King's Sister - -	Miss Shirman.
ARSINOE, chief Attendant on the Queen -	Mrs. Mattocks.

Guards, Messengers, Attendants.

SCENE, a Room of State in HEROD's Palace at Jerusalem.

MARIAMNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHERORAS, NARBAL, *and* SOHEMUS.

Pheroras.

THE morning in her richest purple rob'd,
Smiles with auspicious lustre on the day
Which brings my royal brother back from Rhodes,
Confirm'd in empire by the general voice
Of Cæsar and the Senate.

Nar. This bless'd day
In latest annals shall distinguish'd shine,
Sacred to majesty, and dear to love:
The same which saw the royal lovers march
In nuptial pomp, revolving, now restores
Herod to Mariamne, and his crown.

Sohe. Fortune at length to merit grows a friend;
Or fate ordain'd the happiest stars to shed
Their influence on his birth; or sure, since Rome,
With civil discord rent, so oft hath chang'd
Her own great lords (as bleeding conquest rais'd,
Or sunk the doubtful balance), we had shar'd
The same vicissitudes of restless power.

Nar. Herod avow'd the dear respect he bore

To Antony, and dropp'd a generous tear
To grace his ruins.

Pher. Yes, and Cæsar sat
Pensive and silent; in his anxious breast,
Perhaps, revolving, that, of all his train,
Who proudly wanton in his mounted rays,
Gay, flutt'ring insects of a summer noon,
How few would bear the wintry storms of fate!
At length, he smiling rose, receiv'd the crown
From Herod's hand, and plac'd it on his brow,
Crying, shine there! for Cæsar cannot find
A worthier head to wear thee.

Sohe. From the grace
Of such a victor to receive a crown,
With such peculiar attributes of fame,
Confers more glory than a chronicle
Of scepter'd ancestors.

Pher. Narbal, your care
Will see due honours to the day discharg'd.
Let the shrill trumpet's cheerful note injoin
A general feast; and joy, with loud acclaim,
Through all the streets of Solyma resound.
" Let steams of grateful incense cloud the sky,
" 'Till the rich fragrance reach the utmost bounds
" Of Herod's empire. Let each smiling brow
" Wear peaceful olive, whilst the virgin choirs
" Warbling his praise, his paths with flow'rs perfume,
" Who guards Judea with the shield of Rome."

[*Exit* Narbal.

Sohe. My Lord, the province you 've assign'd agrees
With Narbal's talents; none is better form'd

To gild the pageant of a gaudy day:
He 's nobly born, and popularly vain,
Rare tinsel stuff t' adorn a room of state!
But in the counsel, where the public care——

Pher. In that high sphere you, Sohemus, alone
Must ever shine: and may your wisdom raise
Your master's fortune, to divide the globe
With this new Cæsar; "and no longer sway
"A short, precarious sceptre, which must shake
"With each tempestuous gust that blows from Rome."

Sohe. With blushes I must hear you call me wise,
When one impassion'd woman can destroy
My surest plans, and with a sigh blow down
The firmest fabric of deliberate thought.
Heav'ns! that a king consummate for a throne,
So wise in council, and so great in arms,
Should, after nine long years, remain a slave,
Because his wife is fair! "What art thou, beauty,
"Whose charm makes sense and valour grow as tame
"As a blind turtle?"

Pher. Is thy wisdom proof
Against the blandishments of warm desire?
It ill defends thee from Arsinoe's charms:
The sullen sweetness of a down-cast eye,
A feign'd unkindness, or a just reproach,
Breath'd in a sigh, and soften'd with a tear,
Would make thy rigid marble melt like snow
On the warm bosom of the youthful spring.

Sohe. In thoughtless youth, gay nature gives the rein
To love, and bids him urge the full career:
But Herod should restrain his head-strong course,

Now reason is mature.

Pher. He never can;
For Mariamne, with superior charms,
Triumphs o'er reason; in her look she bears
A paradise of ever-blooming sweets;
Fair as the first idea beauty prints
On the young lover's soul; "a winning grace
"Guides every gesture, and obsequious love
"Attends on all her steps; for majesty
"Streams from her eye, to each beholder's heart,
"And checks the transport which her charms inspire."
Who would not live her slave!—Nor is her mind
Form'd with inferior elegance—By her,
So absolute in every grace, we guess
What essence angels have.

Sohe. Who can admire
The brightest angel, when his hand unsheathes
The vengeful sword, or with dire pestilence
Unpeople's nations? If Death sits enthron'd
In the soft dimple of a damask cheek,
He thence can aim his silent dart as sure
As from the wrinkle of a tyrant's frown:
And that 's our case. Yet, with a lover's eye,
You view the gay malignance that will blast
Both you and all your friends.

Pher. We sure may praise
The snake that glitters in her summer pride,
And yet beware the sting.

Sohe. But low in dust
Crush the crown'd basilisk, or else she kills
Whate'er her eye commands—You need, my lor

No clearer light than this, by which to read
The purpose of my soul.

Pher. Tho' 'tis obscure,
It strikes like lightning, that with fear confounds
The pale night-wanderer, whilst it shews the path.
You, Sohemus, have cause to think the queen
Charges the taking off her uncle's head
To your advice; and gladly would atone
Her kindred blood with yours: revenge still glows,
Though hid in treacherous embers; and you 'll feel
The dire effect, whene'er occasion breathes
A gale to waken and foment the flame.
" But I, unpractis'd in th' intrigues of courts,
" And disciplin'd in camps, will not supply
" Increase of fuel to these home-bred jars:
" I hope the king will see them soon suppress'd;
" Or care succeeding care will ever tread
" The circle of his crown."

Sohe. If to pursue
The safest measures to secure his throne,
Shall irritate the queen to make me fall
A victim to her rage, the conscious pride
Of having acted what the king ordain'd—

Enter Messenger *with a letter to* Pheroras.

Will yet support me. 'T is not worth my care,
Whether the trembling hand of age must shake
From the frail glass my last remaining sand,
Or fortune break the phial, ere the sum
Of half my life is told.

Pher. 'T is from the king:
A most unpleasing message for the queen.

Sohe. May I, my lord, partake?

Pher. The infant prince
Must live an hostage of the league at Rome:
Cæsar hath sent a minister of trust,
With guards to wait him. This, perhaps, the king
Hath kept conceal'd, that his return might calm
Th' afflicted queen, and soften the surprise.

Sohe. Names he, my lord, the general to whose care
The prince must be consign'd?

Pher. Rome could not choose,
For that high charge, a nobler delegate
Than my Flaminius; for a bolder hand
Ne'ver flew her conquering eagles at their prey.
" We in the Parthian wars together learn'd
" The rudiments of arms; the summer sun
" Hath seen our marches measur'd by his own:
" In battle so intrepid, that he shew'd
" An appetite of danger." Oft I've heard
The weary veterans, resting on their spears,
Swear, by the gods and majesty of Rome,
They blush'd with indignation, to behold
The garland of the war, by partial fate,
Transferr'd from their's, to grace a stripling's brow—
But I with Narbal will prevail, t' impart
This most ungrateful order to the queen. [*Exit.*

Enter SALOME.

Sal. I hope, my lord, young Hazeroth's affront
Will not pass unresented?

Sohe. I've dispatch'd
A message to the king: th' account I gave

Imported nothing but severest truth;
Yet wittiest malice scarce could feign a roll
Of keener calumnies.

" *Sal.* He mention'd me!

" *Sohe.* Traduc'd you basely, by the opprobrious name
" Of Idumæan spinster, in degree
" The third descendant of an Heathen slave,
" Who kept Apollo's temple.

" *Sal.* The king's veins
" Hold the same blood, whatever is the source;
" And if the wretch survives that vile reproach,
" The king 's a slave indeed. What was your crime?

" *Sohe.* He said, by my sole counsels were destroy'd
" All of the royal Asmonæan race,
" Whom justice made the victims of the state;
" Whose injur'd discontented ghosts too long
" Had cry'd revenge! but should not cry in vain:
" Then half unsheath'd his sabre."

Sal. That vain boy
" Believes his near relation to the queen,
" Exempts his haughty youth from all restraint."
He 's Mariamne's echo, and repeats
But half her menaces.

Sohe. What time more fit
To put her threats in act, than when the king
Flies with redoubled ardour to her arms?
Passion improves with absence; and his heart,
So soft and passive to the power of love,
Will then be vacant only to his queen.

Fortune of late a glorious scene disclos'd,
But soon snatch'd back the visionary joy.
The blissful hour is past—Curs'd, doubly curs'd
Be this boy emperor, who tamely spar'd
The warmest friend that Antony could boast!
Had Herod perish'd by his vengeful sword,
I soon had sent (for so he left in charge)
His queen, the worshipp'd idol of his soul,
T' attend him to the shades——Clouds of despair
Now terminate our view!

Sal. Can you discern
No glimmering hope? Though dim, the distant ray
May serve to steer our course.

Sohe. The king will send
His son for hostage, to reside in Rome.

Sal. Were tripple thunder vollied at the queen,
It could not rend her bleeding bosom more
Than such a message.

Sohe. At this little spark,
Discord may light her ever-burning torch:
Th' imperious queen, perhaps, will edge her tongue
With keen resentments for her ruin'd race:
" For 't is th' infirmity of noblest minds,
" When ruffled with an unexpected woe,
" To speak what settled prudence would conceal;
" As the vex'd ocean, working in a storm,
" Oft brings to light the wrecks, which long lay calm
" In the dark bosom of the secret deep."
From such reproach, his pointed joy may change
To coldness and distrust, perhaps to hate;

And their high souls, that now, like friendly stars,
Mingling their beams, in mutual ardour shine,
In fiercest opposition then will thwart
Each others influence, and divide the court:
Then, mischief, to thy work!——

Sal. In me you 'll find
A sure assistant: Shall Pheroras join?

Sohe. I'd fly him at the quarry, but I fear
He 'd check if other game should cross the flight:
" He scorns dissimulation, nor perceives
" That nature never meant simplicity
" A grace to charm in courts:" he serves the crown
With such a blind disinterested zeal,
He 's even proud to obey.

Sal. Let him enjoy
His cold-complexion'd principles, and fall
A traitor to himself.

Sohe. O, Princess! born
To bless the world with a long progeny
Of future heroes; " and renew the strain
" Of valour, which the softness of your sex
" Unspirited at first!" so great a soul
Deserves, and sure is destin'd to a throne!
But hark!

Sal. The Queen's approaching; she repairs
To sacrifice.

Sohe. 'T is best we both retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIAMNE *and* ARSINOE.

Mari. The Princess and her friend were unprepar'd

To pay the decencies the day requires:
" The most unpractis'd in the courtier's art,
" And they who hate us most, might sure vouchsafe
" A smooth unmeaning compliment at least."
But night-born treason is too tender-ey'd,
To bear the blaze of dazzling Majesty,
And seeks the guilty shade.

Arsi. They 're both depriv'd
Of your propitious smile; so dire a loss
Would cloud the most serene.

Mari. That sullen gloom
Proceeds not from a conscience of their crimes
" Which sues by penitence for royal grace;"
But argues high contempt: their brows display
A banner of defiance, and avow
Their trait'rous combination: " but I 'll quell
" The tow'ring crest of their presumptuous hate,
" Or perish in th' attempt." Henceforth forbear
All commerce with the Princess, and her train:
For fear the infection of example taint
Your sound allegiance.

Arsi. If a single thought
Were tinctur'd with disloyalty, this hand
Should pierce my heart to drive the rebel out.
Your strict command with pleasure I obey:
For at the sight of Salome, my breast
Shivers with chilling horror, and revolves
The destiny which a Chaldæan seer
Of late foretold. The pious sage had pass'd
Full sixty winters in a private cell:

His locks were silver'd o'er with reverend white;
And on his cheeks appear'd the pale effect
Of studious abstinence: his custom was
In his small hermitage t' outwatch the moon,
To marshal in his schemes the host of Heaven;
And from their ruling influence at the birth,
Form'd his predictions. As the Princess pass'd
I ask'd him if his foresight could discern
The colour of her fate; he answer'd, Black!
'T is black chequer'd with blood! deep in her breast
I see the dagger, doom'd by Heaven's decree
To cut her half-spun thread.

Mari. What powerful cause
Urg'd you to hear a vain diviner tell
His waking dreams? Perhaps you went to know
What happy star presided o'er the love,
Which Sohemus, I hear, address'd to you:
If so, I 'll be your oracle; "forbear
"T' enquire the doubtful omens of the sky,
"And fix your faith on this unerring truth:"
If your ill-judging choice mislead your heart,
To meet his passion with an equal flame;
Henceforth for ever banish'd from my sight,
In exile you shall end an odious life;
Attended only in that friendless state
By black remorse, which step by step pursues
Th' ingrateful and the false.

Arsi. I long have felt
Th' afflicting hand of Heaven, without the guilt
Of murmur or complaint: but to be thought

False and ingrateful, is too much to bear.
Chase that suspicion from your royal mind;
Nor cast my blameless innocence a prey
To those who envy your distinguish'd grace,
With which I 've long been honour'd.

Mari. To receive
Private addresses from my deadliest foe;
A wretch! whose dark infernal arts have wrought
The ruin of my race, but ill repays
My condescending favour, which vouchsaf'd
To lose the style of subject and of Queen,
In friendship's softer name.

Arsi. While thus I kneel,
Imploring Heaven t' attest my spotless faith,
May I be fix'd a dreadful monument
Of perjur'd guilt, if e'er my bosom gave
Reception to his suit! Were he possess'd
Of all the sun surveys, and form'd to please
With every grace that captivates the soul;
And your command concurrent with his love,
Should urge me to comply; that hard command,
And that alone, I dare to disobey.——
No, my dear Roman! nothing can deface
Thy image from thy virgin-widow's breast;
" The inviolable band of strong desire
" Shall ever join our souls!"

Mar. Dismiss your fears,
And let them with my vanish'd doubt expire:
But, whence this transport of reviving woe?
Recite the series of your fate at large.

Arsi. When Antony and Cæsar found the globe
Too narrow, to suffice the boundless views
Of two such mighty spirits, my virgin-vow
Was plighted to a brave Patrician youth,
The friend of Cæsar: Antony proscrib'd
The chiefs who sided with his potent foe;
And foremost in the tablet my lov'd lord
Was doom'd to slaughter: whilst with nuptial joy
His palace rung, crowded with friends who came
T' attend the bride's arrival, through the gates
A troop of ruffians rushing in, surpriz'd
And dragg'd him to his fate.

Mari. In that distress
What could you do, and whither did you fly?

Arsi. At Alexandria, then the fatal cause
Of Antony engag'd my father's sword;
Thither I fled, and was receiv'd with grace
To Cleopatra's train: with her I came
To Palestine; where the detested sight
Of Antony so rack'd me, and reviv'd
The sad remembrance of my murder'd Lord,
I begg'd to be dismiss'd. You then receiv'd
The fugitive, whom Fortune's rage hath made
Wretched indeed, but hath not power to make
False or ungrateful.

Mari. Poor Arsinoe!
My favours shall deface the memory
Of past afflictions. On a soul secure
In native innocence, or grief or joy
Should make no deeper prints than air retains:

" Where fleet alike the vulture and the dove
" And leave no trace." Blind fortune that bestows
The perishable toys of wealth and power,
At random oft resumes them, pleas'd to make
A hurricane of life; but, the firm mind
Safe on exalted virtue reigns sedate,
Superior to the giddy whirls of fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter NARBAL and FLAMINIUS.

Narbal.

THE queen will see you, sir; a just regard
To Cæsar's friendship is so sacred here,
That tho' on this high jubilee the court
Suspends all state affairs, the queen vouchsafes
T' admit your message to her royal ear.

Flam. Th' ambassadors at Rome never demand
Admission more than once: your king defers
His entry 'till the queen shall execute
What Cæsar's will requires.

Nar. That cause alone
Would urge our prompt compliance; for the king
Makes love th' impatient register of time:
In his account each moment seems an age,
That keeps him from his Mariamne's arms;
Who well deserves such passion.

Flam. Distant fame

Hath pictur'd all her graces on my mind:
Perhaps you 've heard of Dellius.
Nar. What! the friend
Of Antony?
Flam. His qualities disgrace
The name of friend; but in his softer hours
He lik'd him for his elegance of taste
In luxury and love. I heard him tell,
How once when Antony, in amorous pomp,
With Cleopatra sail'd along the Nile,
To grieve the proud Egyptian, he produced
A miniature of Mariamne's face.
Nar. And what said Antony?
Flam. With vast surprize
He view'd each lineament, but yet forbore
To praise or blame it, which he knew the queen
Would soon interpret love; but softly sigh'd
And slipt it in his bosom. Strait her cheeks
Glow'd with an angry blush, which faded soon,
And left them lily-pale: breathless and faint
She then reclin'd her head, and from his breast
Snatch'd what she fear'd might lie too near his heart:
With amorous reluctance while he strove
To gain the ravish'd prize, she let it fall
(More by design than chance) into the Nile:
He springing up to catch it, half o'erset
The gilded barge; and with a sterner brow,
And haughtier tone, than e'er she knew before,
He cry'd, your river is too well repaid,
For all the wealth you ow'd——

A Messenger *enters to* Narbal.

Mess. Pheroras, sir,
Desires to see the Roman general.
Nar. Sir, I 'll conduct you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SOHEMUS *and the* HIGH-PRIEST.

Sohe. But the human mind,
When it is divorc'd from matter, cannot pierce
The distant cloud of dark futurity.
You sleep not sound, my lord! Old age depress'd
With melancholy damps, oft dwindles down
To second infancy, and then renews
Its cradle dreams; which superstitious fear
Makes sacred with the venerable names
Of vision, or of prophecy; devis'd
To cheat the vulgar, and too oft employ'd
To cover disaffection to the state.
High-Pr. I have, my lord, no craving appetites
To glut with gain or titles; I 've attain'd
The highest name my order can receive!
I bear no symptoms of a fev'rish soul,
Which, turbulent with guilt, aspires t' embroil
The state with trait'rous fiction. You may think,
I who commend myself have brib'd a fool
To be my herald; yet a modest man,
T' oppose the darts of calumny, may wear
His innocence in sight; a safer shield
Than adamant, or gold!
Sohe. Your innocence!

Did you not talk of omens, which forebode
Th' impending wrath of Heaven to blast the day
Which re-instates our monarch on his throne?

High-Pr. I did, my lord, and will affirm I saw——
Laugh when you 've heard me out.

Sohe. Well, pray proceed.

High-Pr. I walk'd this morning in my palmy grove,
Where oft to contemplation I devote
My earliest hours; the sun new-rising cheer'd
The face of nature with a purple smile;
My spirits ran as brisk careers of life,
As ever in the careless prime of youth;
When issuing sudden from the bow'ry shade,
A beauteous form appear'd, and gliding slow,
Approach'd me with a soft dejected air;
Then cry'd, 'I liv'd the brother of your queen;'
And gave a piteous groan!

Sohe. Aristobulus?

High-Pr. The same, I knew him well.

Sohe. Ha!—What?—What more?
Why, he was drown'd, you know—Could I prevent
What heaven fore-doom'd? My good lord, did he say
That I was accessary? Why to me
This message from the unapparent shades?
Speak—speak—I 'll hear it.

High-Pr. In his hand he wav'd
An airy streamer, like a sable shroud,
And thus went on: 'If dire designs prevail
Before yond' east displays another dawn,
My sister must exchange her robes of state

For such a weed as this; by wicked arts
Betray'd, and in the summer of her days
Cut off by bloody hands! with her will end
The glories of our Asmonæan line;
Tell what I say to Schemus alone,
Bid him desist.'

Sohe. I!—What?

High-Pr. He said no more,
But vanish'd from my view.

Sohe. 'T is best, my lord,
To let such shadows fleet neglected by;
They argue perturbation in the brain,
Caus'd by black humours; a few hours will prove
That mimic fancy mock'd your dazzled sight,
With images of air.

High-Pr. Whate'er they prove,
I feel my bosom lighter. [*Exit* High-Priest.

Sohe. Thou hast laid
A galling weight on mine.

Enter SALOME.

Sal. How now, my lord!
What means this pale confusion in your face?
" What makes your hair stand bristling, and your eyes
" With gloomy horror glare!"

Sohe. We cheat the world
With florid out-side, 'till we meet surprize;
Then, conscience, working inward like a mole,

Crumbles the surface, and reveals the dirt
From which our actions spring.

Sal. My lord, recall
Your wandering reason.

Sohe. 'T is in vain to boast
That reason o'er the passions holds the rein,
When quite unmann'd with such a tale——

Sal. What tale?
I met th' high-priest, hath he unfolded aught
That strikes with this amazement?

Sohe. He reports
A message from the visionary shade
Of young Aristobulus; him, who claim'd
By lineal right the crown which Herod wears:
To disembroil the title, whilst he bath'd
I plung'd him, 'till the stifling element
Had quench'd the lamp of life, and charg'd the crime
On faultless destiny!—What makes you smile?

Sal. To see a dotard's fiction, or his dream,
A legend, such as nurseries amuse
A froward child with, have as strong effect
As plain authentic truth! I've heard you prove
By clearest reason, that when death resolves
To its first principles the human frame,
That subtle vapour then, the boasted soul,
Mingles with common air.

Sohe. 'T is not the faith
Of such fantastic forms that quells me thus;
Sudden remorse for murder'd innocence
Wither'd my resolution.

Sal. But revenge
Reviving warmth and spirit will infuse,
And make the drooping branches flourish fair,
Renew'd in second spring. Here Sameas comes,
Whom art and nature exquisitely form
For glorious mischief; him we must secure.

Enter SAMEAS.

Sameas, I 'm pleas'd your merits are preferr'd
To bear the royal cup; Pheroras long
Pleaded in vain for Mariamne's grace.

Sameas. If to her grace I ow'd this vital air,
I 'd choak myself with generous disdain,
Rather than breathe it: from Pheroras' suit
I date my fortunes, and to him devote
Life, conscience, honour.

Sohe. Gratitude is rare!
Most, after favours are conferr'd, profess
Deep sense of obligation; but when prov'd
In points of nicest moment, have recourse
To conscience, honour, and such trivial phrase,
T' excuse defect of duty to their friend:
But such a pure, resign'd, implicit zeal,
Excites my wonder, and transcends my praise.

Sameas. Pheroras said, my lord, he'd recommend
To you my poor affairs.

Sohe. Doubt not my care;
Read here thy lot. [*Pulls out his tablets.*

Sameas, Make Sameas chamberlain——

How can I e'er discharge so vast a debt
Of gratitude!

Sohe. How? Should affairs require
Thy hand, it would not shrink to cut a throat?

Sameas. I 've such a strong antipathy to blood,
I ne'er could sacrifice; but my revenge
Works a more secret, and a safer way.
No poisonous herbs, which various climes produce,
No venom of the mine, nor reptile, 'scapes
My curious observation: I extract
Their several essences, and know their powers,
And times of operation.

Sohe. To what use!
Had I a dog to be dispatch'd——

Sameas. My art
delights in nobler quarry.

Sohe. Is it stanch?

Sameas. Point out the game, my lord, you'll find I dare
Do more, than most dare think.

Sohe. Then swear——

Sal. Defer
T' impart your orders till the king 's arrived;
And meet before the banquet.

Sameas. What your will
Enjoins, my duty binds me to perform.

Sohe. Proud queen! the last decisive hour draws on,
Destin'd to crown our hope, and end our care:
Aided by this brave friend, whose soul is steel'd
With dauntless resolution, though the ghosts

Of all her race rise grinning from the tomb,
And in their cause auxiliar furies join:
Intrepid we 'll pursue our bold career;
Pitch the sure toils, and rouse the fated deer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIAMNE, NARBAL, *and* ARSINOE.

Mari. His offspring mortgag'd to redeem his crown!
The wild Arabians who delight in blood,
Who live promiscuous, and without restraint
Of laws or manners propagate their kind,
With yearning passion yet preserve their young:
Nature on their unpolish'd marble prints
Much tender sentiments, than some can boast,
Who call them barbarous.

Nar. In the sons of kings
The country claims a right; and to preserve
The quiet, and the glory of your realm,
The king complies with Cæsar, and will send
The dearest pledge to firm his royal faith.

Mari. Hard fate of greatness, if it thus excludes
A mother's interest in the babe she bore;
Kings to their country owe their dearest care
In council or in arms; let that suffice;
The choicest blessings of indulgent heaven,
Their children, are reserv'd a private right,
To soften and support their public toils.
But, send the prince to Rome! which still ferments
With fierce intestine factions, "ever known

" To sheath, but not to lay the sword aside:"
I cannot bear it!——Now, the ball of power,
" Which has been bandy'd long from side to side:"
Is grasp'd by Cæsar; soon, superior force
May wrest it from his hand; who 'll then adhere
To Cæsar's cause? Will Herod?—He, be sure,
Would plan new measures to preserve the crown;
And his desertion, doubtless, would provoke
Cæsar to punish, in extreme revenge,
Th' offending father in the guiltless son.

Nar. The blood of Julius is aton'd; and Rome,
Like a tir'd lioness, which long has stood
The hunter's spear, lies quiet in her den
To heal her wounds: Cæsar himself aspires,
With all his conquests, only to be styl'd
His country's father; and the senate bears
The same pacific temper:——but, suppose
Another Brutus rouse another war,
And Tyber shine again with civil arms:
Though Herod then should draw the sword, and turn
The point on Cæsar; yet the sacred laws
Of empires, would preserve the prince's life
Inviolably safe.

Mari. " But, were revenge
" Employ'd (as sure it would) t' expound those laws;
" Then, what bold casuist would appear, t' oppose
" The sense of Cæsar's legions?"
Inviolably safe!
No—Wrong and right
In this bad age are measur'd by success:

The blackest crime from fortune's golden light
Receives a beauteous gloss. But grant him safe,
As in the circle of his mother's arms:
Rome may pervert his infant age to kneel
Before her idol-shrines, and from our law
Apostatize to worship fabled gods:
And though I hold his life and safety dear,
Far-dearer than my own, I 'd see him cast
Amidst her amphitheatre a prey,
" Mangled, and quiv'ring in the famish'd jaws"
Of savages, much rather than behold
His body at her heathen altars bow'd,
In impious adoration.

Nar. Leave th' event
To heaven's high care! The king must be obey'd.
If you contest the terms, to which his crown
And honour stand engag'd, the vain attempt
Might only serve to lessen that excess
Of dear affection, which he bears you now;
Then Sohemus, our prime state engineer,
Might see his arts succeed beyond his hope,
T' achieve your fall, and make this beauteous pile
A heap of mighty ruin!

Mari. Could you feel
The strong emotions of a mother's woe,
When ravish'd from her lov'd one, who hath liv'd
Most in her sight, and ever in her soul:
Not all the wounds which fortune is impower'd
T' inflict, nor instant death, would move your mind
Amid his dangers to regard your own.

" Ev'n life, that dear ennobling gift of heaven,
" Which in the order of creation, ranks
" The palest glow-worm's animated ray,
" Above the brightest star, with me will lose
" Its boasted value, when I lose my child;
" With him I truly liv'd; his presence crown'd
" The day with pleasure, and the night with peace.
" Then, breath consum'd in sighs will not deserve
" The name of life! These roofs shall only sound
" With mournful accents, sad as murm'ring winds,
" Which through the clefts of ruin'd cloisters roar.
" Such music best will please the mother's ear,
" If in a distant land, her tender son
" Must weep the rigour of a foreign lord,
" With no kind friend to pity or revenge
" The wrong he there sustains!"

Nar. I 'll wait the prince,
To guard his helpless age, and share his fate:
" And for a pledge of constant faith, receive
" (Though much unequal, yet of dearest price
" To him who gives it!) for a pledge receive
" Those precious legacies which that bright saint,
" My dying wife bequeath'd me!—If the prince
" Shall feel the effects of violence or fraud;"
If e'er I cease with duteous care to shield
From guilt his manners, from reproach his fame;
Or fail to banish from his pensive breast
Each anxious thought, and cherish gentle joys;
Slay both my sons!

Mari. Then go, Arsinoe, go——
Hither conduct the prince. [*Exit.* Arsi.
Oh, happiness!
Thou gaudy bubble, which delud'st the grasp;
Whene'er we strive to keep thee most secure.
" Have I been fond of Fortune's faithless smile,
" Cruel, disdainful, to deserve this doom?"
Did e'er I suffer pride to bar my ear
Against the widow's cry? Did e'er I view
The weeping orphan's anguish, and withhold
The hand of liberal mercy from their woes?
" Or did I, with uncharitable scorn,
" Ever upbraid the childless womb; or wish
" The wrathful blast of heaven t' attaint the fruit
" Of my most deadly foe?"——Whence then to me
This undeserv'd distress? Why must I bear
So deep a wound in such a tender part?
More wretched than the meanest of my sex,
Who call me queen; they lose the cares of life,
Amid the blessings of a dear increase;
A bliss deny'd to me!

Nar. When foreign foes
Are quell'd by Cæsar, and the provinces
Avow their homage to the laws of Rome,
" And with consummate peace his arms are crown'd,"
The prince will be restor'd; and in exchange
Some of our noblest youth will be receiv'd
For hostages of friendship.

Mari. That exchange
Will come too late to bless my longing eyes:

They 'll first be clos'd in death! a thousand ills
Rise in black view to my divining soul!

Enter ARSINOE *with the* Prince.

And must I lose thee!—Oh!—thou sweetest pledge
Of heaven's indulgence to a mother's prayer!
Must the sole comfort of my cares become
The cause of endless grief? "Alas, no more
"Must I with tender transport clasp thee thus!
"No more must these desiring eyes be fix'd
"In silent joy, with gazing on thy charms!"
Arsinoe, Oh, support me!—I 've a son
To think on only, and to pay a tear
For every wounding thought! Oh, Narbal!—now
Obey the king, by whom the dearer names
Of husband, and of father are forgot!
Obey the king——let the rude hand of power
Tear from my breast the blossom of my joys——
Yet, let me bless him——All thy wants of me
May pitying angels with their aid supply;
Waft all thy prayers to heaven! which heaven approve,
And crown with blessings of eternal love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* NARBAL.

Flaminus.

UNHAPPY queen! till now I never griev'd
T' obey my emperor.

Nar. A-while she stood
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument: but, when she breath'd
The secret anguish of her wounded soul,
So moving were the plaints, they would have sooth'd
The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his morning prey: "thus nature soon
"Exhausted, spiritless, had need of art
"To respite or assuage her troubled thoughts:
"Then her physicians with the opiate charm
"Of gentle sleep her fainting senses bound,
"And hush'd the warring passions into peace."

Flam. Give me, ye gods! the harmony of war,
The trumpet's clangour, and the clash of arms,
That consort animates the glowing breast
To rush on death: but, when our ear is pierc'd
With the sad notes which mournful beauty yields:
Our manhood melts with sympathizing tears.

Nar. Heavens! Is it just that Mariamne's fate
Claims the sad tribute of a tender tear?
She! she! whose gentle goodness strives to chase
Afflictions from mankind. I 've seen her weep,
When the fierce hounds have bay'd the panting stag,
'Till the big drops roll'd from his pleading eyes;
And none dar'd let the fatal javelin fly
Before she left the field.

Enter ARSINOE *with the* Prince.

Arsi. To you, my lord, [*To* Nar.
The queen at length resigns this royal charge;

Judea's other hope! the dearest pledge
Of sacred faith that monarch can bestow.
Flam. Gods!—'tis not possible!—they 've only form'd
Those beauties in the same celestial mould——
Exact similitude of shape and air.
Nar. What may this mean, Flaminius?
Arsi. Do I wake?
Or does deluding fancy lead me still
In new fantastic labyrinths of bliss?
Flam. The face, and harmony of voice the same!
Nar. You 're lost in admiration and surprize:
Reveal the cause.
Flam. Oh, sir!—I once was blest
With such a lovely object of my flame!
Beauty and goodness in her heavenly form
Held equal empire; Oh!
" *Nar.* What cruel fate
" Sever'd your hearts, so tender, and so true,
" That still the wound bleeds fresh?"
Flam. The violence
Of civil discord snatch'd her from my arms:
But the last pang of death alone hath power
To tear the beauteous image from my breast!
She liv'd the grace of Cleopatra's court,
And shar'd her fall!—As her high merits claim'd
My earliest love, to her I pay my last:
My passion for the sex expir'd, and lies
In dear Hortensia's tomb!

Arsi. Hortensia lives! [*She runs into his arms.*
Lives only for Flaminius—Lives to crown
Such matchless constancy!
Flam. Hath fate rejoin'd
Our long-divided hearts!——'T is she!——I know
[*She shews a ring.*
" That pledge of our espousals, where express'd,
" The virgin-phœnix riseth from the flames;
" Th' inscription was prophetic of thy fate,
" Another and the same."
Arsi. But ever thine!
Will not this joy, as all my former, fleet
Like the light vapour of a morning dream?—
Flam. Rapt from myself, my senses are oppress'd
With rushing extasies: Oh, I could stand
And gaze for ever on thy heavenly charms,
In speechless transport, which too big for words
Swells in my heaving heart.
" *Arsi.* How did you 'scape
" Th' assassinates whom Antony employ'd
" To take your head?
" *Flam.* My Phædria, by the crime
" Of fortune born a slave (for sure his soul
" Was of the noblest order) would assume
" My habit and my name; his features, age,
" And stature well befriending the deceit;
" And thus disguis'd, his honest heart receiv'd
" The wounds they meant for me.
" *Arsi.* Oh, wondrous faith!"
Flam. But now, for Rome, Hortensia!——

Nar. Madam, pay
The queen a last farewell, in whom you found
The kindest mistress, and the best of friends.
Arsi. I will, my lord; and——
Flam. Hark! the trumpet speaks
The King's approach, our signal to depart:
I now must leave thee, to secure the prince,
As Cæsar gave command: but near the walls
My troops are tented in the western vale;
Where meditating on my blissful change,
I 'll watch impatient for the purple dawn;
Thither you come?
Arsi. Though grinning savages
Oppos'd my speed, I'd rush intrepid on,
From clime to clime, where-ever glory calls,
I 'll wait my warrior; pleas'd with thee to pass
The frozen Danube, or the sun-burnt Nile;
And though my sex denies me to partake
The dangers of the field, with ardent vows
I 'll beg each tutelary power, to spread
Protection round thee, in the cloud of war,
But if relentless to my prayer they prove,
And thou art fated in the fight to fall,
I 'll follow fast the soul of my desire,
And by the wound, that pierc'd my lord, expire.
[*Exeunt*, Arsinoe *on one side of the Stage, the rest on the other.*

Enter SALOME *and* SOHEMUS.

Sal. In the high mantling tide of grief and rage,

Sure when the king arrives, her cold disdain
Will damp the glowing ardour of his soul.

Sohe. Fear not a calm! The cloud will now collect
More vapours still, to give a nobler burst,
And make her ruin sure. When vulgar minds
Despond, they drop beneath the stroke of fate,
With no more tumult than autumnal leaves
Forsake the sapless bough: but, majesty
With noise, and pompous horror rushes down;
As if the violence of nature tore
A planet from its orb.

Enter PHERORAS.

" *Pher.* The pomp of kings
" At their triumphal entries, moving slow
" To warlike symphonies, and clashing arms:
" When from the field, with bloody laurels crown'd,
" They come victorious, gives a mingled joy:
" For pity, when the captive train appears,
" Oft with a silent pensive gloom obscures
" The lustre of the triumph. But no cloud
" Saddens this festival: from the white tower,"
I heard with rapture how the loyal tribes,
In mighty confluence hail'd the king's return;
" So long! so loud! that floating on the sound,
" The bird of heaviest wings with ease had soar'd,
" Beyond the towering eagle's utmost flight,
" Up-born by gales of joy." [*A flourish.*

Sohe. My lord, the king!——

[Herod *passeth over the stage with attendants, &c. they all kneel.*

Pher. Oh, king, for ever live! the dear defence,
And grace of Palestine.
Sal. May this blest day
Tincture with happiness, and bright renown,
All your succeeding years!
Sohe. And sure there 's none,
To whom this day can give sincerer joy,
Than to your faithful Sohemus; who kneels
To give this seal of delegated power
Back to your royal hand
Herod. Let all who sigh
In gloomy dungeons, press'd with galling chains,
Shake off their bondage, and conspire to tune
The wholesome breath of heaven to songs of praise.
Tell them they owe their freedom to the queen:
Her temper is compassionate and kind,
As guardian angels are: but I! constrain'd
By the sad exigence of state, have torn
Our tender offspring from her fond embrace;
And heap'd afflictions on the brightest head,
That ever wore a crown!
Pher. But your approach
Will sooth her grief, and soften the surprize.
Herod. I! I am the sole cause of all her grief!
Ambition rushing forwards, hath disturb'd
My sweetest fountain of domestic bliss!
" It promis'd sceptres, but hath fill'd my grasp
" With gilded thorns!" wanting my queen, the court
Appears as lonesome as the dreary waste,
Where pestilence and famine, hand in hand,

Have lately reign'd: but, Mariamne's smiles
Diffusive of their good, around her cast
On all the shining circle beams of joy;
When from the wars she welcom'd my return,
With tears of tender transport in her eyes.
Such oft our meetings were; but, dismal change!
The fair offended seems to shun me now:
How shall I calm the tempest of her soul! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Opening, discovers MARIAMNE *asleep, and* ARSINOE *attending*—HEROD *enters, and goes to the Queen; then comes with* ARSINOE *to the fore part of the Stage.*

Herod. I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh!
Tears make her cheek feel like a damask rose,
Wet with cold evening dew.
Arsi. Sleep ill performs
His gentle office when constrain'd by art:
Her sudden starts, and broken murmurs shew
The discomposure of unpleasing dreams.
Herod. Music shall wake her: that hath power to charm
Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain:
" But, ever on the mind the sure effects
" Are most conspicuous where the varied notes
" Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm
" In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense
" Of grief, or love; and print a dimpled smile

" On the green, bloodless cheek of dumb despair."
Such powerful strains bid harmony resound:
Such as good spirits are supposed to sing
O'er saints, while death dissolves the union-band,
" And frees them from the fretful dream of life."

[*Exit* Arsinoe.

Here will I watch the day-break of her eyes:
O! may they dart warm rays of cordial love,
And wake to peace and joy!

[*Soft music is heard behind the scenes*; Arsinoe *returns to* Herod, *who stands looking on* Mariamne: *after the music is ceased, she begins to speak.*

Mari. Good angels guard me!———
Murder attaints not me———

Herod. Ah, gentle soul!———

Mari. The man of blood is justly doom'd to bleed:
I ne'er shed any——" When I was a child
" I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept:
" Heaven visits not for that."——O! 't is my lord!
He 's poison'd! dead! dead! and each manly grace
Cover'd with purple spots!

Herod. These frightful dreams
" With their fantastic imag'ry amaze
" The mind, as much as the most hideous form
" Of real horror."

Arsi. Sir, she wakes.

Mari. The king.

Herod. My dearest queen!——The fairest and the best
That ever bore the name!

Mari. I 'm chang'd of late, [*Exit* Arsinoe.
Alas! much chang'd———

Herod. No, thou art still the same;
The same bright shrine where virtue dwells, to charm
Those who contemn her most.

Mari. Could I have charm'd
Ambition from your breast, I had not mourn'd
The dearest object of maternal love,
Torn from this bleeding heart; where he possess'd
So large a space, that Fortune is too poor
With all her vast variety of joys,
To fill the gloomy void!—My life is spun
At least this day too long, which shews you chang'd,
And from a loving lord grown most unkind!

Herod. Unkind!—Your fancy cannot form a wish,
But I should crown it; and reproach my heart,
For having not prevented your request:
Was ever soul so sensible of love,
As mine hath been for you! and who but you
Could e'er deserve such love? I never err'd:
Witness, ye heavens! and with your thunder rend
This heart, if e'er it erred! if e'er I stain'd
The purity of passion, or in thought
Wander'd from Mariamne.

Mari. In your breast
I could have spar'd your son a little space
But sure you lov'd him not.

Herod. What! am I form'd
Like monumental marbles, " and receive
" The name of father from the sculptor's art,

" And features of the rock?" Am I so dead
To the sweet cares that fathers ought to feel?
An old man's rapture when he first beholds
A new-born heir, when years of fruitless hope
Have led him childless to the verge of life,
Cannot surpass those dear paternal joys,
Which my fond bosom from my son receiv'd.

Mari. Yet you resign'd him for a prey to Rome,
With less reluctance!———

Herod. Cæsar would allow
Of no alternate to preserve our crown.
Suppliant I long intreated him, to name
What other test of sacred faith he pleas'd:
But frowning with a victor's haughty air,
He pointed to a picture on the wall;
" Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
" His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd."

Mari. What picture?

Herod. Perseus led in chains through Rome:
Where the sad fate of Macedon appear'd
Prophetic of our own, " should we like her
" Boast a false vigour, and provoke the rage
" Of Rome, unequal to sustain her arms."
There fancy figur'd to my mournful eyes,
The wealth of Palestine in chargers pil'd:
Our shields and spears on moving trophies hung,
Ingloriously revers'd; and then succeed
Nobles and matrons, with a virgin train,
In long procession thro' th' unpitying crowd:
But oh! what stings of grief and horror pierc'd

My agonizing heart, when there I view'd
A royal captive, far transcending all
In matchless beauty and majesty woe.
Her form resembling thine! On her a throng
Of gay Patricians fix'd their wond'ring eyes,
Enamour'd! and with rival passion strove,
Who first should prostrate to his brutal joys
Her unpolluted charms. Thy future doom
Thus pictur'd to my view, so wrapt my soul
In clouds of deep despair, I strait comply'd
To give the filial pledge.

Mari. Just heaven, exact
With strict account from Cæsar's rigid heart,
A pang, for every pang that tortures mine!
"May public discord and domestic jars
" Make his short rain a stormy winter's day!
" And may his children with dishonest shame
" Redden his hoary cheek; and wound his soul
" With keener anguish than their mother bore
" Amid her fiercest throes!"

Her. Leave him to enjoy
The destiny allotted, and restrain
Your passionate complaints, which but foment
A grief much greater than the cause requires.

Mari. Your strange insensibility foments
My wonder more—what grief 's more rational,
Or what can equal mine, whose darling hope
Is ravish'd in the tender dawn of life
By savages? " A miscreant haughty race!
" Who with hereditary hate pursue

" The name of monarch ;" and from us dissent
In manners, habit, speech, religion, laws.
There my poor infant, like a beauteous flower
Transplanted to a cold unfriendly soil,
Must droop neglected! " What protecting hand
" Will there with tender delicacy guard
" His opening bloom? Ah, none!—He there must
live
" A friendless exile ;" he! whose menial train
Nobles were proud to grace, " and all conspir'd
" To make his hours in downy circles dance,
" And sooth his soul to joy," must now indure——
Alas! what not endure!

Herod. The Roman name
Is far renown'd for all the softer arts
Which polish life, " and with ennobling grace
" Illustrate virtue. Would you but attend,
" The voice of reason dictates to our choice,
" The deed which strong necessity constrains."
What court but that of Rome could form his mind
" By surest maxims, ere he mounts the throne,"
To guide the reins of empire?—" Thus of old,
" Philip from his dejected realm was sent,
" A tender hostage to the Theban state:
" Where founding his high virtue on the plan
" Of great Epaminondas, he reveng'd
" The wrongs of Macedon, and soon reduc'd
" More than a hundred potentates."

Mari. The deeds
Of my heroic ancestors might fire

My son, t' ascend the laurel'd heights of fame,
Without a Roman guide. If he pursue
With equal steps the glorious paths they trod;
Like them he 'll awe the nations round, and reign
Honour'd in peace, and terrible in war,
Where he of growth in radiant steel to lead
The files of war against his country's foe;
No soft emasculating tear should stain
The lustre of his arms: I 'd gird the sword
On the young warrior's thigh, and send him forth,
Resolv'd to conquer in so just a cause,
Or dauntless in her dear defence to fall.

Herod. Why then regret you with this rage of grief,
The happier triumphs of auspicious peace
Which he bestows? " For none but he had power
" T' avert the furies of invasive war:
" For that sole pledge, Judea smiles to see
" Soft quiet spreading wide her turtle wings
" O'er all her bounds;" and him we both must own
The guardian of our crown.

Mari. The crown is bought
Far, far too dear, with such a precious bribe!
" Preserv'd by mean submission to the frown
" Of alien states, what 's he who wears it more
" Than a vain idol of imperial power,
" Which moves subservient to the master hand;
" No freedom left to will?" Had Cæsar urg'd
This haughty mandate, when the realm obey'd
The founders of my Asmonæn race,
They would have plum'd his eagles on the field!

Herod. I neither envy, nor defame the dead;
Peace to their honour'd shades! Nor should you praise
Their actions, only in reproach to mine;
That's too severe——When they the sceptre sway'd,
Rome had not stretch'd the terror of her arms,
" From far Euphrates and the conquer'd east,
" To Lusitania and th' Atlantic main."
If they reign'd now, their prudence would inspire
The same pacific councils I pursue;
" Since her vast power makes all resistance vain:
" Vain as the fury which a wintry storm
" Discharges on the sea, whose waves enjoy
" Th' impetuous ruin of the rushing clouds,
" And swell with prouder state."——Alas! thy breast
Still heaves with sighs! Forbear!——My heart repays
Each tear with drops of blood!—" Provoke not heaven
" By violating with superfluous grief,
" The brightest image of itself, imprest
" On thy resembling graces."

Mari. Though my tears
Equall'd the dew drops of the weeping morn,
My fate requires them all!—His infant charms
Sweetly supply'd your absence, and beguil'd
My widow'd hours, whene'er the voice of war
Call'd you to distant camps!——

Herod. If ev'ry star
Contain'd a golden world, and bounteous heaven
Would make me lord of all, I 'd not forsake

My Mariamne, to receive the boon.
My absence never shall afflict thee more,
The blaze of glory, whose deluding light
Misled me from thy arms, shall now be lost,
In love's superior flame; " Pheroras, train'd
" In Roman camps, and perfected in arms,
" Shall have the conduct of our future wars."
And now, thou dearest treasure of my soul!
Prepare with every smiling grace t' adorn
The Festival; " and let victorious joy
" Chase every black idea from thy mind;"
For ever banish from thy gentle breast
All cares, except the pleasing cares of love
Be this the prelude of eternal peace,
And mutal passion with our years increase! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter SOHEMUS *and* SALOME.

Sohemus.

RESTRAIN this flood of unavailing tears!
For if they flow for pity or remorse,
They flow in vain. " In distant ages past
" Pity dy'd young; of grief, they say, to see
" An eagle wreak his malice on a wren.
" If she were yet on earth, where could she find
" A nobler palace than a brother's breast?
" But there you found her not; the more's the shame!

" Since pity 's fled to heaven, we 'll send remorse
" To howl in hell: it has no business here!——
" But if these tears flow from the nobler source
" Of indignation, and the generous shame
" Of injur'd merit;" if they relish strong
The bitterness of soul from which they stream;
Oh, let increasing fury swell the tide,
Ev'n whilst we put in act our great revenge!
" So weeps the storm, while the devouring waves
" Close o'er the wrecks it made."

Sal. Had I not seen
His cheek discolour'd, when his passion foam'd,
And heard him thunder threats of instant death
To me, and all whose generous spirits scorn
To bear th' oppression of his haughty queen;
I never had believ'd myself so lost
To his affection.

Sohe. Lost! he lov'd you not;
Ambition is the mistress of his soul:
" The queen herself holds but the second place."
To please that mistress he condemn'd to die
All the wife's kindred; now, to please the wife,
His own must bleed: " greatness hath made him deaf
" To nature's voice, ev'n while she pleads for you.

" *Sal.* The wretch who in an earthquake sees the ground
" Heave like a swelling wave before it gapes
" To sink him to the centre, stands as safe,
" As I so near the tyrant!

" *Sohe.* In his court

" On these sad terms, at best you but enjoy
" A prison of state. When rival princes laid
" Their scepters at your feet, the queen prevail'd
" To have each honourable suit refus'd."

Sal. Revenge no more shall grovel in the dark,
But fan with dragon-wings the face of day;
Oppose her course who can! It is resolv'd——

Sohe. Once Mariamne was the destin'd prey;
But since her charms enthrall the king as fast,
As in the freshness of her bridal love,
They both shall die.

Sal. Yes, both; and all their friends
" At once descending crowd the gates of night;"
For self defence will sanctify the deed—
And Fame, th' officious herald of success,
Will blazon our renown;—and though we fail,
'T is great to dare.

Sohe. " When those proud cedars fall,
" Their spreading ruin will destroy the shrubs
" Which flourish in their shade."—And lo, the man!
Whom fate selects t' achieve her high decree.

Enter SAMEAS.

Sal. This diamond, Sameas, but prepares the way
For future favours. [*Gives him a jewel.*

Sameas. Your auspicious smiles,
Madam, o'er-pay my service.

Sohe. Sameas, wait
A while in my apartment, and I come

T' instruct you further to deserve her grace.

[*Exit* Sameas.

Sal. The diamond which I gave him is the queen's;
Arsinoe lent it, for the jeweller
To model one for me.

Sohe. It sure will prove
Of dearest value now; I was amaz'd
To see you give an earnest of such price,
To one whose genuine malice renders vice
Its own reward, and kills for killing sake.

Sal. The wretch is avaricious; we must feed
The appetite of wealth, which urg'd him first
To trade in death.

" *Sohe.* How urg'd?

" *Sal.* Along the shore
" He walk'd one evening, when the clamourous rage
" Of tempests wreck'd a ship: the crew were sunk,
" The master only reach'd the neighb'ring strand,
" Borne by a floating fragment: but, so weak
" With combating the storm, his tongue had lost
" The faculty of speech, and yet for aid
" He faintly wav'd his hand, on which he wore
" A fatal jewel. Sameas, quickly charm'd
" Both by its size and lustre, with a look
" Of pity, stoop'd to take him by the hand;
" Then cut the finger off to gain the ring,
" And plung'd him back to perish in the waves;
" Crying, go dive for more.—I've heard him boast
" Of this adventure."

Sohe. He 's a very fiend!

If we succeed, he shall not live an hour,
In mercy to ourselves: his poisoning art
In time would taint the vital breath of spring;
And spread contagion with each spicy gale——
But see the queen, let us retire. [*A Messenger enters.*
" *Mess.* Lord Hazeroth releas'd, demands to see
" Your lordship—— [*Exit.*
" *Sohe.* Me!
" *Sal.* Receive him; I'll retire.

" *Enter* HAZEROTH *and* SOHEMUS.

" *Haz.* The king, I thank his grace! vouchsafes me leave
" To breathe a freer air, than what was judg'd
" Fit for my constitution; though the terms
" Of freedom are severe.
" *Sohe.* What terms, my lord?
" *Haz.* To sue for reconcilement, and receive
" In sacred friendship that injurious hand,
" Which coop'd me, like a starling in a cage:
" You know the man!
" *Sohe.* My lord, the man you mean
" Bears such devotion to your high descent,
" That 't is the favourite passion of his soul,
" To live your humblest servant.
" *Haz.* And his tongue
" Distills court-honey, while his heart o'erflows
" With quintessence of gall.

" *Sohe.* That character,
" My lord, with great submission I disown,
" You hear the dictates of an honest heart,
" That 's warm in all your interests.
" *Haz.* You confin'd
" My person, like a felon's, to promote
" My int'rest: statesmen have peculiar arts;
" They 're so mysterious, few can apprehend
" The favours they confer.
" *Sohe.* The crime deserv'd
" Severer penance than the king enjoin'd.
" *Haz.* I thank your majesty.
" *Sohe.* I then, my lord,
" Bore th' express image of the sov'reign power;
" And that 's allow'd to dignify the coin,
" However mean the metal. Me you brav'd,
" With most unseemly licence; but th' affront
" Wounded the king; and his prerogative
" Reveng'd itself, not me.
" *Haz.* Whene'er the spleen,
" And pride of tools in office are chastis'd;
" The king 's affronted!—'T is the general cry,
" From those who lord it in the Sanhedrim,
" To him who drives the camels.
" *Sohe.* When, my lord,
" Your shining merits meet their just reward;
" Distinguish'd with some honourable post,
" As soon they must; you 'll own my doctrine sound.
" Nothing but duty to preserve the crown
" In its full lustre, 'till the king return'd,

" Could urge me to exert an act of power
" On you, my lord, whose qualities adorn
" Your royal lineage ——but, the noblest fruits
" Have too much tartness, 'till the mellowing year
" Digest their eager juices.
" *Haz.* Youth is apt
" T' incur such indiscretions, as the king
" Forgave in me, and you, my lord, forget:
" Our friendship here begins.
" *Sohe.* May death alone
" Dissolve the honour'd tie! [*Exit* Haz.] Oh, flattery!
" How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
" Supples the toughest fool. [*Exit* Sohe."

Enter MARIAMNE *and* ARSINOE.

Mari. With less regret
I can support your absence, since my son
Will find so kind a guardian, to discharge
The dear engagements that a mother owes:
We differ but in name.
Arsi. The prince shall be
The tender object of my hourly care;
Happy, that fate reserves it in my power,
T' express the sense my grateful heart retains
Of royal favour.
Mari. Nature form'd our sex
For soft endearing offices! " she starts,
" When pity is depos'd, and cruel pride
" Usurps the vacant throne. Alas! you see
" How deep the darts of fortune wound the great,

" Though clad in golden armour." Were you sway'd
By favours in reversion, " which allure
" Ev'n vulgar souls to succour the distress'd ;"
Int'rest would tell you, that your darling son
May want a friend ; and then, my tender plant,
n the full verdure of his royal growth,
May recompence your kind protecting care,
And shield him from a storm.—Is the time fix'd
For your departure ?

Arsi. Sohemus intends
T' obtain the royal mandate, to delay
My journey with my lord : then all my joys,
Like the false colours of the show'ry bow,
Will fade in tears.

Mari. The politician's art
Must so revenge his disappointed passion ;
" His spider constitution would dissolve
" In its own venom, if he should forbear
" To spin it off in crafty dark intrigues,
" Pernicious to my peace, and those I love."
Before the banquet you shall quit the court ;
Then let Flaminius vindicate his claim.
" And by this prompt compliance with your lord,
" Form all your future conduct ; and effect
" The power to please, and not to give him pain :
" For, wedded love is founded on esteem,
" Which the fair merits of the mind engage :
" For those are charms that never can decay :
" But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
" Improves their lustre.

" *Arsi.* None of human race
" Would live more happy, could we but transcribe
" The bright example of a royal pair:
" If my Flaminius ever would reward
" My constant ardor, with an equal flame;
" Engag'd by such endearing decencies
" As make the lamp of love in Herod's breast
" To burn so bright as never to consume.
" *Mari.* Beware of flatt'ry! 't is a flow'ry weed,
" Which oft offends the very idol vice,
" Whose shrine it would perfume.
" *Arsi.* But rigid truth
" Turns praise to incense, which the nicest sense
" Of virtue may receive——In your soft chains
" Your captive lord is led from joy to joy:
" Days, months, and years, in circling raptures roll,
" And each advancing hour outshines the past.
" None, none but he can such a treasure boast,
" Rich in perfections, able to suffice.
" His avarice of love.
" *Mari.* When hearts are join'd
" In virtuous union, love's impartial beams
" Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain
" With equal warmth, as when he darts his fires
" On canopies of state."
Arsi. The danger 's fled,
And now I may disclose a stronger proof
Of Herod's passion, than the long records
Of love contain.

Mari. What proof!——a dangerous proof
Conceal'd from me!

Arsi. When Cæsar's mounted beams
Prevail'd o'er Antony's inferior star,
He thought the victor, in severe revenge,
Would take both life and crown; his life and crown
Were toys beneath his care; but, Oh! what pangs
He felt, reflecting that your death alone
Could save your beauties to himself entire!
How vast a passion his, who could not bear
A rival in the grave!

Mari. How! Did the king
To the red hand of slaughter doom the breast
Of once-lov'd Mariamne?—"Gave command
"This breast should bleed, where never dwelt a thought
"Disloyal or unkind!"—Had other lips
Breath'd forth this fatal truth, it would appear
The dictate of inventive spleen, disclos'd
To violate my peace: but you 're sincere;
And knowing that, I know myself undone!

Arsi. Oh, that I had been born like nature's mutes,
That swim the silent deep!——Believe me false;
Or else, with me, believe the king's decree
A test of wondrous love, and dear esteem!

Mari. Love, and esteem!

Arsi. Alas! rekindling rage
Glows on your cheek, and sparkles in your eyes;
Think me perfidious, or distrust the power,
And evidence of ev'ry faithful sense;

Rather than doubt yourself the worship'd shrine
Of his fond soul, and treasure of his joys.

Mari. To dissipate my doubt, recite the whole,
Without evasions.

Arsi. When he went to Rhodes,
He thus to Sohemus his charge address'd:
If I to Cæsar's rage a victim fall,
Let not my beauteous queen survive, to grace
The victor's triumph, or to crown his love:
Let me lie envy'd in the grave, possess'd
Of Mariamne there! a happier doom,
Than 't is to live the world's imperial lord
Without my queen, or rival'd in my love.

Mari. Whene'er did cruelty assume a look
So smooth and fair before?—To summon death,
And arm the terror with a dart of love
Against his queen! his wife! whose ardent vows,
Incessant prayer, and sacrifice, implor'd
Th' unutterable name, to make his head
White as the flowing almond, with increase
Of prosp'rous days, that ages yet unborn
Might bow before his throne, and bless his power,
When I lie unlamented and forgot,
A little heap of dust: and this return!
A sad return indeed!

Arsi. Call it despair,
And fear of losing what his soul adores.
Our deeds receive their colours from the will;
His tongue was cruel, but his heart was kind;
" And rigor was, at worst, the sudden child

" Of grief, and bore a fix'd, but melting eye ;
" Or if a crime, the crime of boundless love."

Mari. Good heaven! that base, perfidious creature, man!
With what dissembled agonies of grief
He cried, farewell! and fainted in my arms:
I, credulously fond, thought all sincere.

Arsi. His grief was undissembled; but your charms
Have wrought his love to rage.

Mari. If this poor stock
Of artless beauty hath such fatal power,
When you, Arsinoe, have a daughter born,
Beg all deformities of shape and face,
T' insure her quiet from that monster, man;
" Who, quitting reason, a celestial claim,
" To the sweet harmony of souls prefers
" A little white and red, the airy food
" Of bestial appetite; and for a cheek,
" Whose transient beauties hardly will outwear
" The wardrobe of a flower." [*A messenger enters.*

Mess. The king and court
Intreat your majesty would come, to grace
The banquet.

Mari. No; I'm indispos'd. [*Exit* Mess.]—Now, fly,
Arsinoe, fly the meditated snare
Which Sohemus will spread; and may your love
In the warm smile of fortune flourish fair,
Fruitful of virtuous joys; but if the power
Blast with malignant frowns the blooming sweets,
Absolve your destiny of partial rage;

Think on the wife, the mother, and the queen,
Whose heart her hostile troops have long besieg'd;
Think with kind pity on the countless store
Of Mariamne's woes, and weep no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SALOME.

" *Sal.* I thought my heart was arm'd with adamant
" Against remorse; but nature fools me now,
" A faint cold shiv'ring seizeth every limb.

" *Enter* SOHEMUS.

" My lord, Oh, breathe some cordial to revive
" My sick'ning expectation!
" *Sohe.* To defeat
" Our purpose, fortune, with malicious joy,
" Fav'ring the queen, hath snatch'd her from the stroke
" Of lifted thunder; but the bolt is hurl'd,
" And on her head the ruin shall rebound.
" Her stern refusal to partake the feast,
" In foul suspicion will confirm the king,
" Absolve us, and to her transfer the crime.
" With hope attend th' event. [*Exit* Sohe."
Sal. On this great hour
Shine all ye planets, whose malignant rays
Blast the fair prosp'rous growth of regal power;
Hark!—Death 's in action; from the banquet sounds
The music of his triumphs, groans and cries!

Enter PHERORAS.

Pher. Give me, good heaven! to feed on wholesome herbs
In camps, and drink the pure untainted spring;
Since death in ambush lies in sparkling cups,
And courtly viands.

Sal. Why, my lord, so pale?
What strange disorder ends the festival?

Pher. Sameas, the wretch whom I preferr'd to court,
Design'd to poison all.

Sal. Avert it, Heav'ns!
I hope he fail'd.

Pher. His felon-cheek ne'er chang'd
Its colour, when he brought th' impoison'd bowl,
With garlands crown'd, and gave it to the king,
Who, with the fondness of a lover, cry'd
He'd not indulge his taste, because the queen
Refus'd t' adorn the circle; so resign'd
To Hazeroth the pledge of royal grace.
Sudden his lips grew livid, and discharg'd
A purple foam, his labouring bosom swell'd,
His eye-balls like malignant meteors glar'd,
Unmov'd and ghastly; as the venom spread,
Frightful convulsions writh'd his tortur'd limbs,
Then mad with anguish, rushing to the floor,
He groan'd his soul away.

Sal. All 'scap'd but he?

Pher. Had not the villain over-drugg'd the wine,
We all had perish'd.

Enter HEROD *and* SOHEMUS, *meeting.*

Herod. Will the queen obey
Our order, and attend us?
Sohe. Sir, she comes
With much reluctance.

Enter MARIAMNE.

Herod. [*To* Mar.] Did the banquet want
Variety, or elegance of art,
T' engage you to partake? If all our court
Had been alike abstemious, Death had miss'd
A rich repast.
Mari. Death! I can bear the sound:
Ill fate is grown familiar to my ear.
Herod. There let it meet your eye.
[*She goes to the door which he points to.*
O'er the black crime
How white a veil of innocence she throws!
Sohe. Her eyes glance indignation, now she finds
Th' envenom'd dart hath err'd.
Mari. Poor Hazeroth,
Thy freedom cost thee dear!
Herod. You have been just,
In punishing the traitor's insolence,
Whom in excess of clemency I spar'd
Because ally'd to you.
Mari. Murder'd by me!——
So let the tiger sheath his savage fangs,
And for the mangled fawn implead the roe!

To build my frame the forming power infus'd
Too mild a spirit in too soft a mold,
For such barbarian deeds—Who wears the sword,
That, "flesh'd in slaughter," levell'd to the dust
The royal stem whence that poor scion sprung?
[*Pointing towards* Haz.
"Who doom'd to death the hoary majesty
"Of good Hyrcanus?" Whose insatiate rage
Murder'd my royal father, and his son?
Bid fame to late posterity report
That Mariamne did it——She destroy'd
Her grandsire, father, uncle, brother, all
Her Asmonæan race, and then constrain'd
Herod to wear a crown.

Herod. So grac'd, to fall
A nobler victim to her last revenge!

Mari. Call your brib'd witnesses; they're useful paint
To varnish acts of arbitrary rage.

Herod. Why comes not Sameas? [*Exit* Sohe.
Oh, how bless'd am I,
If Heaven preserves that angel form the seat
Of innocence and truth! but much I fear
Too plain conviction; for thy dream reveal'd
This meditated crime: I heard thee cry,
The king is poison'd—But attend the proof.

Re-enter SOHEMUS *with* SAMEAS.

Sohe. The diamond will confirm your evidence.
[*Aside.*

Herod. Sameas, beware, and tremble to transgress

The bounds of truth. If one assertion fail
Of utmost evidence against the queen,
Thou for a single fiction shalt descend
Quick to the heart of hell. Who gave the drugs
That poison'd Hazeroth?

Sameas. Arsinoe said
She brought them from the queen, and much extoll'd
Their powerful virtue to revive the flames
Of dying love.

Mari. Heaven guard my innocence!

Herod. Haste, call Arsinoe——

Sohe. Sir, she fled the court
In great disorder.

Herod. "How!" *Fled!*

Sohe. The Roman camp
Protects her guilt.

Herod. A potion to revive
The flames of love! Did e'er my passion need
The wicked power of art to make it glow? [*To* Mari.
"O'erwhelm'd with black confusion!"

Mari. Must a dream,
The transient image of a troubled thought,
Join'd with that villain's frontless perjury,
Be clear, consummate proof t' affirm a fact
Would make fiends start, and stand in wild amaze,
"Abstracted from their hate?" Can he produce
A promise of rewards, or present bribe
To fortify this proof?

Sameas. Arsinoe gave
This precious token of your future grace.
[*Shews a jewel.*

Herod. Know you this diamond, sorceress?
Mari. 'T is the same
You gave me on your birth-day.
Herod. To be made
The lure of death—Oh, foul!
Mari. Arsinoe's false——
Send, intercept her flight: let her confront
His evidence; and if they both conspire
T' attaint my innocence——
Herod. My guards!—Secure
[*To the Capt. of the Guard.*
That wicked woman with a double guard——
" Seize her, I say!" *Hence! hence!*
Mari. Friend, tremble not t' obey
His orders; thou 'rt a soldier—But, my lord,
Think not these tears, the frailty of my sex,
Argue a sense of guilt, or servile hope
Of moving pity, to retard my doom;
I weep not for myself, nor wish to ward
The blow, whene'er misguided justice strikes;
But if I e'er was treasur'd in your heart;
For sure you lov'd me once——
Herod. And lov'd too well.
May all who hate me love as much as I,
And then be thus requited!
Mari. " When I 'm dead,
" Oh, let the stream of dear affection flow
" Redoubled on my son! to him transfer
" The share I 've lost."
Guard my son; and never may the wrong

His mother bears, obstruct the sweet returns
Of filial duty, and paternal love!
But may my memory his soul inspire
To scorn inglorious life, when honour calls
Greatly to act, or suffer in her cause:
And think the debt which death is sure to claim,
A tribute due to virtue and to fame.

Herod. *Oh, Mariamne! with my setting sun,*
Ill fortune now projects a deeper shade:
Would I, alas! were number'd with the dead. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter HEROD *and* PHERORAS.

Pheroras.

THE silent night hath pass'd her sable noon;
In mercy to your realm, regard your health,
Compose yourself to sleep.

Herod. Bid the wretch sleep,
Whose limbs, extended on the rack, endure
The utmost stretch of pain—I suffer more!
More, my Pheroras, more!—The balm of sleep
Can ne'er refresh these eyes, till the pale hand
Of Death shall draw their curtains, and exclude
The busy buzzing swarm of stinging thoughts.
My bed, the scene of all my blissful hours,
Of all my tender, chaste, endearing joys,
Which now have wing'd their everlasting flight,

Is grown the den of horror and despair.
" Oh, Mariamne! with my setting sun,
" Ill-fortune now projects a deeper shade:
" I wish I were as I had never been
" Number'd among the dead!"
Pher. Let the foul crime
Erase the faithful characters, which love
Imprinted on your heart.
" *Herod.* Alas! the pain
" We feel, whene'er we dispossess the soul
" Of that tormenting tyrant, far exceeds
" The rigour of his rule.
" *Pher.* With reason quell
" That haughty passion; treat it as your slave;"
Resume the monarch.
Herod. Where 's the monarch now?——
The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think
That kings are cast in more than mortal molds:
Alas! they little know that when the mind
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy;
But grows more sensible of grief or pain.
" The stupid peasant with as quick a sense,
" Enjoys the fragrance of a rose, as I;
" And his rough hand is proof against the thorn,
" Which rankling in my tender skin, would seem
" A viper's tooth." O, blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial, to thy 'ot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods: and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries! Had I been born

A cottager, my homely bowl had flow'd
Secure from pois'nous drugs; but now my wife!——
Let me, good Heaven, forget that guilty name,
Or madness will ensue.———Oh, hence! [*Exit.* Pher.

Enter HIGH-PRIEST.

At this late hour,
When only discontented spectres roam
In moon-light walks; or yet more anxious men,
With pangs of agonizing passion torn,
Accuse their stars; and with their sorrows make
The midnight echoes mourn; at this late hour,
What discords break the virtuous harmony
Which wont to reign within thy pious breast?

High-Pr. O, that, my royal lord, that which will spread
O'er Palestine the blackest veil of woe,
That ever nation wore! Forgive my zeal,
Which breaks through courtly forms, to execute
The heavenly office which my order claims.
Peace is my province; and I prostrate beg,
By all your public and domestic joys!
By the dear offspring of your royal bed!
By all that merits your regard, release
Your injur'd queen!

Herod. Have you not heard her crime?
Shall I resume a sorceress to my breast,
Who unprovok'd, with black infernal hate
Attempted our perdition? No!

High-Pr. My liege!

Her gentle goodness ne'er could break the band
Of nature, and the stronger ties of love——
Herod. Thirst for her husband's blood!——A lioness
Is kinder to her mate.
High-Pr. It cannot be:
Some wretch hath sold his mercenary soul,
T' accuse her without cause.
Herod. Is all our court
Combin'd in perjury? They all condemn
Her execrable deed.
High-Pr. Their tongues are tun'd
To what they think delights the royal ear:
" In this confusion, should a comet rise,
" They 'd cry, the queen hath set the world o'fire!"
Vouchsafe her audience, Sir; hear her defence
With cool impartial reason; error oft
Assumes the shape of truth, " and the wild eye
" Of passion rarely can at first discern
" Th' imposture in disguise." Let not your heart,
Where late her beauteous image was inshrin'd,
Be now immur'd with marble from her prayer!
Offended Heaven with pitying ear accepts
The sighs of penitents, and freelier grants
Access when soonest sought.
Herod. Did she request
Admittance to me?
High-Pr. Yes; with such an air
Of grief ennobled with majestic grace,
With such undaunted fortitude of mind,

Soft'ned with pensive sweetness in her eyes,
That speaks her wrong'd; none but a soul as white
As new-born innocence, could shine so clear
On the dim verge of death.—My gracious lord,
Forgive the frailties of forgetful age!
She took this ruby bracelet from her arm,
Which on this anniverse she wont to wear
In sweet remembrance of the nuptial morn,
When first you ty'd it on: Restore, she cry'd,
This pledge of fond affection to the king;
Tell him, howe'er unkind, I've yet deserv'd
To wear no other chain than this of love;——
Then wept a tender show'r. [Herod *takes the bracelet.*

Herod. The time hath been,
I'd not have seen my Mariamne drop
One precious tear for all the radiant mines
The womb of earth contains; but now her heart
Is chang'd, and so must mine!——Yet if she craves
To see me now, give orders: let the guard
Conduct her to me. [*Exit* Herod.

High Pr. Now with speedy flight,
Descend, celestial ministers of peace,
Who kindle virtuous ardour, and preside
O'er nuptial vows; aid with auspicious zeal,
The firm re-union of those royal hearts:
And never from your charge remove,
'Till death's commission'd to divide their love! [*Exit.*

Enter SOHEMUS *and* SALOME.

Sohe. Thus far with fate to friend, and greatly fir'd

With bright ambition, we 've pursu'd the path
To glory; and with swift and easy steps,
Approach the summit of imperial power.

Sal. But should the king's enfeebled soul relent,
And pardon Mariamne?

Sobe. She 'll disdain
To re-ascend the throne, or owe her life
To low submission: for the stubborn sense
Of genuine virtue in a royal mind,
Ne'er softens with affliction; but becomes
The more obdurate, when it once hath griev'd;
As metals after melting harder grow.

Enter SAMEAS.

Sal. Sameas, thou best of friends! thy wish'd approach
By instinct I perceiv'd; " thy influence spreads
" Like rich perfumes, which, tho' invisible,
" Refresh the sense.

" *Sameas.* Madam, I hop'd my art
" Had well deserv'd a jewel of your own,
" T' engage my service: 't was too politic
" To feign a favour but to serve your cause,
" When the nice article of proof came on.

" *Sal.* Contemn that worthless pebble; we 're intent
" On far more glorious views; whole provinces
" Shall recompense thy love."

Sameas. Let us consult
Our common safety; dangers threaten round us.

Sal. What may'st thou mean?

Sameas. Th' High-Priest hath won the king
To see the queen to night.

Sohe. Impossible!

Sameas. But now I met him speeding cross the court;
Round him a rabble of her menial slaves
Ran big with joy.

Sohe. Confound his holy craft!———
Fortune at once rolls back the bounteous flow
Of hope, and leaves us gasping on the shore.
[Salome *whispers* Sohemus.
I 'll do it.

Sameas. What, my lord?——What must we do?

Sohe. Why—suffer greatly, since we cannot act!
Thy part remains to persevere, tho' racks
Strain every sinew smaller than the threads
Which form a spider's web.—Ne'er hope for grace.

Sameas. I 'll risk the event and go——
[Sohe. *stabs him.*

Sohe. To hell!
To hell! poor tim'rous wretch, " and tell the devil—"
[*In the struggle* Sameas *wrests the dagger out of* Sohemus's *hand; and in falling backward he strikes it into* Salome's *bosom, and dies.*
Princess ador'd and lov'd; Oh!—speak!

Sal. Death! Death!
Save me, O Sohemus, from that black troop
Of grizly shapes, " which in fantastic dance
" Frisk round, and call me hence."—O, kind in vain,

A fiery whirlwind bears me from thy arms
To seas of boiling sulphur; the blue waves
Receive me to their bosom.——Down! deep! deep!
[*She dies.*

Enter HEROD *and* PHERORAS, *with Attendants.*

Herod. What hideous sound of shrieks and dying groans
Echo'd from hence, as if by violence
A soul had left her mansion unprepar'd!

Pher. Horrors! our sister dead!

Sohe. That villain came [*Pointing to* Sameas's *body.*
In all the gestures of extreme despair;
Crying she brib'd him to accuse the queen;
And having heard Arsinoe would return
To null his evidence, rage and remorse
Urg'd him to plunge the dagger in her breast,
And then he pierc'd himself.

Herod. "O, Salome!
"The jarring elements which compos'd thy frame,
"Made thee aspiring, turbulent and bold:"
In others woe was thy supreme delight;
And most against my queen thy malice aim'd
Her venom'd shafts; but now thy guilty blood
Will quench the flames, which thy infernal torch
Spread o'er the harvest of my nuptial joys.

Sohe. How blind, alas! to fate, is the dim eye
Of dull mortality!

Herod. O, Sohemus!
A thrilling horror freezeth every vein,

While I review the precipice of fate,
Where late I stood perplex'd; but one step more
Had plung'd me in th' abyss of endless woe,
" A most consummate wretch!—But here she comes,"

Enter MARIAMNE *in a mourning habit.*

" Welcome as night with sweet refreshing shade,
" And balmy dews, to the faint traveller;
" Who journies o'er a waste of burning sands,
" With painful steps and slow——Remove the dead!
" She hath no vengeful appetite to glut,
" With such sad spectacles."

[*Exeunt all but* Herod *and* Mariamne.

Herod. Approach, my queen!
Thou dearest miracle of Nature's hand,
Adorn'd with all perfections!

Mari. Dare you trust
Your murd'ress near you?

Herod. Thy soft innocence
Was form'd to kill with darts of keen desire;
I beg those pleasing wounds: approach, my fair!
Heaven's! at the sight of that celestial face,
Each savage passion from the soul retires;
As wolves forsake the fold, when first the sun
Flames o'er the eastern hills. Oh! thus, thus, thus,
I 'll clasp thee ever to my heaving breast!
Thus on thy lips in glowing rapture seal
A firm eternal union of our souls!——

Mari. In vain!——They who dissolv'd the first, have power
To cancel this

Herod. Dismiss that groundless fear;
Sameas and Salome are now no more:
They 've punish'd their own guilt, and the last breath
Of faction spoke thy virtue greatly wrong'd.
Mari. But the same judge survives, whose credulous ear
Drank all that perjur'd malice could infuse.
" You, who condemn'd me for the blackest crime,
" On evidence too counterfeit and light
" To cheat an idiot's eye, betray'd a will
" Dispos'd to credit every feign'd report;
" Whene'er malignant passion shall provoke
" Other artificers of fraud, t' assault
" My life or honour."
Herod. That unkind reproach
Would change to soft compassion, had you felt
The stings of sorrow which transfix'd my soul,
When first you were accus'd: I would not bear
Such agonies again, for all the crowns
Which e'er ambition sigh'd for.
Mari. To yourself
You owe whate'er you suffered; and your pain
Was but the fancied torture of a dream:
But wounds of honour bleed for ever new;
Their anguish is sincere! My fame must bear
The blast of censure, and the letter'd spleen
Of future story.
Herod. No! thy fame will shine
More bright, emerging from this short eclipse:
The marks of envy give distinguish'd grace

To virtue; as indented scars adorn
The soldier's breast.
" *Mari.* I wish my innocence
" Wanted that mark of honour, which the tongue
" Of malice will miscall the brand of guilt.
" *Herod.* The whitest ermin on her skin may bear
" An accidental spot; yet none accuse
" Her native purity, but call the stain
" The crime of fortune." To the doubtful world
My edict soon will vindicate thy fame;
Lodge that, and all thy cares, within my breast;
Where every gesture, word, and look inspire
The spirit of purest love.
Mari. For which I wear
This livery of death——It suits the day
Which gave me to your arms!
Herod. But now, disrob'd
Of those sad weeds and every gloomy thought,
Smile like an angel breaking from a cloud;
While peace, and joy, and ever-young desire
Attend thee to my bed, " each wedded pair
" Shall make our bliss the measure of their vows!"
Mari. Your bed! the tiger shall as soon persuade
The hunted deer to harbour in his den.——
Herod. Damp not my glowing passion with a thought
Of separation. " Did our dates extend
" To the same length the giant-race enjoy'd,
" When nature yet was young, I then should dread
" The sad idea of our last divorce:
" Tho' sure that many smiling centuries

" Would roll 'twixt death and us !" O ! did thy love
But equal mine, we'd each in other live
So join'd, that when fate strikes we both might fall—
I'd not survive thy doom.

Mari. Nor can I yours.

Herod. The words are what I wish ; but ill explain'd
By that stern look and haughty voice.

Mari. Enquire
Of that domestic oracle, your heart ;
If that resolves not the mysterious sense,
Ask Sohemus———

Herod. Confusion !

Mari. Do you start,
With sudden rays of dawning truth amaz'd,
" As fiends would be, should the meridian sun
" Blaze on their black abodes ?"

Herod. Can neither words,
Nor actions ought avail ; but must disdain
Repay my generous passion ? Is thy rage
Grown so implacable, no tender proofs
Are prevalent t' assuage it ?

Mari. 'T was a proof
Of tender love, to doom me to the sword
" By such an order, as barbarian hate
" Would only dictate in the rage of war ;
" And with that engine of clandestine death"
To arm the malice of my foe profess'd——
On Sohemus you safely might rely,
To send me soon to mingle with your dust.

Herod. Oh, villain ! perjur'd villain ! to betray

That charge on which depended all my peace!
On which his life depended!—Nothing less
Than the damn'd witchcraft of thy wicked charms,
Could tempt him to the very cave of Death,
To wanton with his darts. Tear him, ye fiends!——
To that false cheek dissembling nature gave
The blush of virtue, for a veil to lust.
He breath'd that fatal secret to thy ear
In amorous murmurs, when the slave was grown
Frantic with ecstasy——

Mari. My fame defies
Th' envenom'd breath of slander; all my hours
Have kept severest virtue for their guard.
But "I presage, offended" heaven prepares
To punish that excess of virgin-love,
By which betray'd, I gave my nuptial vow,
Against the solemn sanction of our law,
And to an alien's care transferr'd the charge
Of pure religion; who, to flatter Rome,
Neglects her altars, and her faith profanes.

Herod. Guards——take her hence! [*Guards enter.*
No foolish fond remorse
Shall now delay my vengeance!—
[*The Guards lead off* Mariamne.
Love, farewell!——*Hence, hence, I say!*
Rather than doat on her polluted charms,
My sword shall rip the passion from my heart.
Adultery!——Ye violated heav'ns,
Dart the red lightning wing'd with tenfold rage,
To blast th' adultress! "Why did ye forbear

" To rivet closer with hot thunder-bolts
" The serpents twisted in the folds of lust?"

Enter PHERORAS.

Pheroras, Oh!—Ten thousand rebels arm;
Grief, horror, shame, distraction!—they besiege
The poor soul wav'ring in the fort of life,
And wishing to surrender! Thy kind sword
Might end this insurrection—Dar'st thou strike?
[*Points to his breast.*

Pher. Heaven shield from violence that sacred breast!
" Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck phrenzy rush
" On voluntary death: the wise and brave,
" When the fierce storms of fortune round them roar,
" Combat the billows with redoubled force:
" Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd:
" They sink with decent pride; and from the deep
" Honour retrieves them, bright as rising stars."
Call reason to your aid, and with your friends
Divide your care. Doubt not but Sohemus——

Herod. Thou nam'st the very scorpion which hath stung
The centre of my heart.

Pher. Then make his blood
Balm for the wound.

Herod. The wound admits no cure.
Nor reason, nor the healing hand of time,
Can bring relief. But, heav'n inspire my heart,
Before it breaks, with new devis'd revenge,

Equal to that perfidious villain's crime!——
Were his approaches frequent to the queen,
When I was absent?

Pher. No; he ever stood
The distant object of her hate.

Herod. With ease
They might elude your eye; but Salome
And Sameas sure were conscious of their crimes;
For which he murder'd both, and she prepar'd
The pois'nous bowl for me. But from that slave,
Tortures shall wring the truth I dread to know.
Secure him for the rack; and let the queen
Drink the same fatal draught she drugg'd for me:
Instant, with her own deathful art destroy
" Th' artificer of death. Oh, Mariamne!
" Why wouldst thou wrong my honour and my love,
" And urge this direful doom?" [*Exit* Pheroras.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

My Roman friend!
Your unexpected visit finds my court
In wild disorder.

Flam. Sir, the queen's desire
To see the prince, occasion'd my return
At this uncourtly hour.

Herod. Few hours have pass'd,
Since you beheld me in triumphant state:
Now like a meteor from a summer sky,
Ingloriously I 'm fall'n!

Flam. Banish despair,

And all her gloomy train: doubt not but fate
In her large volume still for you reserves
A page, as full of glory as the past.

Herod. Glory, Flaminius!——Will an empty name,
A shining bubble, which the vulgar breath
Of thoughtless crowds can swell for whom they please,
E'er recompense the loss I must sustain?
My queen! my wife! the jewel of my soul!——

Flam. Mercy 's the brightest ornament of power;
And now most needful to preserve your peace.

Herod. Justice must be my mercy—She must die!—
She must!——

Flam. But, sir, 't is safer much to sheath
The sword of justice, since the destin'd blow
Will chiefly wound yourself. Without your queen,
Your palace, though with gay retinue throng'd,
Will seem a savage desart. "You must view
"The mother blooming in your beauteous child,
"Nor feel a father's joy. Each object here
"Will rouze the sad remembrance of the bliss
"You once possess'd with her." How will you wish
For that sweet converse, when the smiling hours
Danc'd to the music of her heav'nly voice,
And the short years were lost in dear delight!
But when her charms are silent, dismal change!
Slow sullen time on raven-wings will fly
Heavy and black! around you then you 'll see
Your son, your nobles, and domestics chang'd;
For each, as their peculiar grief shall urge,
With pensive silence will upbraid the loss

Of mother, queen, or friend. But what 's the loss
Of mother, queen, or friend, compar'd to yours?
A wife! the best, the loveliest of her sex,
And late the best-belov'd! in the full pride
Of summer-beauty, like a poisonous weed,
Torn from the earth, and by her husband's hand
Unkindly cast to wither in the grave!

Herod. My fate would force from rigour's flinty eye
Ev'n tears of blood. [*Weeps.*

Flam. Oh, sir, reflect, if thus
The bare recital wounds your fancy now,
A yet more dreadful pain may pierce your heart!
Love may once more revive—vain hopeless love!
When the dear object of your longing soul
Lies mould'ring in the dust. "If so, the wretch
" Who, buried in a trance, returns to life,
" And walks distracted o'er the rattling bones
" Of his dead fathers, in the dreary vault
" Less horror feels, than sad remorse will raise
" Within your breast."

Herod. Oh, Mariamne! lost,
To love for ever lost! to love and me!——
I 've liv'd love's slave too long; but jealousy,
That yellow fiend, hath dipp'd the torch in gall,
And now 't will light no more!

Flam. If the queen 's false,
My wife hath been officious to her crimes,
And shares in the pollution. Let her plea
Be heard, and if she fails in her defence,

I 'll slay her at your feet.

[Flaminius *goes out, and returns immediately with* Arsinoe.]

Herod. As heavenly peace
May sooth your anguish *at the hour of death,*
" When the flutt'ring soul
" Prepares to wing her last eternal flight,"
Assist my quiet, and resolve my doubts——
Was Sohemus admitted to the queen
Whilst I was gone to Rhodes?

Arsi. Never, my lord!

Herod. Never!

Arsi. His name 's offensive to her ear;
And for his person——no antipathy
In nature can be stronger.

Herod. So I thought;
But such fictitious arts too oft conceal
Criminal correspondence: they might write;
And doubtless did.

Arsi. That commerce could not 'scape
My notice, who, by constant duty bound,
Waited so near the queen.

Herod. What if she saw?
Her interest then, and now her fears prevails
To seal the lips of truth.

Flam. Sir, not the frown
Of majesty, nor brandish'd thunder awes
A Roman spirit (such I hope she bears),
To make it start from the plain tracks of truth,
And deviate into falsehood.

Herod. Can the queen
Pierce to the close recesses of the soul?
" Are thoughts there visible, like the children's toys
" Kept in a crystal house?" Does she retain
Dæmons, to sit secure from mortal sight,
In princes' cabinets, to learn the sum
Of secret councils? Told they this decree:
If Cæsar, to revenge the sacred faith
I held with Antony, should to the sword
Sentence my head, that hers should likewise fall.
" Lest the proud successor who seiz'd my throne,
" Should triumph in my bed?"—No, that resolve
A carnal fiend imparted, and she paid
His service with her honour!

Arsi. Royal sir,
Her honour is unblemish'd; all the blame
Transfer to my officious zeal——I told
That fatal secret.

Herod. How! Did Sohemus
Impart that most important charge to you?

Arsi. To me his vows of love were then address'd;
Which, when disdain'd, with more persuasive force
To recommend his passion, he reveal'd
The dreadful mandate left in trust; and swore,
That if you perish'd by the sword of Rome,
My love alone was ransom for the life
Of my dear royal mistress.

Herod. Fly, Oh, fly,
Swift as the cherub to preserve his charge!
Reverse the doom of death. [*Exit* Arsi.

Enter PHERORAS.

Is Sohemus
Secur'd for torture?

Pher. Sir, he took th' alarm,
And fled for safety to the royal tow'r;
The portal forc'd, the soldiers found him fall'n
On his self-slaught'ring sword, stretch'd on the ground,
Welt'ring in blood; he speechless there expir'd.

Herod. Too far confiding in that traitor's skill
In arts of rule, he so misus'd my power,
That distant story may record my reign
From year to year, by many a cruel deed;
" As the wild progress of a storm is trac'd
" By marks of desolation."

Enter MARIAMNE *supported by the* High-Priest *and* NARBAL; ARSINOE *following with the young* Prince.

Heav'ns avert
The bodings of my soul! I fear the queen——

H. Pr. Oh, sir!——

Herod. Ha! say'st thou?——

H. Pr. A few moments more
Will rank her with the dead.

Arsi. Ere I arriv'd
The deadly draught was giv'n, which soon will end
The sense of all her woes.

Herod. And all my joys——
Oh, call, call our physicians! now let art
Exert her saving pow'r, or ever prove
The minister of death!——

Mari. The venom 's spread
Too far for art.

Herod. Oh, wish to live, and heav'n
Will crown thy wish with life! Heav'n will be just
To that bright innocence which I have wrong'd;
Wrong'd with excess of love, to fury wrought.
Oh, wretch, wretch, wretch!

Mari. Death 's welcome, now I hear
My innocence avow'd.

Herod. I, I, whose life
Was bound with thine, by striving to secure
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove
I fondly grasp'd too close! Oh, see, she 's pale!
Take, take, ye powers, my life to lengthen hers!
Chain me, ye furies, to your burning wheel!
Whip me ten thousand years with scorpions there,
To save her life!———

Mari. I pity and forgive
Your violence of passion, which hath wrought
The ruin of us both.

Herod. I ill deserve
Thy pardon or thy pity—Yet vouchsafe,
Thou fairest pattern of transcendent goodness!
Vouchsafe thy wretched lord a last embrace,
Whose soul is ready wing'd to wait on thine.
Oh, bless the dying penitent with peace,
"The moments which remain!"—

Mari. Good heav'n insure [*They embrace.*
Eternal peace to both!

Herod. Thou shalt not die—

Thou art too young, too faultless, and too fair,
To fall a prey to death.
Mari. The thick'ning shades
O'er-spread my swimming eyes—Where is my child?
Bring him, poor babe! to take a parting kiss———
Farewel!—" I'm now at peace." [*She dies.*
" *H. Pr.* In that soft sigh
" The gentle spirit soar'd.
" *Arsi.* Oh, dead, dead, dead!"
Herod. Then, Death, strike on!
Fate, thou hast done thy worst!—— [*He faints.*
Pher. My royal brother! Oh!——
" *Nar.* My gracious lord!———"
H. Pr. Good heav'n restore to wretched Palestine
Her sole support and grace!
Herod. What minister [*Raising himself.*
Of this dark realm art thou?—If 'tis thy post
To guide the dead through this disastrous gloom,
Lead to that mournful mansion, where the ghosts
Of those abide, whom fatal beauty sent
Untimely to the shades——See, see, she soars!—
How bright a track she leaves along the sky;
And looks with pity down! Oh, see, she rests
On the soft fleece of yonder purple cloud,
Where angels fan her with their golden plumes!
Stay, Mariamne, stay!—— [*He sinks into their arms.*
Pher. Oh, from his face
The blush of life retires!
" *Nar.* His bosom heaves
" With strong convulsive throes."

Flam. Raise him, my lords.

Herod. Alas, forbear! ye but prolong the pains
Of lab'ring nature—Let me sink to peace!
" And may oblivion cast her sable veil
" O'er my sad story, and conceal the crimes
" Of majesty misled." My urn, alas!
Can hope for no compassion: when the doom
Of my dear, lovely, virtuous queen is told,
The tears will freeze on Pity's gentle cheek,
And not bedew my ashes——To your care [*To* Fla.
Receive this royal orphan, and implore
Cæsar's protection to preserve his crown:
And when, mature in manhood, he receives
A consort to his throne, may every grace
And every virtue join, to make her stil'd
The Mariamne of th' admiring age;
" May sweet complaisance, honour, dear esteem,
" And mutual faith cement their mutual joys!"
But ever may he shun too fond excess,
" That soft, seducing impotence of mind."
By which subdu'd, his wretched father fell,
Led by imperious love, a tortur'd slave,
To the sad refuge of an early grave. [*Dies.*

Flam. *Oh, may oblivion cast her sable veil*
O'er this sad story, and conceal the crimes
Of majesty misled;
Who, by the force of jealousy o'er-thrown,
Tarnish'd his glories and disgrac'd his throne!

[Exeunt Omnes.

THE END.

De Wilde pinxt. Leney sculpt.

MISS MILLER as ZAPHIRA.

Oh! my heart
Can I bear this
Inhuman tyrant's Curses on thy head

BARBAROSSA.

A

TRAGEDY,

By Dr. BROWN.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
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MDCCXCV.

PROLOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq. and spoken by him in the Character of a Country Boy.

Measter! Measter!
IS not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play———
The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the Pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter!
He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen, pale fac'd man, do—find him out———
Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame;
Call mister—hold—I must not tell his name..
Law! what a croud is here! What noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t' other!
[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.]
I could for ever here with wonder geaze!
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!
Your servant, surs!—what do you laugh for? Eh!
You donna take me sure for one o' th' play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad;
You 're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
And, if you laugh at me, I 'll laugh at you. [Laughing.
I donna like your London tricks, not I,
And, since you rais'd my blood, I 'll tell you why?

And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my story.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great;
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en,
I like it not—would I were whoam again!
First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation,
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks, h'd have beat five bloomen at meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For could you think it?—he eat a great sea-to--d!
It came from Indies—*'t was as big as me,*
He call'd it belly-patch, *and* capapee:
Law! how I star'd—I thought—who knows, but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pye!
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country fare again.
I left toad *eater; then I serv'd a lord,*
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word,
While 'mong the great, this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants, than their ladies.
A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth I thought her mad:
She turn'd the world top down as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I stood one day with coach, and did but stoop
To put the foot-board down, and with her hoop
She cover'd me all over —Where are you, lout?
Here, maam, says I, for Heav'n's sake let me out!

I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits
There 's nothing sartain—Nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender,—what of that?
There are but three on 's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I 'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But should you find that all our swans are geese!
E' feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

Dramatis Personæ.

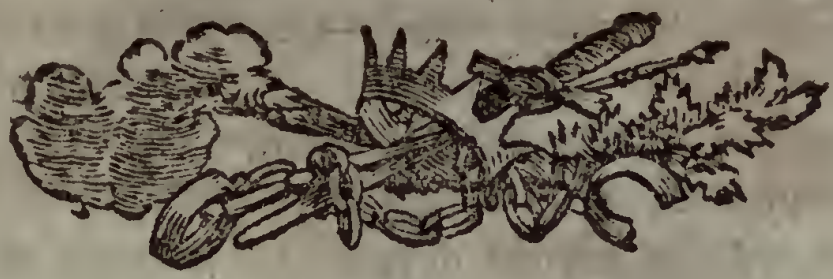
COVENT GARDEN.

	Men.
BARBAROSSA, - -	Mr. Aickin.
SELIM, - - -	Mr. Holman.
OTHMAN, - -	Mr. Farren.
SADI, - - -	Mr. Hull,
ALADIN, - -	Mr. Gardner.
OFFICER, - -	Mr. Helme.
SLAVE: - - -	Mr. Bates,
	Women.
ZAPHIRA, - -	Mrs. Bates.
IRENE, - - -	Mrs. Rivers.
SLAVE, - - -	Mrs Poussin.

Officers, Attendants, and Slaves.

SCENE, The Royal Palace of Algiers.

TIME, a few hours about Midnight.



BARBAROSSA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter OTHMAN *and a* Slave.

Othman.

A STRANGER say'st thou; that enquires of Othman?

Slave. He does: and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell

His name and quality?

Slave. That he declin'd:

But call'd himself thy friend.

" *Oth.* Where didst thou see him?

" *Slave.* Ev'n now while twilight clos'd the day, I spied him

" Musing amid' the ruins of yon tow'r

" That overhangs the flood. On my approach,

" With aspect stern, and words of import dark,

" He question'd me of Othman. Then the tear

" Stole from his eye. But when I talk'd of power

" And courtly honours here conferr'd on thee,

" His frown grew darker: All I wish, he cried,

" Is to confer with him, and then to die."

Oth. What may this mean?—Conduct the stranger to me. [*Exit* Slave.
Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd
From voluntary exile to Algiers,
Once known in happier days.

Enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!
My honour'd friend!
Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not.
These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.
Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches: for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.
Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
The slave of insolence! "Why lick the dust
"Beneath his feet, who laid Algiers in ruin?
"But age, which should have taught thee honest caution,
"Has taught thee treachery!
"*Oth.* Mistaken man!
"Could passion prompt me to licentious speech
"Like thine——
"*Sadi.* Peace, false one! peace! The slave to power
"Still wears a pliant tongue."—O, shame to dwell
With murder, lust, and rapine! did he not

Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest? O, fatal hour!
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
Gaze on the queen Zaphira? Yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he would enjoy!
" O, complicated horrors! hell-born treach'ry!
" Then fell our country, when good Selim died!"
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Can'st wear the murd'rers badge.

Oth. Mistaken man!
" Yet hear me, Sadi——

" *Sadi.* What can dishonour plead?

" *Oth.* Yet blame not prudence.

" *Sadi.* Prudence! the stale pretence of ev'ry knave!
" The traitor's ready mask!"

Oth. Yet still I love thee:
Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech?
Bethink thee!—might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy,
Didst thou not fly when Barbarossa's sword
Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen!
What then did I?—Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen——

Sadi. In pity?

Oth. Yes, Sadi: Heaven is witness, pity sway'd me.

" *Sadi.* Words, words! dissimulation all, and guilt!
" *Oth.*" With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa's friends:
In hope, that some propitious hour might rise,
When Heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his throne,
And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.
Sadi. Indeed! can'st thou be true?
Oth. By Heav'n, I am.
Sadi. Why then dissemble thus?
Oth. Have I not told thee?
I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's power
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.
Sadi. "Enough:" I find thee honest: and with pride
Will join thy counsels. " This, my faithful arm,
" Wasted with misery, shall gain new nerves
" For brave resolves." Can aught, my friend, be done?
Can aught be dar'd?
Oth. We groan beneath the scourge
This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
or the foul murder of our honor'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.
" Our long-lov'd friends, and bravest citizens,
" Self-banish'd to the desert mourn in exile:
" While the fell tyrant lords it o'er a crew
" Of abject sycophants, the needy tools
" Of power usurp'd: and a degenerate train
" Of slaves in arms."
Sadi. O, my devoted country!
But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.
Oth. If pain be life, she lives: " But in such woe,
" As want and slavery might view with pity,

" And bless their happier lot!" Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, thro' sev'n long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son,
Her people fall'n: the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage: " spurr'd at once by lust,
" And black ambition." But with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son;
" And—O, detested monster! [*He weeps.*
" *Sadi.* Yet more deeds
" Of cruelty! Just Heav'n!
" *Oth.* His rage pursues"
The virtuous youth, ev'n into foreign climes.
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast
Sadi. Is this thy faith!
Tamely to witness to such deeds of horror!
Give me thy poignard; lead me to the tyrant.
What tho' surrounding guards——
Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.
Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.

Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince! "The deadly dagger
Deep in his heart was fix'd!" His royal blood,
The life blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple! Oh, remember! and revenge!

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek our friends,
Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet unseduc'd by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter. But let caution guide thee.
"For in these walks, where tyranny and guilt
"Usurp the throne, wakeful suspicion dwells,
"And squint-ey'd jealousy, prone to pervert
"Ev'n looks and smiles to treason."

Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st.

Oth. Ev'n there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I would not have thee found within these walls.

[*Flourish.*

And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.
Begone———

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence

Hang o'er his steps!—Farewell—Remember, Othman,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.
[*Exit* Sadi.

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot!
Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, Guards, *&c.*

Bar. Valiant Othman,
Are these vile slaves impal'd?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them?

Oth. They died obdurate: while the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish.

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts! "What, pity slaves,
"Whom my supreme decree condemn'd to torture?
"Are ye not all slaves, to whom my nod
"Gives life or death?
"*Oth.* To doubt thy will is treason.
"*Bar.* I love thee, faithful Othman:" but why sits
That sadness on thy brow; "For oft I find thee
"Musing and sad;" while joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace.

Oth. Mighty warrior!
The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect, or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well; be it so.
To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule,
I sway the regal sceptre. " Who deserves,
" Shall meet protection; and who merits not,
" Shall meet my wrath in thunder."—But 't is strange,
That when with open arms, I would receive
Young Selim; would restore the crown, which death
Reft from his father's head—he scorns my bounty,
" Shuns me with sullen and obdurate hate,"
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes,
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.
" *Oth.* 'T is strange indeed——"

Enter ALADIN.

Ala. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.
Oth. Selim no more! " Indeed!"
Bar. " Indeed!"—Why that astonishment?
He was our bitterest foe.
Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies!
Bar. " What says the rumour?"
How died the prince, and where?
Ala. The rumour tells,
That flying to Oran, he there begg'd succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t' invade Algiers.
Bar. From Christian dogs?
Oth. How! league with infidels!
Ala. And there held council with the haughty
Spaniard

To conquer and dethrone thee: but in vain:
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy!
Oft' have I courted him to meet my kindness;
But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a pestilence:
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek.—How many years
Number'd he?

Oth. I think, scarce thirteen, when his father died,
And now, some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof
Of undissembled service.——Well I know,
Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence: "The crown I wear
"Yet totters on my head, till marriage rites
"Have made her mine." Othman, she must be won.
Plead thou my cause of love: "Bid her dry up
"Her fruitless tears: paint forth her long delays,
"Wake all thy eloquence:" make her but mine,
And such "unsought" reward shall crown thy zeal,
As shall out-soar thy wishes.

Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,
Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease,
Hath reach'd her ear; "ere yet the mournful tale
"Hath whelm'd her in a new abyss of woe,

" And quench'd all soft affection, save for him,"
Tell her I come, borne on the wings of love!——
Haste—fly—I follow thee. [*Exit* Othman.
Now, Aladin,
Now fortune bears us to the wish'd-for port;
" We ride secure on her most prosp'rous billow."
This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th' attempt was greatly daring?

Ala. Bold as needful.

What booted it, to cut the old serpent off,
While the young adder nested in his place?

Bar. True: " We have conquer'd now." Algiers is mine,
Without a rival. " Thus great souls aspire;
" And boldly snatch at crowns, beyond the reach
" Of coward conscience." Yet I wonder much,
Omar returns not: Omar, whom I sent
On this high trust. I fear, 't is he has fall'n.
Didst thou not say two slaves encounter'd Selim?

Ala. Ay, two; 't is rumour'd so.

Bar. And that one fell?

Ala. " Ev'n so:" by Selim's hand; while his companion
Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear is fallen. From my right hand
I gave my signet to the trusty slave:
And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
Of Selim's death; if sickness or captivity,
Or wayward fate should thwart his quick return.

Ala. The rumour yet is young; perhaps foreruns

The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.
Mean time give out, that now the widow'd queen
Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love,
By marriage-rites: spread wide the flatt'ring tale;
For if persuasion win not her consent,
Power shall compel.

" *Ala.* It is indeed a thought
" Which prudence whispers.

" *Bar.* Thou, brave Aladin,
" Hast been the firm companion of my deeds:
" Soon shall my friendship's warmth reward thy faith."——
This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
For conquest o'er the Moor. Hence, Aladin;
And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*Exit* Aladin.

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
Let high ambition flourish: in Selim's blood
Its root is struck: from this, the rising stem
Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
And stretch from shore to shore. My wayward daughter.

Enter IRENE.

" What, drown'd in tears?" Still with thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul? When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon,
To dwell with sorrow.—Why these sullen tears?

Irene. " Let not these tears offend my father's eye;"

They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. "On some rude request."
What wouldst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound.
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
"Now let it melt!" urge not thy "harsh" command
To see her! her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness? Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers,
Ere this, my power had reap'd what she denies.
But there 's a cause, which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. Oh, frown not thus! "Sure, pity ne'er deserv'd
"A parent 's frown!" but look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty!
Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh, never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns!

Bar. Is this my child?
Perverse and stubborn!—As thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph
That echoes through Algiers! which now shall pierce
The vaulted Heaven, as soon as fame shall spread

Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.

Irene. O, generous Selim! [*Weeps.*

Bar. Ah! there's more in this!
Tell me, Irene: on thy duty, tell me:
" As thou dost wish, I would not cast thee off,
" With an incensed father's curses on thee,
" Now tell me" why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone! and dreads thy hate no more!
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past,
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran,
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime!

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this?

Irene. " Why should I tell, what horrors
" Did then beset my soul?"—Oft' have I told thee,
How midst the throng, a youth appear'd: his eye
Bright as the morning star!

Bar. And was it Selim?
Did he redeem thee?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom: " And o'erbade
" Av'rice and appetite." At his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa;
" And thrice turn'd pale." Yet, with recovery mild,
Go to Algiers, he cried—protect my mother—
And be to her, what Selim is to thee.—

Ev'n such, my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me!
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me?
False, faithless child!

Irene. Could gratitude do less!
He said thy wrath pursued him; thence conjur'd me
Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid!
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe!

Irene. Alas, my father!
He never was thy foe.

Bar. What! plead for Selim!
"Away. He merited the death he found!"
O, coward! traitress to thy father's glory!
Thou should'st have liv'd a slave,—been sold to shame,
Been banish'd to the depth of howling desarts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A father's honour by a deed so vile:—
Hence, from my sight.—Hence, thou unthankful child!
Beware thee: shun the queen: nor taint her ear
With Selim's fate. Yes, she shall crown my love;
Or by our prophet, she shall dread my power.

[*Exit* Barbarossa.

Irene. Unhappy queen!
To what new scene of horrors art thou doom'd!
"O, cruel father! hapless child! whom pity
"Compels to call him cruel! Generous Selim!
"Poor injur'd queen!" She but intreats to die

In her dear father's tents! thither, good queen,
My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
On my defenceless head? Yet innocence
Shall yield her firm support; and conscious virtue
Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
Let the storm beat, I'll weep and pray, till she
Bereft of her lov'd lord, of every joy bereft,
And Heaven forget, my father e'er was cruel. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ZAPHIRA "*and Female Slaves*" *discover'd.*

Zaphira.

WHEN shall I be at peace!—O, righteous Heaven,
Strengthen my fainting soul, which fain would rise
To confidence in thee!—But woes on woes
O'erwhelmn me! first my husband! now my son!
Both dead, both slaughtered by the bloody hand
Of Barbarossa! "Sweet content, farewell!
"Farewell, sweet hope! grief is my portion here!
"O, dire ambition! what infernal power
"Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
"To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
"Murder and lust! to waste domestic peace,
"And ev'ry heart-felt joy!"

Enter OTHMAN.

O, faithful Othman!
Our fears were true! my Selim is no more!

Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, Heaven, with thunder!
Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.

Oth. 'T was what we fear'd. Oppose not Heaven's high will,
Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate,
That links thee to thy woes! Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to Heaven. My honour'd queen,
The king———

Zaph. Whom stil'st thou king?

Oth. "'T is" Barbarossa———
"He" means to see thee.———

Zaph. "Curses blast" the tyrant!
Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood
Of innocence! by treachery and murder!
May Heaven incens'd pour down his vengeance on him;
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror;
Till phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth! my faithful Othman,
My sole surviving prop! canst thou devise
No secret means, by which I may escape

This hated palace! with undaunted step
I 'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear Mutija!—Can no means be found,
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me?
Oth. That hope is vain! the tyrant knows thy hate.
Hence, day and night, his "watchful" guards environ thee,
"Impenetrable as walls of adamant.
"Curb then thy mighty griefs: justice and truth
"He mocks as shadows." Rouse not then his anger;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.
Zaph. Cruel task!
"For royalty to bow,"—an injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty! and, oh! to whom?
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son!
O perish first, Zaphira! yes, I 'll die!
For what is life to me! my dear, dear lord!
My hapless child! yes, I will follow you.
Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then?
Zaph. I will not, Othman;
Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents tongues,
I 'll pour my curses on him!
Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge?
Zaph. Revenge!—O tell me—
Tell me but how! what can a helpless woman?

Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy father:
Pour thy complaints before him: let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten power.

Zaph. Ah!—say'st thou, Othman? [*Rising.*
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame;
And all my soul's on fire!—Thou faithful friend;
Yes; with more gentle speech I'll soothe his pride;
Regain my freedom; reach my father's tents;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage
Shall wake the vallies into honest vengeance:
The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa;
And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen. But as thou lov'st thy freedom
Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zap. My murdered son!—Yes to revenge thy death,
I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: Now, injur'd queen,
Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
And check each rising passion! [*Exit* Othman.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! "Thrice honour'd queen!" in whom

Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the conqu'ror, " whose deciding voice
" Can speak the fate of kingdoms, at thy feet
" Lies vanquish'd by thy power!"
Zaph. O, Barbarossa!
No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd heart! With my departed lord
My love lies buried! " I should meet thy flame
" With sullen tears and cold indifference."
Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
May crown thy growing love, with love sincere!
For I have none to give!
Bar. Love ne'er should die:
'Tis the soul's cordial: 't is the fount of life;
Therefore should spring eternal in the breast.
One object lost, another should succeed;
And all our life be love.
Zaph. Urge me no more:——Thou might'st with equal hope
Woo the cold marble weeping o'er a tomb,
To meet thy wishes! But if gen'rous love
Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:
Give me safe convoy to the native vales,
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.
Bar. O, blind to proffer'd bliss! what, fondly quit
This " lofty palace, and the envied" pomp
Of empire, for an Arab's " wand'ring tent!"
Where the mock Chieftain leads his vagrant tribes
From plain to plain, " as thirst or famine sways;
" Obscurely vain!" and faintly shadows out

The majesty of kings!—Far other joys
Here shall attend thy call: "the winged bark
" For thee shall traverse seas; and ev'ry clime
" Be tributary to Zaphira's charms.
" To thee, exalted fair," submissive realms
Shall bow the neck; and swarthy kings and queens,
From the far distant Niger and the Nile,
Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,
Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and power are toys,
Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain;
But, ah! what mockery is the tinsel pride
Of splendor, when " by wasting woes," the mind
Lies desolate within!—Such, such, is mine!
O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy;
Envy me not this last request, to die
In my dear father's tents!

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet—I do beseech thee.—

Bar. Thou thankless fair!
Thus to repay the labours of my love?
Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,
Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin:
I check'd the warring powers, and gave you peace.

" *Zaph.* Peace dost thou call it! what can worse be
fear'd
" From the war's rage, than violence and blood?
" Have not unceasing horrors mark'd thy reign:
" Thro' sev'n long years, thy slaught'ring sword hath
reek'd
" With guiltless blood.

" *Bar.* With guiltless blood?—Take heed—
" Rouse not my slumb'ring rage: Nor vindicate
" Thy country's guilt and treason.
" *Zaph.* Where violence reigns, there innocence is guilt;
" And virtue, treason.—Know, Zaphira scorns
" Thy menace—Yes,—thy slaught'ring sword hath reek'd
" With guiltless blood. Through thee exile and death
" Have thinn'd Algiers. Is this thy boasted peace?
" So might the tyger boast the peace he brings,
" When he o'erleaps by stealth, and wastes the fold.
" *Bar.* Ungrateful queen! I 'll give thee proof of love,
" Beyond thy sex's pride!" Make thee but mine,
I will descend the throne, and call thy son
From banishment to empire.
Zaph. Oh, my heart!
Can I bear this!——
Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!
May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,
And gender in thy bosom fell despair!
Despair as deep as mine!
Bar. What means Zaphira?
What means this burst of grief?
Zaph. Thou fell destroyer?
Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience
Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent-horrors,
To turn thee into stone! Relentless man!

Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble guilt,
Where'er thou art!—Look on me!—Tell me, tyrant—
Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue,
"My foe" hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
"This is the rumour of some coz'ning slave,
"Who thwarts my peace. Believe it not, Zaphira;"
Thy Selim lives: Nay more, he soon shall reign,
If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Afric, sooner dwell with wolves and tygers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear; think on thy captive-state:
Remember, that within these palace-walls,
I am omnipotent: "That every knee
"Bends at my dread approach:" That shame and honour,
Reward and punishment, await my nod,
The vassals of my pleasure.—Yield thee then:
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my power incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear
With that foul menace!—Tyrant! Dread'st thou not
Th' all-seeing eye of Heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine? Yet know Zaphira scorns thee.
Tho' robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the freeborn soul,

That greatly dare to die. [*Exit* Zaphira.

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's death!

Could Othman dare to tell it? If he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death!—"Curse on her steadiness!
"She lords it o'er my heart. There is a charm
"Of majesty in virtue, that disarms
"Reluctant power, and bends the struggling will
"From her most firm resolve."

Enter ALADIN.

O, Aladin!
Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.
This stubborn woman——

Ala. What, unconquer'd still?

Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.
Whence could this come!

Ala. I can resolve this doubt.
A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,
O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her!
Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul: Nay, she defies my power:
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Ala. Let her rage foam.
I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick relief!—

Ala. The gallant youth is come, who slew her son.

Bar. Who? Omar!

Ala. No; unhappy Omar fell
By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Reveng'd his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth!
Bears he the signet?

Ala. Ay.

Bar. That speak him true.—Conduct him, Aladin.

[*Exit* Aladin.

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM, *disguis'd as* Achmet, *and* ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa! As the pledge

[*Kneels.*

Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd:
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth!
But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom.
Thou art the youth whom Omar (now no more)
Join'd his companion in the brave attempt?

Sel. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found ye
That insolent!

Selim. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.—
Selim. As we ought.
While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poignard,
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plunged it in his breast. I hasted on.
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend:
My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
Search'd every artery: They fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity;
And thus in frowns expir'd.
Bar. Well hast thou sped.
Thy dagger did its office, faithful Achmet;
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate!—Go, seek the queen.
For know the rumour of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear: Hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
Her son expire; that with his dying breath,
He did conjure her to receive my vows,
And give her country peace.—" That, sure will lull"
" Suspicion. Aladin, that sure will win her.
" *Ala.* 'T is wisely thought.—It must."

Enter OTHMAN.

Bar. Most welcome Othman.
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'er pay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen; for he has news

Worthy her ear, from her departed son;
Such as may win her love.—Come, Aladin:
The banquet waits our presence: festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. [*Exeunt* Barb. *and* Alad.

Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
That riots thro' the palace?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me,
On what dark errand thou art here?

Selim. I dare.
Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murd'rer.

Oth. Selim's murd'rer!

Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood;
Why this amazement?

Oth. Amazement?—No—'T is well.—'tis as it should be—
He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.

Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so?
Why dost thou pause? What passion shakes thy frame?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble!—
Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,
Smear'd with my prince's blood!—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his power; that tir'd with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim?

Oth. All men lov'd him,
He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair name!—Remorseless tyrant!

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st him,
I 'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa:
Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive!

Selim. Nay, more——
Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible!

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither, straight.

Oth. Not for an empire!
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tyger's den.

Selim. But I 'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not ev'n thyself couldst know him.

Oth. Yes, sure: too sure: to hazard such an awful Trial!

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot
The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides he wears,

A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar!

Oth. Aye, on his forehead.

Selim. What, like this? [*Lifting his turban.*

Oth. Whom do I see!—am I awake!—my prince!
[*Kneels.*
My honour'd, honour'd king!

Selim. Rise, faithful Othman.
Thus let me thank thy truth! [*Embraces him.*

Oth. O, happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?
And why that ardent gaze? Thou canst not doubt me!

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.——
How did my prince escape the murderer's hand?

Sel. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet:—Take this ring, he cryed,
The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accurs'd attempt: this pledge restor'd,
Will prove the slain: "Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
"Unknown to all."—This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?

Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come:
Th' accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd,
Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou came thy death was rumour'd here.

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hither;
"That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,

" Might make belief more easy." Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,——
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?

Oth. Still: in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind Heaven
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?

Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?

" *Oth.* Yet think—should Barbarossa——

" *Selim.* Dread him not—
" Thou know'st, by his command I see Zaphira;
" And wrapt in this disguise, I walk secure,
" As if from Heaven some guarding power attending,
" Threw ten-fold night around me."

Oth. Still my heart
Forbodes some dire event!—O, quit these walls!

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's suff'rings, and a people's groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes!

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murderer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, Othman—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.
[*Shews a dagger.*

Oth. Heaven shield thy "precious" life—Let caution rule.
Thy "headlong" zeal!

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair:
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say——what hope?
My soul is all attention.——

Selim. Mark me, then;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace: while the glutted troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit; the confed'rate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage,
Amid' the deathful uproar.

Oth. Heaven protect thee——
'Tis dreadful——What 's the hour?

Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dead of night
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.——
Now lead me to the queen.——

Oth. Brave prince, beware!
Her joy's or fear's excess, would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her, till the tyrant perish!

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge me.
Who knows that 't is not the last parting interview,
We ever shall obtain?

Oth. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.——Assume the name
Of Selim's friend; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so; I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth! May angels watch,
And guard thy upright purpose! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of thy virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee!

Selim. Oh, thou hast rouz'd a thought, on which revenge
Mounts with redoubled fire!—Yes, here, ev'n here,—
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his blessings, 'till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour! O, blessed shade!
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
"Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
"By peril, pain, or death!" that undismay'd
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter IRENE.

CAN air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?
Sure 'twas his image!—" Yet, his presence here—
" After full rumour had confirm'd him dead!
" Beneath this hostile roof to court destruction!
" It staggers all belief! Silent he shot
" Athwart my view, amid' the glimmering lamps,
" With swift and ghost-like step, that seem'd to shun
" All human converse." This way, sure he mov'd;
But, oh, how chang'd! He wears no gentle smiles,
But terror in his frown. He comes.—'Tis he:—
For Othman points him th'ther, and departs.
Disguis'd, he seeks the queen: secure, perhaps,
And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus;
And not forewarn such virtue of its fate!
Forbid it gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs!
Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
Down, down, fond heart!
Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?
Selim. Oh, ruin! [*Shunning her.*
Irene. Blest, is Irene! Blest if Selim lives!
Selim. Am I betray'd!
Irene. Betray'd to whom? To her
Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save thee.

Selim. It was my hope
That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth,
" And thrown the mask of manhood o'er my visage."—
Am I then known?

Irene. To none, but love and me.——
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth! Thou Heaven of sweetness!
How could I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth!—It must not be!—
This is my destin'd goal!—The mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell! where bitter tears,
And sighs, and lamentations, choak the voice,
And quench the flame of love!

Irene. Yet, virtuous prince,
Tho' love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear then her voice, which warns thee from these walls.
Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps!

" *Selim.* Too generous maid! O, Heaven! that Barbarossa
" Should be Irene's father.

" *Irene.* Injur'd prince!
" Lose not a thought on me! I know thy wrongs,
" And merit not thy love. No, learn to hate me.
" Or, if Irene e'er can hope such kindness,
" First pity, then forget me!

" *Selim.* When I do,
" May Heaven pour down its righteous vengeance on me.
" *Irene.* Hence! haste thee, hence!"
Selim. Would it were possible!
Irene. What can prevent it?
Selim. Justice! Fate, and justice!
A murder'd father's wrongs!
" *Irene.* Ah, prince, take heed!
" I have a father too!
" *Selim.* What did I say?---my father!---not my father.
" Can I depart till I have seen Zaphira?"——
Irene. Justice, said'st thou?
That word has struck me, like a peal of thunder!
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror! Thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost!
Ah! prince, take heed! I have a father too!
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood!
" *Selim.* A father's blood!
" *Irene.* Too sure. In vain thou hid'st
" Thy dire intent! Forbid it, Heaven, Irene
" Should see destruction hov'ring o'er her father,
" And not prevent the blow!
" *Selim.* Is this thy love,
" Thy gratitude to him, who sav'd thy honour?
" *Irene.* 'Tis gratitude to him who gave me life;
" He who preserv'd me claims the second place.

" *Selim.* Is he not a tyrant, murderer?
" *Irene.* O spare my shame! I am his daughter still!
" *Selim.* Wouldst thou become the partner of his crimes?
" *Irene.* Forbid it, Heav'n!--Yet I must save a father!"
Selim. Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut thine eye
With Selim's blood———
Irene. Was e'er distress like mine!
O Selim, can I see my father perish!
" Would I had ne'er been born! [*Weeps.*
" *Selim.* Thou virtuous maid!
" My heart bleeds for thee!
" *Irene.*" Quit, O quit these walls!
Heaven will ordain some gentler, happier means,
To heal thy woes! Thy dark attempt is big
With horror and destruction! Generous prince!
Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart!
Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go?
Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful pleasure of a parting tear?
Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these walls,
As soon as morning shines:—Else, tho' despair
Drives me to madness:—yet—to save a father!
O, Selim! spare my tongue the horrid sentence!
Fly! ere destruction seize thee! [*Exit* Irene.
Selim. Death and ruin!
Must I then fly?—what!—coward-like betray
My father, mother, friends! Vain terrors, hence!

Danger looks big to Fear's deluded eye:
But courage on the heights and steeps of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril: And while sick'ning caution shrinks,
Or self-betray'd, falls headlong down the steep;
Calm resolution, unappall'd, can walk
The giddy brink, secure.—Now to the queen.—
How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown!
How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
That pants at her approach!—Who waits the queen?
Who waits Zaphira?

Enter a female Slave.

Slave. Whence this intrusion, stranger? at an hour
Destin'd to rest?

Selim. I come, to seek the queen,
On matter of such import, as may claim
Her speedy audience.

Slave. Thy request is vain,
Ev'n now the queen hath heard the mournful tale
Of her son's death, and drown'd in grief she lies,
Thou canst not see her.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
On message from her dear, departed son;
And bring his last request.

Slave. I 'll haste to tell her.
" With all a mother's tend'rest love she'll fly,
" To meet that name." [*Exit* Slave.

Selim. O, ill-dissembling heart!—My ev'ry limb
Trembles with grateful terror!—" Would to Heaven

" I had not come!" Some look, or starting tear,
Will sure betray me—Honest guile assist
My falt'ring tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger?
Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress!
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son?
" Didst thou receive my Selim's parting breath?"
Did he remember me?

Selim. Most honour'd queen!
Thy son—Forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine!

Zaph. I thank thy pity!
'Tis generous thus to feel for others woe.
What of my son? Say, didst thou see him die?

Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come
To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

" *Zaph.* O Heaven!—my child! my child!

" *Selim.* That ev'n in death, the pious youth remember'd
" His royal mother's woes."

Zaph. " Where, where was I!"
Relentless fate! that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die?
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul! Oh, tell me all,
All he said and look'd? Deep in my heart

That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son!

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long: Then bid her weep no more:
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms!

Zaph. O, basely false!
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart!
Vile slave, begone!—My son betray me thus!
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain!
But he was brave, and scorn'd a thought so vile!
Wretched Zaphira! How art thou become
The sport of slaves!—" O, griefs incurable!"

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen! Thy woes
May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile?
Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.
I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. Who art thou then?

Selim. Oh, my full heart—I am—thy friend, and Selim's.
I come not to insult, but heal thy woes——
Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives! O gracious Heaven!
Do I not dream? say, stranger, didst thou tell me,

Perhaps my Selim lives?—What do I ask?
Wild, wild, and fruitless hope!—What mortal power
Can e'er re-animate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead!

Selim. O, powerful Nature, thou wilt sure betray me!
[*Aside.*
Thy Selim lives; for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.

" *Zaph.* Ye heavenly powers!—
" Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my son expire?
" Didst not ev'n now relate his dying words?

" *Selim.* It was an honest falsehood, meant to prove
" Zaphira's unstain'd virtue.

" *Zaph.* Why—but Othman———
" Othman affirm'd that my poor son was dead:
" And I have heard, the murderer is come,
" In triumph o'er his dear and innocent blood.

" *Selim.* I am that murderer.—Beneath this guise,
" I spread the abortive tale of Selim's death,
" And haply won the tyrant's confidence.
" Hence gain'd access; and from thy Selim tell thee,
" Selim yet lives, and honours all thy virtues.

" *Zaph.* O, generous youth, who art thou!—From
what clime
" Comes such exalted virtue, as dares give
" A pause to griefs like mine!—As dares approach,
" And prop the ruin tott'ring on its base,
" Which selfish caution shuns!—Oh, say—who art
thou?

" *Selim*. A friendless youth, self-banished with thy son;
" Long his companion in distress and danger:
" One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days:
" And more reveres thy virtue in distress."

Zaph. O, gentle stranger, mock not my woes,
But tell me truly—does my Selim live?

Selim. He does, by Heaven!

Zaph. O, generous Heaven! thou at length o'erpay'st
My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives!
And does he still remember
His father's wrongs, and mine!

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs and thine: that he but waits
'Till awful justice may unsheath her sword,
" And lust and murder tremble at her frown!"
That till the arrival of that happy hour,
Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge!

" *Zaph*. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!
" I feel my heart revive! Here, peace once more
" Begins to dawn."

Selim. Much honour'd queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet, not yet; indulge a mother's love!
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my Selim stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests

Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and prayers, and tears,
Are all I have to give. O bear him these!

Selim. Take comfort then; for know thy son, o'erjoy'd
To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein!———
Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest!
Bid her remember that the ways of heaven,
Tho' dark, are just: that oft some guardian power
Attends unseen to save the innocent!
But if high Heaven decrees our fall!—Oh, bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die! " and then he wept as I do."

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son!
O, righteous Heaven! " thou hast at length o'er-pay'd
" My bitt'rest pangs, if my dear Selim lives,
" And lives for me!—hear my departing prayer:
[*Kneels.*
" O, spare my son!"—Protect his tender years!
Be thou his guide through dangers and distress!
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne!—" When I am gone,
" Bless thou his peaceful reign! Oh, early bless him
" With the sweet pledges of connubial love;
" That he may win his virtue's just reward,
" And taste the raptures which a parent's heart
" Reaps from a child like him! not for myself,
" But my dear son—accept my parting tears!
[*Exit* Zaphira.

Selim. Now, swelling heart,
Indulge the luxury of grief! flow tears!

And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow!
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes; have found her noble:
And to have given this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril!—Powerful virtue!
How infinite thy joys, when ev'n thy griefs
Are pleasing!—"Thou, superior to the frowns
"Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
"And brighten woe to rapture!"

Enter OTHMAN *and* SADI.

Honour'd friends!
How goes the night?

Sadi. 'T is well nigh midnight.

Oth. What—in tears, my prince?

Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast:
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril or death.—What tidings from the city?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confederate friends
Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.

Sadi. What is the signal of th' appointed hour?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting:
And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes!
Now let the rising wirlwind shake Algiers,

And justice guide the storm! " Scarce two hours hence——

" *Sadi.* Scarce more than one.

" *Selim.*" Oh, as you love my life,
Let your zeal hasten on the great event:
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here:
And half suspects the cause.

Oth. Too daring Prince,
Retire with us! her fears will sure betray thee!

Selim. What! leave my helpless mother here a prey
To cruelty and lust—I 'll perish first:
This very night the tyrant threatens violence:
I 'll watch his steps: I 'll haunt him thro' the palace:
And should he meditate a deed so vile,
I 'll hover over him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt!

adi. Intrepid prince!
Worthy of empire, yet accept my life,
My worthless life: do thou retire with Othman;
I will protect Zaphira.

Selim. Think'st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim will shrink into a common man!
Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more,
Here shall my station be; and if I fall,
O friends let me have vengeance!—Tell me now,
Where is the tyrant?

Oth. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'T is good. Now tell me how our powers are
destin'd?

Sadi. Near ev'ry port, a secret band is posted:
By these the watchful centinels must perish:
The rest is easy: for the glutted troops
Lie drown'd in sleep; the dagger's cheapest prey.
Almanzor, with his friends, will circle round
The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
To conquer or to die) and burst the gates
Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa!

" *Selim.* Oh, how the approach of this great hour
" Fires all my soul! but, valiant friends, I charge you,
" Reserve the murderer to my just revenge;
" My poignard claims his blood."

Oth. Forgive me, prince!
Forgive my doubts!—Think—should the fair Irene—

Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare the
tyrant,
Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet;
" Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
" By Heaven I 'd think my honour'd father's blood
" Scarce half reveng'd!" My love indeed is strong!
But love shall yield to justice!

Sadi. Gallant prince!
Bravely resolved!

Selim. But is the city quiet?

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty
streets,
Nor voice, nor sound. As if th' inhabitants,

Like the presaging herds that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd the impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night too,
That pleases me: a general pause through nature:
The winds are hush'd———

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore:
No star peeps through the firmament of heaven———

Selim. And lo—where eastward, o'er the sullen wave,
The waining moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood: her beam well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness——— [*Bell tolls.*
Hark!——what meant
That tolling bell?

Oth. It rings the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal———
Come, Othman, we are call'd: the passing minutes
Chide our delay: brave Othman, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but crown'd with glory,
We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember——
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy!
"Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood!"
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save! nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence! or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,

That now looks on us from his blest abode,
Would wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!

Selim. Farewell, friends!

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!

[*Exeunt* Othman *and* Sadi.

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand; and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
"From outward things" descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with the awful conscience,
And firm resolve! that in the approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids!—"Why bear I then
"This dark, insidious dagger?—'T is the badge
"Of vile assassins; of the coward hand
"That dares not meet its foe.—Detested thought
"Yet—as foul lust and murder, though on thrones
"Triumphant, still retain their hell-born quality;
"So justice, groaning beneath countless wrongs,
"Quits not her spotless and celestial nature:
"But in the unhallow'd murderer's disguise,
"Can sanctify this steel!
"Then be it so:"---Witness, ye powers of Heaven,
That not from you, but from the murderer's eye,
I wrap myself in night!—To you I stand

Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh, could I arm
My hand with power! then, like to you array'd
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I 'll seize on what it gives:
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake burst beneath him,
And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
In one prodigious ruin! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter IRENE *and* ALADIN.

Irene.

BUT didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
Brook no delay.

Ala. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not!
Oh, what a dreadful dream!—'T was surely more
Than troubled fancy: never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms!—Still he lingers!
Return, return: and tell him that his daughter
Dies, till she warns him of his threat'ning ruin.

Ala. Behold, he comes. [*Exit* Aladin.

Enter BARBAROSSA *and Guards.*

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys!
Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth!

Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear!

Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy brain?

Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this night;
For terrors lurk unseen!

Bar. What terrors? speak!
" Would'st thou unman me into female weakness;
Say what thou dread'st, and why! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check with stern rebuke
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, " soon as I clos'd mine eyes,"
A horrid vision rose—Methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb:
" Mangled and bloody was his corse: his hair
" Clotted with gore; his glaring eyes on fire!"
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious power he rose in air.
When lo—at his command this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance!
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast!

Bar. Would'st thou appal me by a brain-sick vision?
Get thee to rest.——" Sleep but as sound till morn,
" As Selim in his grave shall sleep for ever.
" And then no haggard dreams shall ride thy fancy!"

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father!

" *Bar.* To the couch!"
Provoke me not.——
" *Irene.* What shall I say to move him?"
Merciful Heaven, instruct me what to do!

Enter ALADIN.

Bar. What mean thy looks?—Why dost thou gaze so wildly?
Ala. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla,
Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark,
" Which runs throughout the city," that young Selim
Is yet alive——
Bar. May plagues consume the tongue
That broach'd the falsehood!—'T is not possible——
What did he tell thee farther?
Ala. More he said not:
Save only that the spreading rumour wak'd
A spirit of revolt.
Irene. O, gracious father!
Bar. The rumour's false—And, yet, your coward fears
Infest me!—What!---shall I be terrified
By midnight visions?—" Can the troubled brain
" Of sleep out-stretch the reason's waking eye?"
I 'll not believe it.
Ala. But this gath'ring rumour——
Think but on that, my lord!
Bar. Infernal darkness
Swallow the slave that rais'd it!---" Yet, I 'll do

" What caution dictates."---Hark thee, Aladin——
" Slave, hear my will."---See that the watch be doubled;
Find out this stranger, Achmet; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

Irene. O my father!
I do conjure thee as thou lov'st thy life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards——
See not this Achmet!

" *Bar.* Not see him?---Death and torment!——
" Think'st thou, I fear a single arm that's mortal?"
Not see him?---Forthwith bring the slave before me.--
If he prove false---if hated Selim live,
I'll heap such vengeance on him——

Irene. Mercy! mercy!

Bar. Mercy.——To whom!

Irene. To me: --and to thyself:
To him---to all.——Thou think'st I rave; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd,
When Heaven inspires his tongue!

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with dreams
More wild than thine!---Get thee to rest; e'er yet
Thy folly wakes my rage.---Call Achmet hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees:---O see him not.
Selim is dead:---Indeed the rumour's false,
There is no danger near:---Or if there be,
Achmet is innocent!

Bar. Off, frantic wretch!
This ideot dream hath turn'd her brain to madness!
Hence to thy chamber, till returning reason

Hath calm'd this tempest—On thy duty hence!

Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution!—Cruel fate!
What have I done!—Heaven shield my dearest father!
Heaven shield the innocent!—Undone Irene!
Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery. [*Exit* Irene.

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness.---Aladin,
Forthwith send Achmet hither.---" Mark him well.---
" His countenance and gesture"---Then with speed,
Double the centinels. [*Exit* Aladin.
Infernal guilt!
How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion, and despair,
To rend my soul! " more wretched far than they
" Made wretched by my crimes!"---Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible!
Ere they had struck their colours through my soul,
As black as night or hell!---'T is now too late!——
" Hence, then, " ye vain repinings!"---Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! O banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear!
" Be this my glory——to be great in evil!
" To combat my own heart, and, scorning conscience,
" Rise to exalted crimes!"

Enter SELIM.

Come hither, slave:
Hear me, and tremble: art thou what thou seem's?

Selim. Hâ!

Bar. Dost thou pause!——By hell, the slave's confounded!

Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!

Bar. Take heed! for by the hov'ring powers of vengeance,
If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd! Thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer.——Now tell me:——Is not
That Selim yet alive!

Selim. Selim alive!

Bar. Perdition on thee! dost thou echo me!
Answer me quick, or die! [*Draws his dagger.*

Selim. Yes, freely strike——
Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion!
Oh, could my dagger find a tongue to tell
How deep it drank his blood!—But since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal—Behold my breast—strike here--
For bold is innocence.

Bar. I scorn the task. [*Puts up his dagger.*
Time shall decide thy doom:—Guards, mark me well.
See that ye watch the motions of this slave:
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou know'st
That Selim lives, or seest his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence.——
Yet, on your lives, await me within call.——
I will have deeper inquisition made;

" Haply some witness may confront the slave,
" And drag to light his falsehood."

[*Exeunt* Selim *and* Guards.

Call Zaphira. [*Exit a* Slave.

If Selim lives—then what is Barbarossa?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage-rites declare Zaphira mine.
" Fool that I am! to wait the weak effects
" Of slow persuasion, when unbounded power
" Can give me all I wish!—Slave, hear my will——
" Fly—bid the priest prepare the marriage rites:
" Let incense rise to Heaven; and choral songs
" Attend Zaphira to the nuptial bed." [*Exit* Slave.
I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair!——
Hath reason yet subdu'd thee? Wilt thou hear
The voice of love?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me!
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can ought but phrenzy
Rush on perdition?

Zaph. Therefore shall no power
E'er make me thine.

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage:
" Tho' yon suspected slave affirms him dead;
" Yet rumour whispers that young Selim lives.

" *Zaph.* Could I but think him so! my earnest prayer
" Should rise to Heaven, to keep him far from thee!
" *Bar.* Therefore, lest treachery undermine my power,"
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come!
Zaph. I have no choice.—Think'st thou I e'er will wed
The murderer of my lord?
Bar. Take heed, rash queen!
Tell me thy last resolve.
Zaph. Then hear me, Heaven!
Hear all ye powers that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! And thou dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord; attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve!
" If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,"
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
" Black as adultery or damn'd incest,"
May ye, the ministers of Heaven, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene;——
May horror blacken all our days and nights!
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising
" From hell, may swarming" fiends in triumph howl
Around th' accursed bed!
Bar. Begone, remorse!——
Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar
Heed not her tears or cries.—" What!—dare ye doubt?
" Instant obey my bidding;—or, by hell,
" Torment and death shall overtake you all.

[*Guards go to seize* Zaphira.

Zaph. O, spare me!—Heaven protect me!—O, my son,
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!—
What shall I do!—Undone, undone Zaphira!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa
Require me here?

Bar. Officious slave, retire!
I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heaven will reward thy pity!

" *Bar.* Drag her hence!"

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Bar. Rouze not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. O, hear me, hear me! [*Kneels.*

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.
[*Lays hold of* Barbarossa's *garment.*

Bar. Presuming slave begone! [*Strikes* Selim.

Selim. Nay, then,——die, tyrant.
[*Rises, and aims to stab* Barbarossa, *who wrests his dagger from him.*

Bar. Ah, traitor, have I caught thee.——Hold---forbear———
[*To Guards who offer to kill* Selim.
Kill him not yet---I will have greater vengeance——
Perfidious wretch, who art thou?---Bring the rack:
Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know that death
And torments are my doom.---Yet, ere I die,
I 'll strike thy soul with horror.---Off, vile habit!——
" Let me emerge from this dark cloud that hides me,
" And make my setting glorious!"---If thou dar'st,
Now view me!---Hear me, tyrant!---while with voice
More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,
That he who aim'd the dagger at thy heart
Is Selim!

Zaph. O Heaven! my son, my son! [*She faints.*

Selim. Unhappy mother! [*Runs to embrace her.*

Bar. Tear them asunder. [*Guards separate them.*

Selim. Barb'rous ruffians!

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor. [*They offer to seize him.*

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king---Retire,
And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor;
That is the murderer, " tyrant ravisher;" Seize him,
And do your country right.

Bar. Ah, coward dogs!
Start ye at words---or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger ends you all. [*They seize him.*

" *Selim.* 'T is done "---Dost thou revive, unhappy queen!
Now arm my soul with patience!

Zaph. My dear son!
Do I then live, once more to see my Selim!
But Oh---to see thee thus?—— [*Weeping.*

Selim. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent.

" *Bar.* At length revenge is mine!—slaves, force
her hence,
" This hour shall crown my love.
" *Zaph.* O mercy, mercy!"
Selim. Lo, Barbarossa! thou at length hast conquer'd!
Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
[*Kneels.*
Prostrate before thy feet—not for myself
I plead!——Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!
Tear, tear me piece-meal! But, O spare Zaphira!
Yet, yet relent! force not her matron honour!
" Reproach not Heaven."
Bar. Have I then bent thy pride?
Why, this is conquest even beyond my hope!——
Lie there, thou slave! lie till Zaphira's cries
Arouse thee from the posture.
Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs?——unmanly
wretch!——
Curse on the fear that could betray my limbs, [*Rising.*
My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture;
Long have I scorn'd, I now defy thy power.
Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.——
Slaves, bear him to the rack.
Zaph. O, spare my son!
Sure filial virtue never was a crime,
Save but my son!---I yield me to thy wish!——
What do I say---The marriage vow---O, horror!
This hour shall make me thine——
Selim. What, doom thyself

The guilty partner of a murderer's bed,
Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood!
" To be the mother of destructive tyrants,
" The curses of mankind"---By Heaven, I swear,
The guilty hour that gives thee to the arms
Of that detested murderer, shall end
This hated life.———

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies!———

Zaph. The conflict's past.---I will resume my greatness;
We 'll bravely die, as we have liv'd, with honour.
[*Embracing.*

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us:---
Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still
Shall conquer, though in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence:
Her to the altar: Selim to his fate.

" *Zaph.* O, Selim! O, my son!---Thy doom is death!
" Would it were mine!

" *Selim.* Would I could give it thee!
" Is there no means to save her! Lend, ye guards,
" Ye ministers of death, in pity lend
" Your swords, or some kind weapon of destruction!
" Sure the most mournful boon, that ever son
" Ask'd for the best of mothers!

" *Zaph.* Dearest Selim!"

Bar. I 'll hear no more.---Guards, bear them to their fate. [*Guards seize them.*

Selim. One last embrace!
Farewell, Farewell for ever! [*Guards struggle with them.*

Zaph. One moment yet!---Pity a mother's pangs! O, Selim!

Selim. O, my mother! [*Exeunt* Selim *and* Zaphira.

" *Bar.* My dearest hopes are blasted!---What is power;
" If stubborn virtue thus out-soar its flight!
" Yet he shall die---and she———

" *Enter* ALADIN.

" *Ala.* Heaven, guard my lord!
" *Bar.* What mean'st thou, Aladin?
" *Ala.* A slave arriv'd,
" Says that young Selim lives: Nay, somewhere lurks
" Within these walls.
" *Bar.* The lurking traitor's found,
" Convicted, and disarm'd.---Ev'n now he aim'd
" This dagger at my heart.
" *Ala.* Audacious traitor!
" The slave says farther, that he brings the tidings
" Of dark conspiracy now hov'ring o'er us:
" And claims thy private ear.
" *Bar.* Of dark conspiracy?
" Where?---Among whom?
" *Ala.* The secret friends of Selim,
" Who nightly haunt the city.
" *Bar.* Curse the traitors!
" Now speed thee, Aladin.——Send forth our spies:
" Explore their haunts:—For, by th' infernal powers,
" I will let loose my rage.---The furious lion

" Now foams indignant, scorning tears and cries.
" Let Selim forthwith die.---Come, mighty vengeance!
" Stir me, cruelty! The rack shall groan
" With new born horrors! I will issue forth,
" Like midnight pestilence: My breath shall strew
" The streets with dead; and havoc stalk in gore.
" Hence, pity! Feed the milky thought of babes;
" Mine is of bloodier hue." [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN, *and* Guards.

Barbarossa.

Is the watch doubled? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprize?

Ala. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy, " on further inquest,"
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
" And now return from search," affirm that sleep
Has wrap'd the city.

Ala. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls;
" Nor bars, nor centinels can give us safety."

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches,
How goes the night?

Ala. The second watch is near.

Bar. 'T is well!---Whene'er it rings, the traitor dies

So hath my will ordain'd.---I'll seize the occasion,
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.
" *Ala.* True: For he aim'd his dagger at thy heart.
" *Bar.* He did. Hence justice uncompell'd, shall seem
" To lend her sword, and do ambition's work.
" *Ala.* His bold resolves have steel'd Zaphira's breast
" Against thy love: Thence he deserves to die.
" *Bar.* And death's his doom"---Yet first the rack shall rend
Each secret from his heart; " unless he give
" Zaphira to my arms, by marriage-vows,
" With full consent; ere yet the second watch
" Toll for his death.---Curse on the woman's weakness!
" I yet would win her love!" Haste, seek out Othman:
Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
Plead not his pardon. [*Exit* Aladin.
Stubborn fortitude!
Had he not interposed, success had crown'd
My love, now hopeless.---Then let vengeance seize him.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. O, night of horrors!—Hear me, honour'd father!
If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
Now hear me!

Bar. Impious! dar'st thou disobey?
Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence?
Get thee to rest; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O, fatal words! By ev'ry sacred tye,
Recal the dire decree.—

Bar. What would'st thou say?
Whom plead for?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly!—But this hour
The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
His dagger at my heart.

" *Irene.* Might pity plead!

" *Bar.* What, plead for treachery?"

Irene. " Yet pity might bestow a milder name.
" Would'st thou not love the child, whose fortitude
" Should hazard life for thee?—Oh, think on that:—"
The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe:
His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother!

Bar. Damn'd was his purpose: and accurst art thou,
Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
Who sought thy father's life!—Hence, from my sight.

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim!

Bar. Thy Selim? Thine?

Irene. Thou know'st—by gratitude
He 's mine—Had not his generous hand redeem'd me,
What then had been Irene? Oh!

" *Bar.* Faithless wretch!
" Unhappy father! whose perfidious child
" Leagues with his deadliest foe: and guides the dagger
" Ev'n to his heart!—Perdition catch thy falsehood!
" And is it thus, a thankless child repays me,
" For all the guilt in which I plung'd my soul,
" To raise her to a throne!

" *Irene.* O, spare these words,
" More keen than daggers to my bleeding heart!
" Let me not live suspected!—Dearest father!——
" Behold my breast! write thy suspicion here:
" Write them in blood;" but spare the gen'rous youth,
Who sav'd me from dishonour!

Bar. By the powers
Of great revenge, thy fond intreaties seal
His instant death.—In him, I 'll punish thee.——
Away!

Irene. Yet hear me! Ere my tortur'd soul
Rush on some deed of horror!

Bar. " Seize her, guards,"—
Convey the frantic ideot from my presence:
See that she do no violence on herself.

Irene. O, Selim!—generous youth!—how have my fears
Betray'd thee to destruction! Slaves, unhand me!—
Think ye, I 'll live to bear these pangs of grief,
These horrors that oppress my tortur'd soul?—
Inhuman father!—Generous, injur'd prince!—
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans:—O, horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him!—Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and prayers—At least, I 'll die.
Death shall unite us yet! [*Exit* Irene *and Guards,*

Bar. O, torment! torment!
Ev'n in the midst of power!—the vilest slave
More happy far than I!—the very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace!—O, false ambition,

" Thou lying phantom!" whither hast thou lur'd me!
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless! with not a friend
In whom my soul can trust!

Enter ALADIN.

" Now, Aladin?"
Hast thou seen Othman?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace?

Ala. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking ruin.
The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And as they pass'd, Othman in whispers said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant.

Bar. Slave, thou liest.
He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,
" Pernicious slave," why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition?—" Gracious powers,
" Let me be calm!---O, my distracted soul!
" How am I rent in pieces!---Othman fled!
" Why then may all hell's curses follow him!"
What's to be done? some mischief lurks unseen.

Ala. Prevent it then---

Bar. By Selim's instant death---

" *Ala.* Ay, doubtless.

" *Bar.*" Is the rack prepar'd?

Ala. 'Tis ready.
Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains.
The ministers of death stand round; and wait
thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul.---Conduct me forthwith to him:
And if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SELIM *discover'd in Chains,* Executioners, Officer, *&c. and Rack.*

Selim. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains, see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb! I ask no more.
Officer. They shall
Selim. How goes the night?
Officer. Thy hour of fate,
The second watch, is near.
Selim. Let it come on;
I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA *and* Guards.

Bar. So---raise him from the ground---[*They raise him.*
Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards
Of guilt and treachery! Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face?
Selim. Then take it, tyrant.
Bar. Did'st thou not aim a dagger at my heart?
Selim. I did.
Bar. Yet Heaven defeated thy intent,
And sav'd me from the dagger.
Selim. 'T is not our's

To question Heaven. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee.

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?—"Thy rage is weak,
"Thy torments powerless o'er the steady mind:"
He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save Zaphira!—For the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death: I scorn his darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor prophane my dying hour!

Bar. Then take thy wish. [*Bell tolls.*
There goes the fatal knell.
"Thy fate is seal'd." Nor all thy mother's tears,
Nor prayers, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death. Yet ere the assassin die,
Let torment ring each secret from his heart.
The traitor Othman's fled; conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason; "and this murd'rer call
"On death, to end his woes." [*Exit* Barbarossa.

Selim. Come on then. [*They bind him.*
Begin the work of death—"what! bound with cords,
"Like a vile criminal!"—O, valiant friends,
When will ye give me vengeance!

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop—O, stop!
Hold your accursed hands!—On me, on me
Pour all your torments;—How shall I approach thee.
Selim. These are thy father's gifts!—Yet thou art guiltless;
Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best
Most amiable of women!
Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue!
Selim. Ah!
Irene. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears betray'd thee!
Thus falling at thy feet! may I but hope
For pardon ere I die!
Selim. Hence to thy father!
Irene. Never, O never!—Crawling in the dust,
I 'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears!
Tread me to earth! I never will complain;
But my last breath shall bless thee!
Selim. Lov'd Irene!
What hath my fury done?
" *Irene.* Indeed, 't was hard!
" But I was born to sorrow!
" *Selim.* Melt me not.
" I cannot bear thy tears;—They quite unman me!
" Forgive the transports of my rage!
" *Irene.* Alas!
" The guilt is mine: Canst thou forgive those fears

" That first awak'd suspicion in my father!
" Those fears that have undone thee!—Heaven is witness,
" They meant not ill to thee!
" *Selim.* None, none, Irene!
" No; 't was the generous voice of filial love;
" That, only, prompted thee to save a father.
" Yes; from my inmost I do approve
" That virtue which destroys me."

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me?

Selim. I do,—I do.

Irene. On my knees,
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince!——
O earth and Heaven! that such unequal'd worth
Should meet so hard a fate!—That I—That I—
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Should be th' accurst destroyer!—Strike, in pity,
And end this hated life!

Selim. Cease, dear Irene.
Submit to Heaven's high will.—I charge thee live;
And to thy utmost power, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother!

Irene. With my life
I 'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe!

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage!—To frown on thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, [*Embracing.*
And mingle rapture with the pains of death!

Officer. No more.—Prepare the rack.

Irene. Stand off, ye fiends!

Here will I cling. No power on earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my Selim! [*A shout.*

Officer. Hark! what noise
Strikes on mine ear?

Selim. Again! [*A shout.*

Ala. Arm, arm!—Treachery and murder! [*Without.*

[*Executioners go to seize* Selim.

Selim. Off, slaves!—Or I will turn my chains to arms,
And dash you piece-meal!—" for I have heard a sound
" Which lifts my tow'ring soul to Atlas' height,
" That I could prop the skies!"

Ala. Where is the king?
The foe pours in. " The palace gates are burst:
" The centinels are murder'd! Save the king!
" They seek him through the palace!"

Officer. Death and ruin!
Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[*Exit* Officer *and* Executioner.

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is come!

" *Irene.* What means yon mad'ning tumult!—O my fears!

" *Selim.*" Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty walls,
And walks her deadly round!

Irene. Whom dost thou mean! my father?

Selim. " Yes:" thy father;
Who murder'd mine!

Irene. Is there no room for mercy?
O, Selim! by our love!—

Selim. Thy tears are vain!

Vain were thy eloquence, though thou didst plead
With an archangel's tongue!

Irene. Spare but his life!

Selim. Heaven knows I pity thee. But he must bleed;
Tho' my own life-blood, nay, tho' thine, more dear,
Should issue at the wound!

Irene. Must he then die?
Let me but see my father, ere he perish!
Let me but pay my parting duty to him!---

[*Clash of swords.*

Hark!---'t was the clash of swords! Heaven save my father?
O cruel, cruel Selim! [*Exit* Irene.

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast,
In powerless ignominy; while my sword
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down!

Oth. Where is the prince! [*Without.*

Selim. Here, Othman, "bound to earth!
"Set me but free!"—O cursed, cursed chain!

Enter OTHMAN *and Party, who free* Selim.

Oth. O, my braye Prince?—Heaven favours our design. [*Embraces him.*
Take that:—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[*Giving him a sword.*

Selim. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine:
'T is all I ask of Heaven! [*Exit* Selim.

Oth. Guard ye the prince— [*Part go off.*
Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [*Exeunt* Othman, *&c.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the open Palace. Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life: Yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor?---Die!---
" *Oth.* Long hath my wish,
" Pent in my struggling breast, been robb'd of utterance.
" Now valour scorns the mask.---I dare thee, tyrant!
" And arm'd with justice, thus would meet thy rage,
" Tho' thy red right hand grasp'd the pointed thunder!
" Now, Heaven decide between us! [*They fight.*
" *Bar.* Coward!
" *Oth.* Tyrant!
" *Bar.* Traitor!
" *Oth.* Infernal fiend, thy words are fraught with falsehood:
" To combat crimes like thine, by force or wiles,
" Is equal glory. [Barbarossa *falls.*
" *Bar.* I faint! I die!---O horror!"

Enter SELIM *and* SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way: sure this way went the storm.
Where is the tyger fled!---What do I see!
Sadi. Algiers is free!

Oth. This sabre did the deed!

Selim. I envy thee the blow!---"Yet" valour scorn
To wound the fallen.---But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul!
Hoa! Barbarossa! Tyrant! Murderer!
'T is Selim, Selim calls thee!

Bar. Off, ye fiends!
Torment me not!---O, Selim, art thou there!---
Swallow me earth! "Bury me deep, ye mountains!
"Accursed be the day that gave me birth!"
Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!

Selim. Dost thou then
Repent thee of thy crimes!---He does! He does!
He grasps my hand! See the repentant tear,
Starts from his eye!---Dost thou indeed repent?---
Why then I do forgive thee: "From my soul
"I freely do forgive thee!"---And if crimes
Abhorr'd as thine, dare plead to Heaven for mercy---
May Heaven have mercy on thee!

Bar. Generous Selim!
Too good---I have a daughter! Oh, protect her!
Let not my crimes!--- [*Dies.*

Oth. There fled the guilty soul!

Selim. Haste to the city---stop the rage of slaughter,
Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free;
And tyranny no more. [*Exeunt* Slaves.

"*Sadi.* And, to confirm
"The glorious tidings, soon as morning shines,
"Be his dead carcase dragg'd throughout the city,
"A spectacle of horror!

"*Selim.* Curb thy zeal.

" Let us be brave, not cruel: nor disgrace
" Valour, by barb'rous and inhuman deeds.
" Black was his guilt: and he hath paid his life,
" The forfeit of his crimes. Then sheath the sword:
" Let vengeance die.—Justice is satisfied!"

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors!—wheresoe'er I turn
My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore!—And dost thou live, my Selim?
Selim. Lo there he lies!
Zaph. The bloody tyrant slain!
O, righteous Heaven!
Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the power
Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne and bless thy people.
Zaph. Just are thy ways, O Heaven!—Vain terrors hence;
Once more Zaphira's blest!—My virtuous son,
How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love!
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
And on thy bosom weep my griefs away!
Selim. O, happy hour!—happy, beyond " the flight"
Ev'n "of any ardent" hope!—Look down, blest shade,
From the bright realms of bliss!—Behold thy queen
Unspotted, unseduc'd, unmov'd in virtue,
Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet!
And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
Accept this sacrifice!

Zaph. My generous Selim.

Selim. Where is Irene?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
She sought her father where the tumult rag'd;
She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
Fled from my sword; and, as I cleft him down,
She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recover'd;
Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care:—Come let us seek
The afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
For all her father's guilt!—Thy throne be hers:
She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.—O'er her father's crimes
Pity shall draw her veil; "nay, half absolve them,"
When she beholds the virtues of his child!———
Now let us thank th' eternal power; convinc'd,
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction:
That of the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq. Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of a Fine Gentleman.

Enter—Speaking to the people without.

PSHAW!---damn your Epilogue---and hold your tongue--
Shall we of rank be told what's right or wrong?
Had you ten Epilogues you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in Linguam Grecam.
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

To the Audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you---(let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit---and worthy to advise you.—
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That Pro-logue speaking savage,---that great looby,
To talk his nonsense?---give me leave to say
'Twas low---damn'd low!---but save the fellow's play---
Let the poor devil eat,---allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon, *and* cat;
But why attack the fashion?---Senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all controll---nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion;

I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But 'till the present turtle-*rage has ceas'd,*
I 'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears,---yet op'ras I adore!
Always prepar'd to die---to sleep---no more!
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good Queen Bess!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free---
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more, or less, 't is all the same to me.
Poor Gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise I always game or drink,
An English *gentleman should never think---*
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on---
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose—by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakspeares *to the sons of* France,
Let them *grow grave---Let* us *begin to dance!*
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A farce or two---and Woodward's *pantomimes!*

De Wilde pinxt. Wilson sculp.

Mrs GIBBS as MISS HOYDEN.

Miss Hoy. I cod, & I will marry again then.—

London. Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand. Oct.e 1795.

THE

RELAPSE;

OR,

VIRTUE IN DANGER.

A

COMEDY,

BY SIR JOHN-VANBRUGH.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCV.

PREFACE.

To go about to excuse half the defects this abortive brat is come into the world with, would be to provoke the town with a long useless preface, when it is, I doubt, sufficiently soured already by a tedious play.

I do, therefore (with the humility of a repenting sinner) confess, it wants every thing---but length; and in that, I hope, the severest critic will be pleased to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the world shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining graces in the play (which some part of the town is pleased to compliment me with), blasphemy and bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: if there were any obscene expressions upon the stage, here they are in the print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a syllable, that could (though by racking of mysteries) be ranged under that head; and yet I believe with a steady faith, there is not one woman of a real reputation in town, but when she has read it impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent, she will think it no affront to her prayer-book, to lay it upon the same shelf. So to them (with all manner of deference) I entirely refer my cause; and I am confident they will justify me against those pretenders to good-manners, who, at the same time, have so little respect for the ladies, they would extract a bawdy jest from an ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred persons always my enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my friends.

As for the saints (your thorough-paced ones, I mean, with screwed faces and wry mouths) I despair of them; for they are friends to nobody: they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauchees in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion, as other people are in their drink: so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any man (with flat plod shoes, a little band, greasy hair, and a dirty face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a cock and a bull, and a priest and a bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my heart; which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this public recantation. I do therefore, for his satisfaction, acknowledge I lied, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have lived in the world, I thank God, I have seen them forced to it more than once; but next time I will speak with more caution and truth, and only say, they have very good teeth.

If I have offended any honest gentleman of the town, whose friendship or good word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great risk, than to divert (if possible) some part of their spleen, in spite of their wives' and their taxes.

One word more about the bawdy, and I have done. I own the first night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happened; but it was not my fault.

The fine gentleman of the play, drinking his mistress's health in Nantes brandy, from six in the morning, to the time he waddled on upon the stage in the evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of vigour, I confess I once

gave Amanda for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. ROGERS) very sorry she escaped; for I am confident a certain lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the play, for the barrenness of the conclusion, would then have allowed it a very natural close.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES, this play in too much haste was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either plot or wit;
'T was got, conceiv'd, and born in six weeks space,
And wit, you know, 's as slow in growth—as grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your taste;
I doubt 't will prove our author bred too fast:
For mark them well who with the muses marry,
They rarely do conceive, but they miscarry.
'T is the hard fate of those who are big with rhime,
Still to be brought to bed before their time.
Of our late poets Nature few has made;
The greatest part——are only so by trade.
Still want of something brings the scribbling fit;
For want of money some of 'em have writ,
And others do 't, you see——for want of wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
So out they lug in resty nature's spight,
As some of your spruce beaux do——when you fight.
Yet let the ebb of wit be ne'er so low,
Some glimpse of it a man may hope to show,
Upon a theme so ample——as a beau.
So, howsoe'er true courage may decay,
Perhaps there 's not one smock-face here to-day,
But 's bold as Cæsar, to attack a play.

Nay, what 's yet more, with an undaunted face,
To do the thing with more heroic grace,
'T is six to four y' attack the strongest place.
You are such hotspurs in this kind of venture,
Where there 's no breach, just there you needs must enter.
But be advis'd———
E'en give the hero and the critique o'er,
For nature sent you on another score;
She form'd her beau, for nothing but her whore

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
Sir NOVELTY FASHION,	Mr. Woodward.
YOUNG FASHION,	Mr. Lee Lewes.
LOVELESS,	Mr. Wroughton.
WORTHY,	Mr. Davies.
Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSEY,	Mr. Wilson.
Sir JOHN FRIENDLY,	Mr. Young.
COUPLER,	Mr. Thompson.
BULL,	Mr. Booth.
SYRINGE,	Mr. Fearon.
LORY,	Mr. Cushing.
LA VAROLE,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Page,	Mr. Simmons.
Hosier,	Mr. Ledger.
Shoemaker,	Mr. Jones.
Taylor,	Mr. Bates.
	Women.
AMANDA,	Miss Farren.
BERINTHIA,	Mrs. Bates.
Miss HOYDEN,	Mrs. Wilson.
Nurse,	Mrs. Pitt.
Sempstress,	Mrs. Platt.
Amanda's Woman,	Miss Stuart.

THE

RELAPSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS, *reading.*

" How true is that philosophy which says
" Our heaven is seated in our minds!
" Through all the roving pleasures of my youth
" (Where nights and days seem all consum'd in joy)
" I never knew one moment's peace like this."
Here—in this little soft retreat.
The raging flame of wild destructive lust
Reduc'd to a warm pleasing fire of lawful love,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content, my dear Amanda?
You find me musing on my happy state,
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Those grateful offerings Heaven can't receive
With more delight than I do:

Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss;
That I might search its choicest favours out,
And shower them on your head for ever.

Lov. The largest boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,
To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of women form'd like you.
" Perhaps, when time shall be no more,
" When the aspiring soul shall take its flight,
" And drop this pond'rous lump of clay behind it,
" It may have appetites we know not of,
" And pleasures as refin'd as its desires——
" But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,"
The utmost blessing that my thought can reach,
[*Taking her in his arms.*] Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.

Aman. 'T were all the Heaven I 'd ask.
But " we are clad in black mortality,
" And the dark curtain of eternal night,
" At last must drop between us.

" *Lov.* It must: that mournful separation we must see.
" A bitter pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful taste,
" When lovers are to swallow it.

" *Aman.* Perhaps that pain may only be my lot,
" You possibly may be exempted from it;
" Men find out softer ways to quench their fires."

Lov. Can you then doubt my constancy, Amanda?

You 'll find 't is built upon a steady basis——
The rock of reason now supports my love;
On which it stands so fix'd,
The rudest hurricane of wild desire
Would, like the breath of a soft slumbering babe,
Pass by, and never shake it.

Aman. Yet still 't is safer to avoid the storm;
The strongest vessels, if they put to sea,
May possibly be lost.
Would I could keep you here in this calm port for ever.
Forgive the weakness of a woman,
I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in town;
I know its false insinuating pleasures;
I know the force of its delusions;
I know the strength of its attacks;
I know the weak defence of nature;
I know you are a man—and I—a wife.

Lov. You know then all that needs to give you rest,
For wife's the strongest claim that you can urge.
When you would plead you title to my heart,
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,
"Banish your fears, for they are traitors to your peace;
"Beware of them, they are insinuating busy things,
"That gossip to and fro, and do a world of mischief
"Where they come: but you shall soon be mistress of 'em all.
"I 'll aid you with such arms for their destruction,
"They never shall erect their heads again."
You know the business is indispensible, that obliges
Me to go to London, and you have no reason, that I

Know of, to believe that I 'm glad of the occasion:
" For my honest conscience is my witness,
" I have found a due succession of such charms
" In my retirement here with you,
" I have never thrown one roving thought that way."
But since, against my will I 'm dragg'd once more
To that uneasy theatre of noise,
I am resolv'd to make such use on 't,
As shall convince you 't is an old cast mistress,
Who has been so lavish of her favours,
She 's now grown bankrupt of her charms,
And has not one allurement left to move me.

Aman. Her bow, I do believe, has grown so weak,
Her arrows, at this distance, cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em strength:
The dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the best of armour to a dangerous trial.

Lov. That trial past, you are at ease for ever;
" When you have seen the helmet prov'd,
" You 'll apprehend no more him that wears it:"
Therefore to put a lasting period to your fears,
I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into temptation:
" I 'll give you an essay of all my virtues;"
My former boon companions of the bottle
Shall fairly try what charms are left in wine:
They shall hem me in,
Sing praises to their God, and drink his glory;
Turn wild enthusiasts for his sake,
And beasts, to do him honour:
While I, a stubborn atheist,

Sullenly look on,
Without one reverend glass to his divinity.
That for my temperance:
Then for my constancy———

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Lov. Indeed the danger's small.

Aman. And yet my fears are great.

Lov. Why are you so timorous?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My courage should disperse your apprehensions.

Aman. My apprehensions should alarm your courage.

Lov. Fie, fie, Amanda, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Aman. And yet my fears are founded on my love.

Lov. Your love then is not founded as it ought;
For if you can believe 't is possible
I should again relapse to my past follies,
I must appear to you a thing
Of such an undigested composition,
That but to think of me with inclination,
Would be a weakness in your taste,
Your virtue scarce could answer.

Aman. 'T would be a weakness in my tongue
My prudence could not answer,
If I should press you farther with my fears;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,
A little time shall shew you they were groundless;
This winter shall be the fiery trial of my virtues.
Which, when it once has past,

You 'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false allay,
There all your cares will end———

Aman. Pray Heaven they may. [*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE II.

Whitehall. Enter Young FASHION *and* LORY.

Y. *Fash.* Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmantle.

Lory. Faith, sir, I gave the waterman the portmantle, to pay himself.

Y. *Fash.* Why sure there 's something left in 't.

Lory. But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honour, sir.

Y. *Fash.* Why, what 's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy-purse was worth but two half-crowns.

Y. *Fash.* 'T is very well.

" *Enter* Waterman.

" *Wat.* Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

" Y. *Fash.* Ay, here a——Canst thou change me a " guinea?

" *Lory.* [*Aside.*] Good.

" *Wat.* Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your ho- " nour 's pleased to compliment.

" Y. *Fash.* 'Egad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

" *Lorry.* [*Aside.*]——Hum, hum.

" Y. *Fash.* What dost thou expect, friend?

" *Wat.* Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

" Y. *Fash.* Why, faith, I think thou art a good " conscionable fellow. 'Egad, I begin to have so " good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I " leave my portmantle with thee, till I send thee thy " money.

" *Wat.* Ha! God bless your honour; I should be as " willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a " man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nim- " ble times; there are a great many sharpers stirring. " [*Taking up the portmantle.*] Well, master, when your " worship sends the money, your portmantle shall be " forth-coming. My name is Tugg, my wife keeps a " brandy-shop in Drab-Ally, at Wapping.

" Y. *Fash.* Very well; I 'll send for 't to-morrow.

" [*Exit* Waterman."

Lory. So—Now, sir, I hope you 'll own yourself a happy man, you have out-lived all your cares.

Y. *Fash.* How so, sir?

Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. *Fash.* Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for 't.

Y. *Fash.* Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory. Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty your elder brother.

Y. *Fash.* Damn my elder brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity however.

Y. *Fash.* My annuity! 'Sdeath, he 's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

Lory. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Y. *Fash.* Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. Why, what will you do then?

Y. *Fash.* I 'll go into the army.

Lory. You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Y. *Fash.* Thou may'st as well say I can't take orders, because I 'm an atheist.

" *Lory.* Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not " know the strength of your conscience, so well as I " did the weakness of your purse.

" Y. *Fash.* Methinks, sir, a person of your experi- " ence should have known, that the strength of the " conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse."

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; " but I desire you 'll please to consider, that

"the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for "a person of your generosity (at least as rents now "are paid)" I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menu plaisirs*; I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Y. *Fash.* Art thou then so impregnable a block-head, to believe he 'll help me with a farthing.

Lory. Not if you treat him, *de haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Y. *Fash.* Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him.

Y. *Fash.* I can't flatter———

Lory. Can you starve?

Y. *Fash.* Yes———

Lory. I can't: good-by-t' ye, sir. [*Going.*

Y. *Fash.* Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wouldst thou have me to say to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him; apply yourself to his favourites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuff-box, and when you are well with them——— desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I 'll engage you prosper.

Y. *Fash.* 'Sdeath and furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? Oh, Fortune—Fortune—Thou art a bitch, by gad——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Dressing Room. Enter LORD FOPPINGTON *in his Night-Gown.*

L. *Fop.* Page——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

L. Fop. Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favour to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

L. *Fop.* Oh, you can pronounce the word, then. I thought it would have choaked you——Dy'e hear?

Page. My lord.

L. *Fop.* Call La Varole, I would dress—[*Exit* Page. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality——Strike me dumb——My lord——your lordship——My Lord Foppington——*Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le diable m'emporte*——Why, the ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Novelty to recommend me to them——Sure, whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow——Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given ——stap my vitals—

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Me lord, de shoemaker, de taylor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peruquier, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

L. *Fop.* 'T is well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, *&c.*

L. *Fop.* So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tay. I think I may presume to say, sir———

La Var. My lord—You clown you.

Tay. Why, is he made a lord?——My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trod the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try them now?

L. *Fop.* Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter* YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.]

Y. *Fash.* Hey-day! what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lor. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Y. *Fash.* Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them——

Lor. Sir, taylors and periwig-makers are now be-

come the bawds of the nation; 'tis they debauch all the women.

Y. *Fash.* Thou say'st true; for there's that fop now, has not, by nature, wherewithal to move a cook-maid; and by that time these fellows have done with him, 'egad he shall melt down a countess——But now, for my reception: I engage it shall be as cold a one, as a courtier's to his friend, who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

L. *Fop.* [*To his Taylor.*] Death, and eternal tortures! Sir, I say the packet 's too high, by a foot.

Tay. My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket-handkerchief.

L. *Fop.* Rat my packet-handkerchief! Have not I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tay. 'T is not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Y. *Fash.* [*To* Lory.] His lordship, Lory! Did you observe that?

Lory. Yes, sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you 'll have a little more respect for him.

Y. *Fash.* Respect! Damn him, for a coxcomb; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him——[*To* Lord Fop.] Brother, I 'm your humble servant.

L. *Fop.* Oh, lard, Tam! I did not expect you in England. Brother, I 'm glad to see you——[*Turn-*

ing to his Taylor.] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous packet; therefore, pray, get me another suit, with all manner of expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Oh, directly, my lord! it can never be too low.

L. *Fop.* You are pasitively in the right on't; for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Semp. I hope your lordship is pleased with your steinkirk.

L. *Fop.* In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill; you shall be paid to-morrow——

Semp. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit* Semp.

L. *Fop.* Hark thee, shoemaker; these shoes an't ugly; but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, methinks, they fit you very well.

L. *Fop.* They hurt me just below the instep.

hoe. [*Feeling his foot.*] My lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. *Fop.* I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. *Fop.* Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you——I think I understand my trade——

L. *Fop.* Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes; and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in town, these twenty years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

L. *Fop.* Well, pr'ythee, begone about thy business. [*Exit* Shoe.

[*To the Hosier.*] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you; the calves of the stockings are thickened a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's.

Mend. My lord, methinks, they look mighty well.

L. *Fop.* Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am; I have studied them all my life: therefore, pray, let the next be the thickness of a crawn piece less—[*Aside.*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue——[*To the Periwig maker.*] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

" *Fore.* My lord, I have done what I defy any prince " in Europe to out-do; I have made you a perriwig " so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a " hat and cloak in all weathers.

" Lord *Fop.* Then thou hast made me thy friend to " eternity. Come, comb it out."

Y. *Fash.* Well, Lory, what dost think on't? A very friendly reception for a brother, after three years absence!

Lor. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love. If you would creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures

—Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Y. *Fash.* Nor never shall while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lor. Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Y. *Fash.* No, sir, I 'll crack it, and get to the marrow, before I have done.

" Lord *Fop.* Gad's curse! Mr. Foretop, you don't " intend to put this upon me for a full perriwig?

" *Fore.* Not a full one, my lord! I don't know " what your lordship may please to call a full one; " but I have crammed twenty ounces of hair into it.

" L. *Fop.* What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not " dispute; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

" *Fore.* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Why, " as Gad shall judge me, your honour's side-face is " reduced to the tip of your nose.

" L. *Fop.* My side-face may be in an eclipse, for " ought I know; but I 'm sure my full face is like " the full-moon.

" *Fore.* Heaven bless my eye-sight! [*Rubbing his* " *eyes.*] Sure I look through the wrong end of the " perspective! for, by my faith, an't please your ho- " nour, the broadest place I see in your face, does not " seem to me to be two inches diameter.

" L. *Fop.* If it did, it would be just two inches too " broad; for a periwig to a man, should be like a " mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his " eyes.

" *Fore.* My lord, I have done. If you please to " have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

" L. *Fop.* Pasitively, yes.

" *Fore.* Shall I take it back now, my lord?

" L. *Fop.* No, I'll wear it to-day; though it shew " such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I " shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit* Fore.

" Y. *Fash.*" Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

L. *Fop.* Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time; for I must away to the house of lards immediately: my Lady Teasor's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page. Yes, my lord.

L. *Fop.* You'll excuse me brother. [*Going.*

Y. *Fash.* Shall you be back at dinner?

L. *Fop.* As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for 't is passible I may dine with some of our house at Lacket's.

Y. *Fash.* Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

L. *Fop.* That, I'm afraid, may n't be so praper; for the lards I commonly eat with, are a people of a nice conversation: and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is there for dinner? There's beef. I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam I'm glad to see thee

in England, stap my vitals. [*Exit with his equipage.*

Y. *Fash.* Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could have almost given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Y. *Fash.* 'Tis enough—I will now shew you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cool blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the confederacy.

Enter COUPLER.

Y. *Fash.* By this light, old Coupler alive still!—Why, how now, match-maker; art thou here still, to plague the world with matrimony? You old bawd, how have you the impudence to be hobbling out of your grave, twenty years after you are rotten?

Coup. When you begin to rot, sirrah, you 'll go off like a pippin; one winter will send you to the devil. "What mischief brings you home again? Ha! You "young lascivious rogue you: let me put my hand "into your bosom, sirrah.

"Y. *Flash.* Stand off, old Sodom.

"*Coup.* Nay, pr'ythee, now, don't be so coy.

"Y. *Fash.* Keep your hands to yourself, you old "dog you, or I 'll wring your nose off.

"*Coup.* Hast thou then been a year in Italy, and "brought home a fool at last? By my conscience, "the young fellows of this age profit no more by their

" going abroad, than they do by their going to church. " Sirrah, sirrah, if you are not hanged before you " come to my years, you 'll know a cock from a hen." But come, I 'm still a friend to thy person, though I have a contempt of thy understanding: and therefore I would willingly know thy condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my assistance; for widows swarm, my boy; the town 's infested with them.

Y. *Fash.* I stand in need of any body's assistance, that will help me to cut my elder brother's throat, without the risque of being hanged for him.

Coup. 'Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the hand for it.

Y. *Fash.* Say'st thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my soul is thine.

" *Coup.* Pox o' thy soul! give me thy warm body, " sirrah; I shall have a substantial title to it, when " I tell thee my project.

" Y. *Fash.* Out with it then, dear dad, and take " possession as soon as thou wilt.

" *Coup.* Sayest thou so, my Hephestion? Why, then, " thus lies the scene—But hold—who 's that? If we " are heard, we are undone.

" Y. *Fash.* What have you forgot Lory?

" *Coup.* Who, trusty Lory, is it thee?

" *Lory.* At your service, sir.

" *Coup.* Give me thy hand, old boy. 'Egad, I did " not know thee again; but I remember thy honesty,

" though I did not thy face; I think thou hadst like " to have been hanged once or twice for thy master.

" *Lory*. Sir, I was very near once having that honour.

" *Coup*. Well, live and hope; don't be discouraged; " eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he " bids thee, and it may be thy reward at last, as well as " another's." [*To* Y. Fash.] Well, sir, you must know, I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Y. *Fash*. I am very much beholden to you.

Coup. You may be, sirrah, before the wedding-day yet; the lady is a great heiress, fifteen hundred pounds a year, and a great bag of money; the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and the pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight—Now, you must know, stripling (with respect to your mother), your brother's the son of a whore.

Y. *Fash*. Good.

Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he ne'er designs to pay me. If, therefore, you will be a generous young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll be a covetous old rogue, and help you to the lady.

Y. *Fash*. 'Egad if thou canst bring this about, I'll have thy statue cast in brass. But don't you dote, you old pandar you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful parts shall judge of.—This plump partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the

country, fifty miles off, with her honoured parents, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home. To prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play on the bass-viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance. In short, nobody can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your brother.

Y. *Fash.* And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all the letters go through my hands. The last that was writ to Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (for that 's the old gentleman 's name) was to tell him, his lordship would be down in a fortnight, to consummate. Now, you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantic pleasure of surprizing your mistress; fall desperately in love, as soon as you see her; make that your plea for marrying her immediately; and when the fatigue of the wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold, you dog you.

Y. *Fash.* 'Egad, old dad, I 'll put my hand in thy bosom now.

" *Coup.* Ah, you young, hot, lusty thief, let me " muzzle you. [*Kissing.*] Sirrah, let me muzzle you.

" Y. *Fash.* Fsha! the old letcher——" [*Aside.*

Coup. Well, I 'll warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now; no, one may see it in thy face.

Y. *Fash.* Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then?—Well, sirrah, be at my lodgings in half an hour, and we 'll see what may be done. We 'll sign and seal, and eat a pullet; and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail, and begone——[*Kissing.*]—— T' other buss; and so, adieu.

Y. *Fash.* Um——Psha!

Coup. Ah, you young warm dog you! what a delicious night will the bride have on 't! [*Exit* Coup.

Y. *Fash.* So, Lory, Providence, thou seest, at last takes care of men of merit. We are in a fair way to be great people.

Lor. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

Y. *Fash.* Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick, to spoil my fortune; and, 'egad, I 'm almost afraid he 's at work about it again now: but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lor. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Y. *Fash.* How dost know?

Lor. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. *Fash.* No? What wouldst thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lor. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. *Fash.* Why, faith, Lory, though I am a young rake-hell, and have played many a roguish trick, this

is so full grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to it. I have scruples——

Lor. They are strong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray, sir, make your will.

Y. *Fash.* No, my conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom; I'll speak to him with the temper of a philosopher; my reasons (though they press him home) shall yet be cloath'd with so much modesty, not one of all the truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his sight. If he has yet so much humanity about him, as to assist me, (though with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me.— This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make——

Succeed or no, still victory's my lot;
If I subdue his heart, 't is well; if not,
I shall subdue my conscience to my plot. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS *and* AMANDA.

Loveless.

How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in town, if you are satisfied.

Aman. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to town at all.

Lov. Oh, a little of the noise and bustle of the world sweetens the pleasures of retreat! We shall find the charms of retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty pleasures, which 't is so much the fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what magic power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes; yet some there are we may speak kindlier of; there are delights of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman. The conversation of the town is one; and truly (with some small allowance), the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. The plays, I must confess, have some small charms; and would have more, would they restrain that loose, obscene encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least, the modesty of all.

Lov. But, till that reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome corn, for some intruding tares, that grow among it. Doubtless, the moral of a well-wrought scene is of prevailing force—Last night there happened one that moved me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why, 't was about—but 't is not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray, let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 't is as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'T was a foolish thing. You'd, perhaps, grow jealous, should I tell it you, though without a cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have cause, if you persist in making it a secret.

Lov. I 'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know, then, I happened, in the play, to find my very character, only with the addition of a relapse; which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless entertainment, which, till then, diverted me between the acts: 't was to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady, that sat at some distance from me; she was so exquisitely handsome———

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Lov. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seemed to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Lov. Then you are alarm'd, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me. All will be well, when you have heard me out. I do confess I gazed upon her; nay, eagerly I gazed upon her.

Aman. Eagerly, that 's with desire.

Lov. No, I desired her not. I viewed her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for, observing in the play, that he who seemed to represent me there, was, by an accident like this, unwarily surprised into a net, in which he lay a poor entangled slave, and brought a train of mischiefs on his head, I snatched my eyes away; they pleaded hard for leave to look again; but I grew absolute, and they obeyed.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy had been curious too. I should have asked her name, and where she lived (yet still without design)—Who was she, pray?

Lov. Indeed, I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that 's sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her.

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no cause?

Lov. None, certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, Amanda: for, turn the case, and let it be your story; should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous, because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he were exquisitely so; that I had gazed on him with admiration; that I had looked with eager eyes upon him; should you not think 't were possible I might go one step further, and enquire his name?

Lov. [*Aside.*] She has reason on her side! I have talked too much; but I must turn it off another way. [*To* Aman.] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and your's?—— There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves, when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think. You should not, therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

Aman. "Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces "only. When women once are out of hearing, you "are as modest in your commendations as we are.— "But I shan't put you to the trouble of further "excuses." If you please, this business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, there is a young lady at the door, in a chair, desires to know whether your ladyship sees company. I think her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh, dear! 't is a relation I have not seen these five years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit* Servant.]——

[*To* Lov.] Here's another beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Don't be jealous, now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! By heavens, the very woman! [*Aside.*

Ber. [*Saluting* Amanda.] Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in town.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you. [*To* Lov.] Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. [*Saluting* Ber.] If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Ber. [*To* Amanda.] I think, madam, I ought to wish you joy.

Aman. Joy! upon what?

Ber. Upon your marriage. You were a widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, madam, to wish me joy upon that, since I am the only gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a husband as the world reports, she has gained enough to expect the compliment of her friends upon it.

Lov. If the world is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that title, I hope 't is so just to my wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, 't is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall loose that character, madam, whenever you happen to change your condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in town. He 's at the next door; and, if it be not inconvenient, he 'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord Foppington!—I know him not.

Ber. Not his dignity, perhaps, but you do his person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a barony, in order to marry a great fortune. His patent has not been passed above eight-and-forty hours, and he has already sent how do-ye's to all the town, to make them acquainted with his title.

Lov. Give my service to his lordship, and let him know I am proud of the honour he intends me. [*Exit* Ser.] Sure this addition of quality must have so improved this coxcomb, he can't but be very good company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature.

" *Ber.* Besides, the town would be robbed of one " of its chiefest diversions, if it should become a " crime to laugh at a fool.

" *Aman.* I could never yet perceive the town inclined " to part with any of it's diversions, for the sake of " their being crimes; but I have seen it very fond of " some, I think, had little else to recommend them.

" *Ber.* I doubt, Amanda, you are grown it's ene- " my, you speak with so much warmth against it.

" *Aman.* I must confess I am not much it's friend.

" *Ber.* Then give me leave to make you mine, by " not engaging in its quarrel.

" *Aman.* You have many stronger claims than that, " Berinthia, whenever you think fit to plead your " title.

" *Lov.* You have done well to engage a second, " my dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you " to an account for your country principles."

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. *Fop.* [*To* Lov.] Sir, I am your most humble servant.

Lov. I wish you joy, my lord.

L. *Fop.* Oh, lard, sir!——Madam, your ladyship's welcome to tawn.

Aman. I wish your lordship joy.

L. *Fop.* Oh, heavens, madam!———

Lov. My lord, this young lady is a relation of my wife's.

L. *Fop.* [*Saluting her.*] The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed to see you have brought your family to tawn again; I am, stap my vitals.——[*Aside.*] For I design

to lie with your wife——[*To* Aman.] Far Gad's sake, madam, haw has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

Aman. My life has been very from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

L. *Fop.* Why that 's the fatigue I speak of, madam: for 't is impossible to be quiet, without thinking:—now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

L. *Fop.* Oh, passionately, madam——But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

L. *Fop.* Oh, lard——can your ladyship pray without devotion——Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think books the best entertainment in the world.

L. *Fop.* I am so much of your ladyship's mind, madam, that I have a private gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them and ranged them so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world to walk and look upon them.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat library too; but 't is, I think, the inside of a book should recommend it most to us.

L. *Fop.* That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of: for to my mind the inside of a book, is to

entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now, I think, a man of quality and breeding, may be much diverted with the natural sprauts of his own. But to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that 't were ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that. For example, madam, my life; my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of them. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complexion; nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at ten o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resolve to take a turn in the park, and see the fine women; so huddle on my clothes, and get dressed by one. If it be nasty weather, I take a turn in the chocolate house: where, as you walk, madam, you have the prettiest prospect in the world: you have looking glasses all around you———But I 'm afraid I tire the company.

Ber. Not at all; pray go on.

L. *Fop.* Why then, ladies, from thence I go to dinner at Lacket's, and there you are so nicely and delicately served, that, stap my vitals, they can compose

you a dish, no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings; between eating my dinner, and washing my mouth, ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the play; where, till nine o'clock, I entertain myself with looking upon the company; and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them out. So there's twelve of the four and twenty pretty well over. The other twelve, madam, are disposed of in two articles: in the first four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal raund O of delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But, my lord, you beaux spend a great deal of your time in intrigues. You have given us no account of them yet.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] Soh, she would enquire into my amours——That's jealousy——She begins to be in love with me. [*To* Aman.] Why, madam——as to time for my intrigues, I usually make detachments of it from my other pleasures, according to exigency. For your ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with women of quality, have rarely occasion for above half an hour at a time: people of that rank being under those decorums, they can seldom give you a larger view, than will just serve to shoot them flying. So that the course of my other pleasures is not very much interrupted by my amours.

Lov. But your lordship now is become a pillar of the state; you must attend the weighty affairs of the nation.

L. *Fop.* Sir——as to weighty affairs—I leave them to weighty heads. I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Low. Oh, but you'll find the house will expect your attendance.

L. *Fop.* Sir, you 'll find the house will compound for my appearance.

Low. But your friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular causes.

L. *Fop.* Not, sir, if I come time enough to give them my particular vote.

Ber. But pray, my lord, how do you dispose of yourself on Sundays? for that, methinks, should hang wretchedly on your hands.

L. *Fop.* Why faith, madam——Sunday——is a vile day, I must confess; I intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, that players may work upon it, as well as the hackney-coaches. Though this I must say for the government, it leaves us the churches to entertain us———But then again they begin so abominably early, a man must rise by candle-light to get dressed by the psalm.

Ber. Pray, which church does your lordship most oblige with your presence.

L. *Fop.* Oh, St. James's, madam——There 's much the best company.

Aman. Is there good preaching too?

L. *Fop.* Why faith, madam——I can't tell. A man must have very little to do there, that can give an account of the sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the ladies, at least.

L. *Fop.* Or I deserve to be excommunicated—— There is my Lady Tattle, and my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Leer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin: these sit in the front of the boxes, and all church-time are the prettiest company in the world, stap my vitals. [*To* Aman.] May not we hope for the honour to see your ladyship added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at church: I 'm apt to mind the prayers, or the sermon, or———

L. *Fop.* One is indeed strangely apt at church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, madam, at one time or other, I shall have the honour to lead your ladyship to your coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleased with every thing I say to her—'T is a vast pleasure to receive encouragement from a woman before her husband's face—I have a good mind to pursue my conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—'Egad I 'll do 't, and that in so cavalier a manner, she shall be surprised at it——Ladies, I 'll take my leave: I 'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my visit.

Aman. Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] That now was as much as if she had said——Pray lie with me. I 'll let her see I 'm quick of apprehension. [*To* Aman.] Oh, lard, ma-

dam, I had like to have forgot a secret, I must needs tell your ladyship. [*To* Lov.] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my lord; I 'm too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

L. *Fop.* [*To* Aman. *squeezing her hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [*Giving him a box o' the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion——An impudent fool!

L. *Fop.* Gad's curse, madam, I 'm a peer of the realm.

Lov. Hey! what the devil do you affront my wife, sir? Nay, then—[*They draw and fight. The women run shrieking for help.*]

Aman. Ah! What has my folly done? "Help! "Murder! help!—Part them, for Heaven's sake."

L. *Fop.* [*Falling back, and leaning upon his sword.*] Ah——quite through the body——Stap my vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. [*Runing to him.*] I hope I ha' n't killed the fool, however—Bear him up! Where 's your wound?

L. *Fop.* Just through the guts.

Lov. Call a surgeon there: unbutton him quickly.

L. *Fop.* Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

L. *Fop.* I may so——Love's the devil, indeed, Ned.

Enter SYRINGE *and* Servant.

Serv. Here 's Mr. Syringe, sir, was just going by the door.

L. *Fop.* He 's the welcomest man alive.

Syr. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray, gentlemen, stand by, Lord have 'mercy upon us! Did you never see a man run through the body before? Pray stand by.

L. *Fop.* Ah, Mr. Syringe——I 'm a dead man.

Syr. A dead man, and I by——I should laugh to see that, 'egad.

Lov. Pr'ythee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Syr. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Lov. Why then he 'll bleed to death, sir.

Syr. Why then I 'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he 's run through the guts, I tell thee.

Syr. Would he were run through the heart, I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope your are satisfied?——Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his wound.*] Oons, what a gash is here!—Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

L. *Fop.* Ho———

Syr. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—[*Aside.*] A little prick between the skin and the ribs, that 's all.

Lov. Let me see his wound.

Syr. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Syr. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

L. *Fop.* Surgeon!

Syr. Well, sir.

L. *Fop.* Is there any hopes?

Syr. Hopes!——I can't tell——What are you willing to give for your cure?

L. *Fop.* Five hundred paunds with pleasure.

Syr. Why then perhaps there may be hopes. But we must avoid further delay. Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently, that's the properest place, [*Aside.*] to bubble him out of his money. Come, a chair, a chair quickly—— There, in with him. [*They put him into a chair.*

L. *Fop.* Dear Loveless——Adieu. If I die——I forgive thee; and if I live——I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I should quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfied———I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

L. *Fop.* Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals.

Syr. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by; carry him off. [*Exit* Servant *with* Lord Foppington.

Aman. Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. Oh, there's no harm done: you served him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Lov. Oh, no matter; never trouble yourself about that.

" *Ber.* For heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

" *Aman.* Oh, nothing; he only squeezed me kindly " by the hand, and frankly offered me a coxcomb's " heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, " since nothing but a quarrel could ensue. But the " fool so surprized me with his insolence, I was not " mistress of my fingers.

" *Ber.* Now I dare swear he thinks you had them at " great command, they obeyed you so readily."

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Save you, save you, good people; I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded peer carrying off: for heaven's sake what was the matter?

Lov. Oh, a trifle? he would have lain with my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box of the ear, and I run him through the body: that was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So, I suppose, 't is his quality, more than his love, has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart, below the degree of a peeress.

Wor. He 's coxcomb enough to think any thing.—But I would not have you brought into trouble for him: I hope there 's no danger of his life?

Lov. None at all: he 's fallen into the hands of a rougish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him. But I saw his wound, 't is nothing; he may go to the play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I 'm glad you have corrected him without farther mischief. And now, sir, if these ladies have no farther service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place I spoke to you of t' other day.

Lov. With all my heart. [*Aside.*] Though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature. Good gods! how beautiful she is—But what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more. Come, sir, when you please. [*To* Wor.

Wor. Ladies, your servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Lov. " [*To* Wor.] I 'll overtake you, sir." What would my dear? [*Exit* Worthy.

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question. How do you like my cousin here?

Lov. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another reason.

Lov. [*Aside.*] Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To* Aman.] Why, I confess she 's handsome. But you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may

claim that character, she is the last would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I 'm satisfied.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I 'm yours. [*Kissing her.*] [*Exit* Lov.

Aman. [*Aside.*] I 'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*To* Ber.] Now, dear Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your affairs: for I do assure you, I am enough your friend, to interest myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on 't, I should be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, should live and have no secrets?

Ber. What secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this age have too much honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now, methinks, would make me hate a man.

" *Ber.* But the women of the town are of another " mind: for by this means a lady may (with the ex- " pence of a few coquet glances) lead twenty fools " about in a string, for two or three years together.

" Whereas, if she should allow 'em greater favours " and oblige them to secrecy, she would not keep one " of 'em a fortnight.

" *Aman.* There 's something indeed in that to satisfy " the vanity of a woman; but I can 't comprehend " how the men find their account in it.

" *Ber.* Their entertainment, I must confess, is a " riddle to me: for there 's very few of them ever get " farther than a bow and an ogle. I have half a score " for my share, who follow me all over the town; and " at the play, the Park, and the church do (with their " eyes) say the violent'st things to me—But I never " hear any more of 'em.

" *Aman.* What can be the reason of that?

" *Ber.* One reason is, they don 't know how to go " farther. They have had so little practice, they don 't " understand the trade. But besides their ignorance, " you must know, there is not one of my half-score " lovers, but what follows half a score mistresses. " Now their affections being divided amongst so many " are not strong enough for any one, to make 'em " pursue her to the purpose. Like a young puppy in " a warren, they have a flirt at all, and catch none.

" *Aman.* Yet they seem to have a torrent of love to " dispose of.

" *Ber.* They have so: but 'tis like the river of a " modern philosopher (whose works, tho' a woman, I " have read) it sets out with a violent stream, splits " in a thousand branches, and is all lost in the " sands.

"*Aman.* But do you think this river of love runs all "its course without doing any mischief? Do you "think it overflows nothing?

"*Ber.* O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any "body's ground that has the least fence about it; but "overflows all the commons that lie in its way. And "this is the utmost achievement of those dreadful "champions in the field of love—the beau."

Aman. But pr'ythee, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a novice, I 'm almost ashamed on 't. My husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that depth of discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a life, my ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: not (Heaven knows) that what you call intrigues have any charms for me: the practic part of all unlawful love is———

Ber. O 'tis abominable: but for the speculative; that, we must all confess, is entertaining. The conversation of all the virtuous women in the town turns upon that and new clothes.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a world of innocency I would enquire, whether you think those women we call women of reputation, do really 'scape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em, the beaux.

Ber. O no, Amanda: there a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em: men that may be called, the beaux antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains: the beau

has none. These are in love with their mistress: the beau with himself. They take care of her reputation: he 's industrious to destroy it. They are decent: he 's a fop. They are men: he 's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. Worthy.

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord he 's eminently so: and for the other, I can assure you, there 's not a man in the town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with. But 't is all private: " he 's like a back-stair minister at court, " who, whilst the reputed favourites are sauntering in " the bed-chamber, is ruling the roast in the closet.

" *Aman.* He answers then the opinion I had ever of " him. Heaven's! what a difference there is between a " man like him, and that vain nauseous fop, Sir Novelty. " [*Taking her hand.*]" I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin; 't is not that fool alone has talk'd to me of love, Worthy has been tampering too: 't is true, he has done it in vain; nor all his charms or art have power to shake me. My love, my duty, and my virtue, are such faithful guards, I need not fear my heart should e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. " I " therefore mention this attempt, that I may learn " from you whence it proceeds; that vice which can- " not change its nature, should so far change at least

" its shape, as that the self-same crime proposed " from one shall seem a monster gaping at your ruin, " when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it " were your friend, and never meant to harm you." Whence think you, can this difference proceed? For 'tis not love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I would not for the world believe it were. But possibly, should there a dreadful sentence pass upon you, to undergo the rage of both their passions; the pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other, the danger would not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fie, fie, Berinthia, you would indeed alarm me, could you incline me to a thought, that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake that tender love I bear my husband: no, he sits triumphant in my heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

" *Ber.* But should he abdicate again, do you think " you should preserve the throne ten tedious winters " more, in hopes of his return?

" *Aman.* Indeed I think I should. Tho' I confess " after those obligations he has to me, should he aban- " don me once more, my heart would grow extremely " urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him " out for ever. "

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.

Aman. O fie, Berinthia, no revenge should ever be taken against a husband: but to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha! Don't talk madly!

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare say you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour: you were always very entertaining company; but I find since marriage and widowhood have shewn you the world a little, you are very much improved.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Alack-a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why then they shall think what they please: for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, Amanda! it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You 'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your husband: but that is not every woman's case.

Aman. I hope 't was yours at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a lie, but I should do it so aukwardly, you 'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then, after all, I did love him, Amanda—as a nun does penance.

Aman. Why did you not refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my mother would have whipped me.

Aman. How did you live together.

Ber. like man and wife—asunder. He lov'd the country, I the town; he hawks and hounds, I coaches and equipage; he eating and drinking, I carding and playing; he the sound of a horn, I the squeak of a fiddle; we were dull company at table, worse a-bed: whenever we met, we gave one another the spleen; and never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

" *Ber.* What's that?"

Aman. Notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes; " not that my present pangs were so " very violent, but the after-pains were intolerable." I was forced to wear a beastly widow's band a twelvemonth for 't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different company.

When your husband run away from you, if you had fallen into some of my acquaintance, 'twould have sav'd you many a tear. But you go and live with a grandmother, a bishop, and an old nurse, which was enough to make any woman break her heart for her husband. Pray, Amanda, if ever you are a widow again, keep yourself so, as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you 'll never marry?

Ber. O no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I 'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on 't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I 'm sure on 't.

Aman. Why, do you think 't is impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the man you love can give you rest.

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you 'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha!

Ber. Ah, poor Aminda, you have led a country life: but if you 'll consult the widows of this town they 'll tell you, you should never take a lease of a house you can hire for a quarter's warning. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON *and* Servant.

Lord *Foppington.*

HEY, fellow, let the coach come to the door.

Ser. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather.

L. *Fop.* Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the ladies: "though give me my "cloak, however; for in that side-bax, what between "the air that comes in at the door on one side, and "the intolerable warmth of the masks on t'other, a "man gets so many heats and colds, 't would destroy "the canstitution of a harse.

Ser. "[*Putting on his cloak.*]" I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I 'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

L. *Fop.* My wound!——I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my guts as I have had in my heart.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. *Fash.* Brother, your servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

L. *Fop.* So well, that I have arder'd my coach to the door. So there's no great danger of death this baut, Tam.

Y. *Fash.* I'm very glad of it.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] That I believe's a lie. Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing; did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

Y. *Fash.* Why do you think it should?

L. *Fop.* Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my father was shat through the head.

Y. *Fash.* It then did very ill.

L. *Fop.* Pr'ythee, why so?

Y. *Fash.* Because he us'd you very well.

L. *Fop.* Well!—naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a thausand women for want of a thausand paund.

Y. *Fash.* Then he hindered you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman is worth money that will take money.

L. *Fop.* If I were a younger brother, I should think so too.

Y. *Fash.* Why is it possible you can value a woman that's to be bought?

L. *Fop.* Pr'ythee, why not as well as a pad-nag?

Y. *Fash.* Because a woman has a heart to dispose of; a horse has none.

L. *Fop.* Look you, Tam, of all things that belang to a woman, I have an aversion to her heart; far

when once a woman has given you her heart——you can never get rid of the rest of her bady.

Y. *Fash.* This is strange doctrine: but pray in your amours how is it with your own heart?

L. *Fop.* Why, my heart in my amours——is like ——my heart out of my amours; *à la glace.* My bady, Tam, is a watch; and my heart is the pendulum to it; whilst the finger runs raund to every hour in the circle, that still beats the same time.

Y. *Fash.* Then you are seldom much in love?

L. *Fop.* Never, stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash.* Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

L. *Fop.* Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Y. *Fash.* Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a-year. But now for my business with him. [*To Lord* Fop.] Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. *Fop.* The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worse argument in the warld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Y. *Fash.* I'm very sorry you think so.

L. *Fop.* I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy affair quickly; for 'tis a new play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeezed with pressing through the crawd, to get to my servant, the women will think I have lain all night in my clothes.

Y. *Fash.* Why then (that I may not be the author of so great a misfortune) my case in a word is this.—The necessary expences of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

L. *Fop.* Why faith, Tam—to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the warld; for if you succeed, you are relieved that way; if you are taken—you are relieved t'other.

Y. *Fash.* I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

L. *Fop.* Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I should give you five hundred paunds?

Y. *Fash.* I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

L. *Fop.* Thou art willing to receive it in any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damned times to give money in: taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and periwigs so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been farc'd to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have braught it down to

five guineas a manth. Now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred paunds?

Y. *Fash.* If you can't I must starve, that 's all. [*Aside.* Damn him.

L. *Fop.* All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Y. *Fash.* 'Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

L. *Fop.* Don't be in a passion, Tam; far passion is the most unbecoming thing in the warld—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. *Fash.* Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

L. *Fop.* That is nat all, Tam.

Y. *Fash.* Why what is there else?

L. *Fop.* [*Looking first upon himself, then upon his brother.*]——Ask the ladies.

Y. *Fash.* Why, thou essence-bottle! thou musk-cat! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee?

L. *Fop.* I do——stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash.* Now, by all that 's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs.

L. *Fop.* Sir——I am praud of being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Y. *Fash.* Will nothing then provoke thee?—— Draw, coward.

L. *Fop.* Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your paverty makes your life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philasapher, and the discretion of a statesman——I will go to the play with my sword in my scabbard. [*Exit.*

Y. *Fash.* So! Farewell, snuff-box. And now, conscience, I defy thee. Lory!

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir.

Y. *Fash.* Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again: for I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Y. *Fash.* Be at peace, it will come there no more: my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kicked it down stairs. So run away to the inn: get the horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune.

Y. *Fash.* I am: away; fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter LOVELESS *and a* Servant.

Lov. Is my wife within?

Serv. No, sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

" Sure, Fate has yet some business to be done,
" Before Amanda's heart and mine must rest;
" Else, why amongst those legions of her sex,
" Which throng the world,
" Should she pick out for her companion
" The only one on earth
" Whom Nature hath endowed for her undoing?
" Undoing was't, I said——Who shall undo her?
" Is not her empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
" Did she not rescue me, a groveling slave,
" When chain'd and bound by that black tyrant vice,
" I labour'd in its vilest drudgery?
" Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
" Nay more:
" When by my follies sunk
" To a poor tatter'd, despicable beggar,
" Did she not lift me up to envy'd fortune,
" Give me herself, and all that she possest,
" Without a thought of more return,
" Than what a poor repenting heart might make her?

" Han't she done this? and if she has,
" Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?
" To love her—Why, do I not love her then?
" By earth and heaven I do.
" Nay, I have demonstration that I do:
" For I would sacrifice my life to serve her.
" Yet hold—if laying down my life
" Be demonstration of my love,
" What is 't I feel in favour of Berinthia?
" For should she be in danger, methinks, I could incline
" To risk it for her service too; and yet I do not love her.
" How then subsists my proof?———
" O, I have found it out.
" What I would do for one, is demonstration of my
" love; and if I 'd do as much for t 'other, it there is
" demonstration of my friendship———Ay———it
" must be so. I find I 'm very much her friend.—
" Yet let me ask myself one puzzling question more:
" Whence springs this mighty friendship all at once?
" For our acquaintance is of a later date. Now friend-
" ship's said to be a plant of tedious growth, its root
" composed of tender fibres, nice in their taste, cau-
" tious in spreading, checked with the least corruption
" in the soil, long ere it take, and longer still ere it ap-
" pear to do so: whilst mine is in a moment shot so high,
" and fixed so fast, it seems beyond the power of storms
" to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast." [*Musing.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

—Ah, she here!—Nay, then take heed, my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill.

Lov. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Lov. What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind.

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Lov. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a physician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have reasons from the college not to be too quick in your cure; for 'tis possible, I might find ways to give you often ease, sir.

Lov. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what risk do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my distemper to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By woman.

Lov. That's swearing by my deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By man, then.

Lov. I 'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these:

When 't was my chance to see you at the play,
A random glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came:
I gazed upon you, till you shot again,
And then my fears came on me;
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My blood grew thin, my pulse beat quick,
My eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of nature
Shook with apprehension.
'T is true, some small recruits of resolution
My manhood brought to my assistance,
And by their help I made a stand awhile,
But found at last your arrows flew so thick,
They could not fail to pierce me;
So left the field,
And fled for shelter to Amanda's arms.
What think you of these symptoms, pray?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.
But what relief pray did your wife afford you?

Lov. Why "instantly she let me blood which," for the present much assuaged my flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and raged with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 'tis so increased, that in a moment, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.

[*Taking hold of her hand.*

Ber. [*Breaking from him.*] O, lard, let me go; 'tis the plague, and we shall all be infected.

Lov. [*Catching her in his arms, and kissing her.*] Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O, ged——the devil 's in you. Lord, let me go, here's somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my lady "is come home, and" desires to speak with you; she's in her chamber.

Lov. Tell her, I'm coming. [*Exit* Ser. But before I go, one glass of nectar more to drink her health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. [*Kissing her.*] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Ha! what's here? my "old" mistress, and so close, i'faith! I would not spoil her sport for the universe. [*He retires.*

Ber. O, ged——Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit*

Loveless, *running.*] with all my heart and soul, that the devil in hell may take me, if ever—I was better pleased in my life—This man has bewitched me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*] "Well, I am condemned, but "thanks to Heaven, I feel myself each moment more "and more prepared for my execution. Nay, to that "degree, I don't perceive I have the least fear of "dying. No, I find, let the executioner be but a man, "and there's nothing will suffer with more resolution "than a woman. Well, I never had but one intrigue "yet; but, I confess, I long to have another. Pray "Heaven it end as the first did though, that we may "both grow weary at a time; for 't is a melancholy "thing for lovers to outlive one another."

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*Aside.*] This discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That gentlewoman there is no fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her interest. [*To* Ber.] Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. The weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a woman may have a colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the weather's hot.

Ber. You 'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. [*Putting his finger to his nose.*] You 'll never leave——I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it 's the same thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind, that after what has passed 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be secrets between us.

Ber. Why, what secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you would hide from me. You are fond of Loveless, which I have discovered, and I am fond of his wife——

Ber. Which I have discovered.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your discovery to be true: what do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess——I would swear 'twere false, if I thought you were fool enough to believe me.

" *Wor.* Now am I almost in love with you again. " Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I " made one short campaign with Amanda. Therefore " if you find 't would tickle your vanity, to bring me

" down once more to your lure, e'en help me quickly " to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing " else to do, but to apply myself to yours.

" *Ber.* Do you then think, sir, I am old enough to " be a bawd?"

Wor. " No," but I think you are wise enough to—

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink Amanda with a gallant, that she may n't see who is her husband's mistress.

Ber. [*Aside.*] He has reason: the hint 's a good one.

Wor. Well, madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper politician in these affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind that the most easy, safe, and pleasant situation for your own amour, is the house in which you now are; provided you keep Amanda from any sort of suspicion.—That the way to do that, is to engage her in an intrigue of her own, making yourself her confident. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you 'll be suspected. This is my scheme, in short; which if you follow, as you should do, my dear Berinthia, we may all four pass the winter very pleasantly.

" *Ber.* Well, I could be glad to have no body's sins " to answer for but my own. But where there is a " necessity——

" *Wor.* Right, as you say, where there is a neces-

" sity, a Christian is bound to help his neighbour." So, good Berinthia, lose no time, but let us begin the dance as fast as we can.

" *Ber.* Not till the fiddles are in tune, pray sir.— " Your lady's strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell " you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if " you 'll have patience to skrew them to a pitch by " degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be " played upon.

" *Wor.* Ay, and will make admirable music too, or " I 'm mistaken ;" but have you had no private closet discourse with her yet about males and females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her constitution ! for I know her morals are the devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much discourse with her, that I believe were she once cured of her fondness to her husband, the fortress of her virtue would not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What ! she runs, I 'll warrant you, into that common mistake of fond wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a man they do n't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 't is a presumptuous thing in a woman to assume the name of virtuous, till she has heartily hated her husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else ; whom, if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her virtue. Now, one word of her inclinations, and every one to their post. What opinion do you find she has of me ?

Ber. What you could wish; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half-seas over. One tide more brings us into port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, though still remember there's a difficult bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under sail already. Adieu. [*Exit* Wor.

Ber. [*Alone.*] *Bon voyage.* So, here's fine work.—What a business have I undertaken? I'm a very pretty gentlewoman, truly; but there was no avoiding it: he'd have ruined me if I had refused him. "Besides, "faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure "in carrying on another body's intrigue, as one's own. "This at least is certain; it exercises almost all the "entertaining faculties of a woman: for there's em-"ployment for hypocrisy, invention, deceit, flattery, "mischief, and lying."

Enter AMANDA, *her Woman following her.*

Wom. If you please, madam, only to say, whether you'll have me buy them or not.

Aman. Yes; no; go fiddle; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me.

"*Wom.* I have done." [*Exit* Woman.

Ber. What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia! I 'm almost mad, I 'm plagued to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think should plague a wife but her husband?

Ber. Oh, ho, is it come to that? We shall have you wish yourself a widow by and by.

Aman. Would I were any thing but what I am; a base ungrateful man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? is that all?

Aman. That all! is jealousy then nothing!

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I 'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. "Let blood in the fond vein:" care as little for my husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That would not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the wind 's in the warm corner. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, "and fume, and fret, and grow thin "and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please." But I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so! I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber. Don't press me then to name names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without perjury.

"*Ber.* I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise "woman's dying of the pip; and, I hope, you'll "pluck up your spirits, and shew, upon occasion, you "can be as good a wife as the best of them.

"*Aman.* Well, what a woman can do I'll endeavour.

"*Ber.* Oh, a woman can do a great deal, if once she "sets her mind to it. Therefore, pray don't stand "trifling any longer, and teazing yourself with this "and that, and your love and your virtue, and I know "not what: but resolve to hold up your head, get a "a tiptoe, and look over them all; for, to my certain "knowledge, your husband is a pickeering elsewhere.

"*Aman.* You are sure on't?"

Ber. Positively; he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Heigho!

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Aman. Oh, my heart!

" *Ber.* [*Aside.*] Only the pangs of nature! she's in " labour of her love; heaven send her a quick delivery, " I'm sure she has a good midwife.

" *Aman.*" I'm very ill, I must go to my chamber. Dear Berintha, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exit* Amanda *leaning upon* Berinthia.

SCENE III.

A Country House. Enter Young FASHION *and* LORY.

Y. *Fash.* So, here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But, methinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here; get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Y. *Fash.* Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, I say; at least if she be as old Coupler describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the door. [Lory *knocks two or three times.*] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house? Knock harder.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted

castle; we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Y. *Fash.* Hush; they come.

From within. Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see: is that your country breeding?

From within. Ay, but two words to a bargain: Tummis, is the blunderbuss primed?

Y. *Fash.* 'Oons, give them good words, Lory; we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, I think you are in the right on 't. Ho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—[*Servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*]

Ser. Weal naw, what 's yare business.

Y. *Fash.* Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you 'll find that 's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Y. *Fash.* But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy waes, and ask Sir Tunbelly, if he pleases to be waited upon. And do'st hear? Caull to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the geat 's open.

Y. *Fash.* D'ye hear that, Lory?

" *Lory.* Ay, sir, I 'm afraid we shall find a difficult " job on 't. Pray Heaven, that old rogue, Coupler, " han't sent us to fetch milk out of the gun-room.

" Y. *Fash.* I 'll warrant thee all will go well; see, " the door opens."

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *with his Servants armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, scythes, &c.*

" *Lory.* [*Running behind his master.*] Oh, lord, oh, " lord, oh, lord, we are both dead men.

" Y. *Fash.* Take heed, fool; thy fear will ruin us.

" *Lory.* My fear, sir; sdeath, sir, I fear nothing. " [*Aside.*] Would I were well up to the chin in a " horse-pond."

Sir *Tun.* Who is it here has any business with me?

Y. *Fash.* Sir, 't is I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, whether you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not ashamed of my name—nor my face, neither.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

Sir *Tun.* Sir, if you have no cause, neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your name, I shall not ask you to come into my house, and when I know your name, 't is six to four I do n't ask you neither.

Y. *Fash.* [*Giving him a letter.*] Sir, I hope you 'll find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir *Tun.* Cod 's my life, I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times. [*To his servants.*] Here, run in doors quickly: get a Scotch-coal fire in the great parlour; set all the Turkey-work chairs in their

places: get the great brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the sockets full of laurel: run. [*Turning to Young* Fashion.] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon. [*To other servants.*] And do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again; and, if it was not shifting day, let her put on a clean tucker, quick. [*Exeunt Servants confusedly.*] [*To Young* Fashion.] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family, we are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Y. *Fash.* Sir, that I might give you and your fair daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a kin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir *Tun.* Your lordship does me too much honour. It was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it—Hoyden has charms.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her. Common fame has done her justice.

Sir *Tun.* My lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant. My lord——my girl 's young: Hoyden is young, my lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature; what she wants in experience she has in breeding; and what 's wanting in her age, is made good in her con-

stitution. So, pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miss HOYDEN.

Miss *Hoy.* Sure never no body was used as I am. I knew well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me: it 's well I have a husband a coming, or, I-cod, I 'd marry the baker, I would so. No body can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here 's the young greyhound bitch can run loose about the house all the day long, she can; 't is very well.

Nurse. [*Without, opening the door.*] Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss Hoyden.

Enter Nurse.

Miss *Hoy.* Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha! What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you.

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here 's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss *Hoy.* What care I who comes; I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be locked up like the ale cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss *Hoy.* Oh, don't you trouble your head about that: I 'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss *Hoy.* My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss *Hoy.* [*Hugging* Nurse.] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I 'll never misuse you again —no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see how it melts; it 's as full of good-nature as an egg 's full of meat.

Miss *Hoy.* But, my dear nurse, do n't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly is he.

Miss *Hoy.* Oh, lord! I 'll go and put on my laced smock, though I 'm whipped till the blood run down my heels for 't. [*Exit running.*

" *Nurse.* Eh——the Lord succour thee, how thou " art delighted? [*Exit after her.*

" *Enter* Sir TUNBELLY, *and* Young FASHION. *A* Servant *with wine.*

" Sir *Tun.* My lord, I 'm proud of the honour to " see your lordship within my doors: and I humbly " crave leave to bid you welcome in a cup of sack " wine.

" Y. *Fash.* Sir, to your daughter's health. [*Drinks.*

" Sir *Tun.* Ah, poor girl! she 'll be scared out of " her wits on her wedding night; for, honestly " speaking, she does not know a man from a woman, " but by his beard and his breeches.

" Y. *Fash.* Sir, I don't doubt she has had a virtu-
" ous education, which, with the rest of her merit,
" makes me long to see her mine. I wish you would
" dispense with the canonical hour, and let it be this
" very night.

" Sir *Tun.* Oh, not so soon neither; that 's shoot-
" ing my girl before you bid her stand. No, give her
" fair warning, we 'll sign and seal to-night if you
" please; and this day seven-night——let the jade
" look to her quarters.

" Y. *Fash.* This day seven-night——Why, what do
" you take me for a ghost, sir? 'Slife, sir, I 'm made
" of flesh and blood, and bones and sinews, and can
" no more live a week without your daughter——
" than I can live a month with her. [*Aside.*

" Sir *Tun.* Oh, I 'll warrant you, my hero: young
" men are hot, I know, but they don't boil over at
" that rate, neither; besides, my wench's wedding
" gown is not come home yet.

" Y. *Fash.* Oh, no matter, sir, I 'll take her in
" her shift. [*Aside.*] A pox of this old fellow, he 'll
" delay the business till my damn'd star finds me out,
" and discovers me. [*To Sir* Tun.] Pray, sir, let it
" be done without ceremony, 't will save money.

" Sir *Tun.* Money——Save money when Hoyden 's
" to be married? Udswoons, I 'll give my wench a
" wedding dinner, though I go to grass with the
" king of Assyria for 't, and such a dinner it shall be,
" as is not to be cooked in the poaching of an egg.—
" Therefore, my noble lord, have a little patience,

" we'll go and look over our deeds and settlements
" immediately; and as for your bride, though you
" may be sharp-set before she's quite ready, I 'll en-
" gage for my girl, she stays your stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*"

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miss HOYDEN *and* Nurse.

Nurse.

WELL, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss *Hoy.* Oh, lord, nurse, I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. Oh, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men now a-days hate a woman that loves them.

Miss *Hoy.* Love him! Why do you think I love him, nurse? I-cod I would not care if he were hanged so I were but once married to him——No——that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, nurse, I-cod I'll flant it with the best of them.

Nurse. Look, look, if his honour be not a coming to you; now if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I 'd leave you alone together.

Miss *Hoy*. That 's my best nurse, do as you would be done by; trust us together this once, and if I do n't shew my breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice married and die a maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I 'll venture you; but if you disparage me———

Miss *Hoy*. Never fear, I 'll shew him my parts, I 'll warrant him. [*Exit* Nurse.] These old women are so wise when they get a poor girl into their clutches; but ere it be long, I shall know what 's what as well as the best of them.

Enter Young Fashion.

Y. *Fash*. Your servant, madam, I 'm glad to find you alone; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, (my lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Y. *Fash*. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend upon your consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating of green gooseberries.

Y. *Fash*. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence

of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss *Hoy*. Pray, my lord, how long is that?

Y. *Fash*. Madam, a thousand year—a whole week.

Miss *Hoy*. A week——why, I shall be an old woman by that time.

Y. *Fash*. And I an old man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t' other.

Miss *Hoy*. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure nurse told me so.

Y. *Fash*. And it shall be to-morrow morning still, if you 'll consent.

Miss *Hoy*. If I consent! Why, I thought I was to obey you as my husband.

Y. *Fash*. That 's when we are married; till then I am to obey you.

Miss *Hoy*. Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Y. *Fash*. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss *Hoy*. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Y. *Fash*. Why, then, my dear little bedfellow, if you 'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, lord! I can tell you a way to persuade her to any thing.

Y. *Fash.* How 's that?

Miss *Hoy.* Why, tell her she 's a wholesome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Y. *Fash.* Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss *Hoy.* Oh, Gemini! for half that she 'd marry you herself. I 'll run and call her. [*Exit.*

Y. *Fash.* So, matters go swimmingly; this is a rare girl, i' faith. I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. "I 'm much mistaken, if she do n't prove "a March hare all the year round. What a scam- "pering chace will she make on 't, when she finds "the whole kennel of beaus at her tail! Hey to the "park and the play, and the church, and the devil! "She 'll shew them sport, I 'll warrant them." But no matter; she brings an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter Miss HOYDEN *and* Nurse.

How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education. Pray, accept of this small acknowledgement for it at present; and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

Nurse. [*Aside.*] Gold, by mackins! Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck'd

it—Eh, God's blessing on the sweet face on 't; how it used to hang at this poor teat, and suck, and squeeze, and kick, and sprawl, it would, till the belly on 't was so full, it would drop off like a leech.

Miss Hoy. [*To* Nurse, *taking her angrily aside.*] Pray, one word with you; pry'thee nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome tale of a draggle-tail'd girl? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, do n't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To* Y. Fash.] I hope your honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Y. *Fash.* Oh, every thing, madam, is to give way to business! besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss Hoy. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen?

Y. *Fash.* Oh, no! they study how to spend money, not to save it.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, nurse!

Y. *Fash.* Well, you shall have your choice, when you come there.

Miss Hoy. Shall I——Then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can—[*To* Nurse.] His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam!

Y. *Fash.* Yes, to-morrow, sweet nurse, privately. "Young folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir

" Tunbelly would make us stay a week for a wedding-
" dinner. Now, all things being signed and sealed,
" and agreed, I fancy there could be no great harm in
" practising a scene or two of matrimony in private, if
" it were only to give us the better assurance, when
" we come to play it in public."

Nurse. Nay, I must confess, stolen pleasures are sweet. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss *Hoy.* Why, then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child?

Miss *Hoy.* I-cod, I don't care how often I 'm married, not I.

Y. *Fash.* Pray, nurse, don't you be against your young lady's good; for, by this means, she 'll have the pleasure of two wedding-days.

" Miss *Hoy.* [*To* Nurse, *softly.*] And of two wed-
" ding nights, too, nurse."

Nurse. Well, I 'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss *Hoy.* Shall I? [*Aside.*] Oh, lord, I could leap over the moon!

Y. *Fash.* Dear nurse, this goodness of your's shan't go unrewarded; but now you must employ your power with Mr. Bull, the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too; and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him!——or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss *Hoy*. My lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven year.

Y. *Fash*. I'm glad to hear it: however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know, I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss *Hoy*. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you, too. I'm sure he'll do it for a fat living; for he loves eating more than he loves his bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat living was the best meat in the world.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the sauce, too, or I'll bring his gown to a cassock, I will so.

Y. *Fash*. Well, nurse, whilst you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.

Nurse. I'll do your honour's business in the catching up of a garter. [*Exit* Nurse.

Y. *Fash*. [*Giving her his hand.*] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, dear, yes, sir! I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMANDA *and* BERINTHIA.

A SONG.

" *I smile at love, and all its arts,*
" *The charming* Cynthia *cry'd*;
" *Take heed, for love has piercing darts*;
" *A wounded swain reply'd.*

" *Once free and bless'd, as you are now,*
" *I trifled with his charms,*
" *I pointed at his little bow,*
" *And sported with his arms:*
" *Till urg'd too far, revenge, he cries,*
" *A fatal shaft he drew,*
" *It took its passage through your eyes,*
" *And to my heart it flew.*
" *To tear it thence I try'd in vain;*
" *To strive, I quickly found,*
" *Was only to encrease the pain,*
" *And to enlarge the wound.*
" *Ah, much too well, I fear, you know*
" *What pain I'm to endure;*
" *Since what your eyes alone could do,*
" *Your heart alone can cure!*
" *And that (grant Heaven, I may mistake)*
" *I doubt, is doom'd to bear*
" *A burden for another's sake,*
" *Who ill rewards its care.*"

Aman. Well, now, Berinthia, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the sighs and groans of a dying lover.

Aman. Phoo! will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why, this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact; you may take it which way you like best; " but if you 'll follow

" the women of the town, you'll take it both ways:
" for when a man offers himself to one of them, first she
" takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest."

Aman. " I 'm sure there 's so much jest and earnest
" in what you say to me," I scarce know how to take it. But I think you have bewitched me; for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I 'm very glad to hear it; for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for some reasons that I'll not brag of. But quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffered upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account!

Ber. Yes, upon yours—I have been forced to sit still, and hear you commended for two hours together, without one compliment to myself. Now don't you think a woman has a blessed time of that?

Aman. " Alas, I should have been unconcerned at
" it! I never knew where the pleasure lay of being
" praised by the men." But, pray, who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to; Mr. Wor-
" thy. He used you like a text; he took you all to
" pieces; but spoke so learnedly upon every point, one
" might see the spirit of the church was in him. If
" you are a woman, you 'd have been in an extasy to
" have heard how feelingly he handled your hair, your
" eyes, your nose, your mouth, your teeth, your tongue,
" your chin, your neck, and so forth. Thus he
" preached for an hour; but when he came to use an
" application, he observed, that all these, without a

" gallant, were nothing—Now consider of what has " been said; and Heaven give you grace to put it in " practice."

Aman. Alas, Berinthia! did I incline to a gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a man so nice as he, could have the least concern for such a plain, unpolished thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Aman. Indeed, that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one; for I won't do 't; I'll leave that to your looking-glass. But, to shew you I have some good-nature left, I 'll commend him; and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to persuade me I am in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to persuade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be: so let that pass. But you were saying something you would commend him for.

Ber. Oh, you 'd be glad to hear a good character of him, however.

Aman. Psha!

Ber. Psha!———Well, 'tis a foolish undertaking for women, in these kind of matters, to pretend to deceive one another——Have not I been bred a woman, as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why, then, I understand my trade so well

that, whenever I am told of a man I like, I cry, Psha! But that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I 'll proceed, and give you this account of him: that, though 'tis possible he may have had women with as good faces as your ladyship's (no discredit to it neither) yet, you must know, your cautious behaviour, with that reserve in your humour has given him his death's wound. He mortally hates a coquette. He says, 'tis impossible to love, where we cannot esteem; and that no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool. "That "pride to a woman, is as necessary as humility to a "divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear-bought, is "meat for gentlemen, as well as for ladies." In short, that every woman who has beauty, may set a price upon herself; and that, by under-selling the market, they ruin the trade. This is his doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well, that, since I never intend to have a gallant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a friend, he should be the man.

Enter WORTHY.

Bless me, he 's here! Pray Heaven, he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of night, ladies; I hope, if I am troublesome, you 'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late; for Mr. Loveless is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam; I 'm afraid he 'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to sup with some company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the morning; and desired I would let my servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him. But my fellow's a blunder-head; so, lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message myself.

Aman. I 'm very sorry he should give you that trouble, sir; but——

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, madam, to keep him to play at ombre with us?

Aman. Cousin, you know you command my house.

Wor. [*To* Ber.] And, madam, you know you command me; though I 'm a very wretched gamester.

Ber. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require; and so, without any more ceremony, let 's go into the next room, and call for the cards.

Aman. With all my heart. [*Ex.* Wor. *leading out* Am.

Ber. Well, how this business will end, Heaven knows! but she seems to be in as fair a way——as a boy is to be a rogue, when he 's put clerk to an attorney. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Berinthia's *Chamber*. *Enter* LOVELESS, *cautiously, in the dark.*

Lov. So, thus far all 's well. I 'm got into her bed-chamber, and I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house: my wife don't expect me home till four o'clock; so if Berinthia comes to bed by eleven, I shall have a chace of five hours. Let me see; where shall I hide myself? Under her bed? No; we shall have her maid searching there for something or other: her closet's a better place, and I have a master-key will open it: I 'll e'en in there, "and attack "her just when she comes to her prayers; that 's the "most like to prove her critical minute; for then the "devil will be there to assist me."

[*He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.*

Enter BERINTHIA, *with a Candle in her hand.*

Ber. Well, sure I am the best natured woman in the world. I, that love cards so well, (there is but one thing upon the earth that I love better) have pretended letters to write to give my friends a *tête-à-tête*. However, I 'm innocent; for picquet is the game I set them to: at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now, what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the world to pass my time. Would Loveless were here, to *badiner* a little —Well, he 's a charming fellow; I don't wonder his

wife's so fond of him—What if I should sit down and think of him till I fall fast asleep, and dream of the lord knows what? Oh, but then if I should dream we were married, I should be frightened out of my wits. [*Seeing a book.*] What's this book? I think I had best go read. Oh, *splenetique*! it 's a sermon. Well, I 'll go into my closet, and read the plotting sisters. [*She opens the Closet, sees* Loveless, *and shrieks out.*] Oh, lord—a ghost, a ghost, a ghost, a ghost!

Enter LOVELESS *running to her.*

Lov. Peace, my dear; it 's no ghost; take it in your arms; you 'll find 't is worth a hundred of them.

Ber. Run in again: here 's somebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh, lord, madam! what 's the matter?

Ber. Oh, Heaven's I 'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought, verily, I had seen a ghost; and 't was nothing but the white curtain, with a black hood pinned up against it. You may begone again—I am the fearfullest fool— [*Exit* Maid.

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Lov. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear! I suppose you are clear; you 'd never play such a trick as this else.

Lov. I am very well pleased with my trick thus far; and shall be so till I have played it out, if it be n't your fault. Where 's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With Worthy.

Lov. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! Some husbands would be of another mind, if he were at cards with their wives.

Lov. And they 'd be in the right on 't too. But I dare trust mine. Besides, I know he 's in love in another place; and he 's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on 't is, you 'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is, at being engaged with us; but 't was my malice. I fancied he was to meet his mistress somewhere else; so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says Amanda to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why, she 's as much out of humour as he; I believe they wish one another at the devil.

Lov. Then I 'm afraid they 'll quarrel at play, and soon throw up the cards. [*Offering to pull her into the Closet.*] Therefore, my dear, charming angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens! what do you mean.

Lov. Pray, what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I 'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that would make you blush worse than t' other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lov. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*

Ber. Oh, heavens! I would not be in the dark with you for all the world.

Lov. I 'll try that. [*Puts out the Candle.*

Ber. Oh, lord! are you mad? What shall I do for light?

Lov. You 'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a chair to sit down?

Lov. Come into the closet, madam; there 's moonshine upon the couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull; for I will not go.

Lov. Then you must be carried. [*Carrying her.*

Ber. "Help, help! I 'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone!" Oh, lord, I shall never be able to bear it! [*Very softly.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sir Tunbelly's *House.* *Enter* Miss HOYDEN, NURSE, Young FASHION, *and* Chaplain.

Y. *Fash.* This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, it shall give you claim to my favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss *Hoy.* And to mine too, I promise you.

Chap. I most humbly thank your honours; and I hope, "since it has been my lot to join you in the holy "bands of wedlock, you will so well cultivate the soil

" which I have craved a blessing on, that" your children may swarm about you like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss *Hoy.* I'cod, with all my heart; the more the merrier, I say: ha, nurse.

Enter LORY, *taking his Master hastily aside.*

Lor. One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Y. *Fash.* What the devil's the matter?

Lor. Sir, your fortune 's ruined; " and I don't " think your life 's worth a quarter of an hour's purchase." Yonder 's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth fourscore pounds, and a perriwig down to his knees: so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Y. *Fash.* Death and furies, 't is impossible!

Lor. Fiends and spectres, sir! 't is true.

Y. *Fash.* Is he in the house yet?

Lor. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate; the porter tells him, he 's come to run away with Miss Hoyden, and has cock'd the blunderbuss at him; your brother swears, gad damme, they are a parcel of clawns, " and he had a good mind to break " off the match; but they have given the word for " Sir Tunbelly; so, I doubt, all will come out, pre- " sently." Pray, sir, resolve what you 'll do, this moment; " for, 'egad, they 'll maul you."

Y. *Fash.* Stay a little——[*To* Miss.] My dear, here's a troublesome business, my man tells me of; but don't

be frightened; we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here 's an impudent fellow at the gate, (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, the brazen-fac'd varlet! It 's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Y. *Fash*. [*Aside*.] 'Egad, like enough—Pr'ythee, dear doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate, before I speak with him.

Chap. I fly, my good lord—— [*Exit* Chap.

Nurse. An 't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Y. *Fash*. Ay, by all means.

Miss *Hoy*. Not so fast; I won 't be locked up any more; I 'm married.

Y. *Fash*. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seized this rascal.

Miss *Hoy*. Nay, if you pray me, I 'll do any thing. [*Exeunt* Miss *and* Nurse.

Y. *Fash*. Oh, here 's Sir Tunbelly coming—[*To* Lory.] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the wedding 's over.

Lor. The devil it is, sir.

Y. *Fash*. Not a word, all 's safe; but Sir Tunbelly don 't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolved to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, Chaplain, *and* Servants, *armed.*

Y. *Fash.* Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir *Tun.* Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I warrant you.

Y. *Fash.* They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir *Tun.* Ay, ay, rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the posse upon him.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find, whoever this spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so, if you pretend to receive him civily, he'll enter without suspicion; and as soon as he is within the gate, we'll whip up the draw-bridge upon his back, let fly the blunderbuss to disperse the crew, and so commit him to gaol.

Sir *Tun.* 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person, and a very great general; but shall we kill any of them, or not?

Y. *Fash.* No, no, fire over their heads, only to fright them; I'll warrant the regiment scours, when the colonel 's a prisoner.

Sir *Tun.* Then come along, my boys; and let your courage be great—for your danger is but small.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Gate. Enter Lord FOPPINGTON *and* Followers.

L. *Fop.* A pax of these bumkinly people! will they open the gate, or do they desire I should grow at their moat-side, like a willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, fellow! Pr'ythee, do me the favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my coach, and begone?

Por. Here 's my master himself now at hand; he 's of age, he 'll give you his answer.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY *and his* Servants.

Sir *Tun.* my most noble lord, I crave your pardon for making your honour wait so long; but my orders to my servants have been to admit nobody without my knowledge, for fear of some attempt upon my daughter, the times being full of plots and roguery.

L. *Fop.* Much caution, I must confess, is a sign of great wisdom. But, stap my vitals, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter——He, hem——

Sir *Tun.* I am very sorry for it, indeed, my lord; but if your lordship please to walk in, we 'll help you to some brown sugar-candy. My lord, I 'll shew you the way.

L. *Fop.* Sir, I follow with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As* Lord Foppington's *Servants go to follow him in, they clap the door against* La Varole.

Servants. [*Within.*] Nay, hold you me there, sir.

"La *Var. Jernie, qu'est ce que veut dire ça?*"

Sir *Tun.* [*Within.*] Fire, porter.

"La *Var. Ah, je suis mort*"—[*The* Servants *all run off.*

"*Port.* Not one soldier left, by the mass."

SCENE VI.

Changes into a Hall. Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *the* Chaplain *and* Servants, *with* Lord FOPPINGTON *disarmed.*

Sir *Tun.* Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. *Fop.* What the pax do you mean, gentlemen? Is it fair-time, that you are all drunk before dinner?

Sir *Tun.* Drunk, sirrah! Here 's an impudent rogue for you. Drunk or sober, bully, I 'm a justice of the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

L. *Fop.* Strollers!

Sir *Tun.* Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What 's your name? Where do you live? Do you pay scot and lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come——

L. *Fop,* And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

Sir *Tun.* Because I 'll make you answer them before I have done with you, you rascal you.

L. *Fop.* Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee to them is, that thou art a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals.

Sir *Tun.* Nay, if you are for joking with deputy-lieutenants, we know how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

L. *Fop.* A warrant!——What the devil is it thou would be at, old gentleman?

Sir *Tun.* I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate) and with these two double fists, beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

L. *Fop.* And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir *Tun.* For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

L. *Fop.* Rab thee of thy daughter!—Now do I begin to believe I 'm a-bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream—If it be, it will be an agreeable surprise enough, to waken by and by, and, instead of the impertinent company of a nasty country justice, find myself, perhaps, in the arms of a woman of quality—[*To* Sir Tun.] Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir *Tun.* I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

L. *Fop.* Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, marry, did I; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she 's a day older.

L. *Fop.* Now give me thy hand, dear dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir *Tun.* This fellow's mad—Here, bind him hand and foot. [*They bind him down.*

L. *Fop.* Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir *Tun.* Bind him, I say; he's mad——Bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] 'Egad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

Enter Miss HOYDEN *and* Nurse.

Miss *Hoy.* [*Going up to him.*] Is this he that would have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss *Hoy.* Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him? Hang him?

Sir *Tun.* That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him, too.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] *Madame la gouvernante*, I presume. Hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality matched into.

Sir *Tun.* What's become of my Lord, daughter?

Miss *Hoy.* He's just coming, sir.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] My lord——What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young FASHION *and* LORY.

L. *Fop.* [*Seeing* Y. *Fash.*] Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

Y. *Fash.* Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter?

Sir *Tun.* This is he, my Lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Y. *Fash.* I find, by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss *Hoy.* Oh, Gemini! is this a beau? Let me see him again—Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing neither.

Y. *Fash.* 'Egad, she 'll be in love with him presently; I 'll e'en have him sent away to gaol—[*To Lord* Fop.] Sir, though your understanding shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha' n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me.

L. *Fop.* Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the 'frontery to call his lordship plain Thomas.

" *Chap.* The business is, he would feign himself " mad, to avoid going to gaol.

" L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] That must be the chaplain, by " his unfolding of mysteries."

Sir *Tun.* Come, is the warrant writ?

Chap. Yes, sir?

Sir *Tun.* Give me the pen, I'll sign it—So, now, constable, away with him.

L. *Fop.* Hold one moment, pray, gentlemen——— My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Oh, ho! is it my lord with him now? See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss *Hoy.* Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

L. *Fop.* I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine—[*To* Y. Fash.] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought; but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thausand paunds I offer: thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it, stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash.* It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease, than to cure it; a quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir *Tun.* Well, what says he?

Y. *Fash.* Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir *Tun.* Ay, he shall go with a pox to him. Lead on, constable.

L. *Fop.* One word more and I have done.

Sir *Tun.* Before gad, thou art an impudent fellow, to trouble the court at this rate, after thou art condemned. But speak, once for all.

L. *Fop.* Why, then, once for all; I have, at last, luckily called to mind, that there is a gentleman of

this county, who, I believe, cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would satisfy you I am Navelty, Baron of Foppington, with five thausand paunds a year, and that fellow there, a rascal, not worth a groat.

Sir *Tun.* Very well; now who is this honest gentleman you are so well acquainted with?——[*To* Y. Fash.] Come, sir we shall hamper him.

L. *Fop.* 'Tis Sir John Friendly.

Sir *Tun.* So—he lives within half a mile, and came down into the country but last night. This bold-faced fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his colours; I'll send for Sir John immediately. Here, fellow, away presently, and desire my neighbour he 'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and, in the mean while, you had best secure this sharper in the gate-house.

Const. An't please your worship, he may chance to give us the slip thence. If I were worthy to advise, I think the dog kennel 's a surer place.

Sir *Tun.* With all my heart, any where.

L. *Fop.* Nay, for Heaven 's sake, sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean room, that I may n't daub my clothes.

Sir *Tun.* Oh, when you have married my daughter, her estate will afford you new ones. Away with him.

L. *Fop.* A dirty country justice is a barbarous magistrate, stap my vitals.

[*Exit* Constable *with Lord* Foppington.

Y. *Fash.* [*Aside.*] 'Egad, I must prevent this

knight's coming, or the house will soon grow too hot to hold me—[*To* Sir Tun.] Sir, I fancy 't is not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent fellow's desire. I'll send and call the messenger back.

Sir *Tun.* Nay, with all my heart: for, to be sure, he thought he was far enough off, or the rogue would never have named him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir John just alighting at the gate; he's come to wait upon you.

Sir *Tun.* Nay, then it happens as one could wish.

Y. *Fash.* [*Aside.*] The devil it does! Lory, you see how things are; here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our brains beat out; for my brother will be sure to swear he don't know me: therefore, run into the stable, take the two first horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the back door, and we 'll away immediately.

Lory. What, and leave your lady, sir!

Y. *Fash.* There's no danger in that, as long as I have taken possession; I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away: I'll steal after thee.

[*Exit* Lory; *his Master follows him out at one door, while Sir* John *enters at the other.*

Sir *Tun.* Sir John, you are the welcomest man alive; I had just sent a messenger to desire you 'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion—We are all in arms here.

" Sir *John*. How so?

" Sir *Tun*. Why, you must know a finical sort of a " tawdry fellow, here, (I don't know what the devil " he is, not I) hearing, I suppose, that the match was " concluded between my Lord Foppington and my " girl, Hoyden, comes impudently to the gate, and, " with a whole pack of rogues in liveries, would have " passed upon me for his lordship. But what does I? " I comes up to him boldly, at the head of his guards, " takes him by the throat, strikes up his heels, binds " him hand and foot, dispatches a warrant, and com- " mits him prisoner to the dog-kennel.

" Sir *John*. So—But how do you know but this was " my lord? For I was told he set out for London the " day before me, with a very fine retinue, and intend- " ed to come directly hither.

" Sir *Tun*. Why, now to shew you how many lies " people raise in that damn'd town, he came two nights " ago, post, with only one servant, and is now in the " house with me. But you don't know the cream of " the jest yet; this same rogue, that lies yonder, neck " and heels among the hounds, thinking you were out " of the country, quotes you for his acquaintance, and " said, if you were here, you'd justify him to be Lord " Foppington, and I know not what."

Sir *John*. *Your servants told me the business: and that the impostor quotes me for his acquaintance.* Pray let me see him.

Sir *Tun*. Ay, that you shall, presently—Here, fetch the prisoner. [*Exit* Servant.

Sir *Tun.* " He was here just now; see for him,"—Doctor, tell my lord, Sir John Friendly is here to wait upon him. [*Exit* Chaplain.

" Sir *John.* I hope, Sir Tunbelly, the young lady " is not married yet.

" Sir *Tun.* No, things won't be ready this week; " but why do you say, you hope she is not married?

" Sir *John.* Some foolish fancies only; perhaps I " am mistaken."

Re-enter Chaplain.

Chap. Sir, his lordship is just rid out to take the air.

Sir *Tun.* To take the air! Is that his London breeding, to go to take the air, when gentlemen come to visit him.

" Sir *John.* 'T is possible he might want it, he " might not be well, some sudden qualm perhaps."

Enter Constable, *&c. with* Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. *Fop.* Stap my vitals, I 'll have satisfaction.

Sir *John.* [*Running to him.*] My dear Lord Foppington!

L. *Fop.* Dear Friendly, thou art come in the critical minute, strike me dumb.

Sir *John.* Why, I little thought to have found you in fetters.

L. *Fop.* Why truly the world must do me the justice to confess, I do use to appear a little more *degagé* —but this old gentleman, not liking the freedom of

my air, has been pleased to skewer down my arms like a rabbit.

Sir *Tun.* Is it then possible that this should be the true Lord Foppington at last!

L. *Fop.* Why, what do you see in his face to make your doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary opinion of my figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a person of a worse *taille* than mine, might be a modern man of quality.

Sir *Tun.* Unbind him, slaves: my lord, I 'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by signs; but if a sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back———Away, I say, a dog. Oons——I 'll cut off his ears and his tail, I 'll draw out all his teeth, pull his skin over his head——and——what shall I do more?

Sir *John.* He does indeed deserve to be made an example of.

L. *Fop.* He does deserve to be *chartré*, stap my vitals.

Sir *Tun.* May I then hope I have your honour's pardon?

L. *Fop.* Sir, we courtiers do nothing without a bribe; that fair young lady might do miracles.

Sir *Tun.* Hoyden, come hither Hoyden.

L. *Fop.* Hoyden is her name, sir?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, my lord.

L. *Fop.* The prettiest name for a song I ever heard.

Sir *Tun*. My lord——here 's my girl, she 's your's, she has a wholesome body and a virtuous mind: she 's a woman complete, both in flesh and in spirit; she has a bag of milled crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitched fast to her tail: so go thy ways, Hoyden.

L. *Fop*. Sir, I do receive her like a gentleman.

Sir *Tun*. Then I 'm a happy man, and if your lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at Christmas, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving.—Come, my noble peer, I believe dinner 's ready; if your honour pleases to follow me, I 'll lead you on to the attack of a venison pasty. [*Exit Sir* Tun.

L. *Fop*. Sir, I wait upon you. Will your ladyship do me the favour of your little finger, madam?

Miss *Hoy*. My lord, I 'll follow you presently. I have a little business with my nurse.

L. *Fop*. Your ladyship's most humble servant: come, Sir John, the ladies have *des affaires*.

[*Exeunt L.* Fop. *and Sir* John.

Miss *Hoy*. So, nurse, we are finely brought to bed; what shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah, dear miss, we are all undone. "Mr. "Bull, you were used to help a woman to a remedy." [*Crying*.

"*Chap*. A lack a-day, but it 's past my skill now, "I can do nothing.

"*Nurse*. Who would have thought that ever your "invention should have been drained so dry?"

Miss *Hoy*. Well, I have often thought old folks

fools, and now I 'm sure they are so: I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear lady, what 's that?

Miss *Hoy.* Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what 's past, I 'll e'en marry this lord too.

Nurse. What! two husbands, my dear?

Miss *Hoy.* Why you had three, good nurse, so you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, sweet child.

Miss *Hoy.* Psha! if you had, you 'd ne'er a thought much on 't.

" *Nurse.* Oh, but 'tis a sin——Sweeting.

" *Chap.* Nay, that 's my business to speak to, " nurse: I do confess, to take two husbands for the " satisfaction of the flesh, is to commit the sin of ex- " orbitancy; but to do it for the peace of the spirit, " is no more than to be drunk by way of physic: be- " sides, to prevent a parent's wrath, is to avoid the " sin of disobedience; for when the parent 's angry, " the child is froward. So that upon the whole mat- " ter, I do think, though miss should marry again, " she may be saved.

" Miss *Hoy.*" I-cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the story. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Berinthia's *Apartment. Enter her Maid, passing the Stage, followed by* WORTHY.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why, 't is by me I would have her spoken with.

Ab. I 'll acquaint her, sir. [*Exit* Abigail.

Wor. [*Alone.*] One lift more I must persuade her to give me, and then I 'm mounted. "Well, a young "bawd, and a handsome one for my money, 't is "they do the execution; I 'll never go to an old one, "but when I have occasion for a witch. Lewdness "looks heavenly to a woman, when an angel appears "in its cause; but when a hag is advocate, she thinks "it comes from the devil. An old woman has some-"thing so terrible in her looks, that while she is per-"suading your mistress to forget she has a soul, she "stares hell and damnation full in her face."

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Well, sir, what news bring you?

Wor. No news, madam, there 's a woman going to cuckold her husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be a more than a "God" speed, or your charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why, han't I done enough, already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What 's the matter?

Wor. The lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What 's that?

Wor. Her virtue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it 's what she takes for her virtue; it 's some relics of lawful love! She is not yet fully satisfied her husband has got another mistress, which, unless I can convince her of, I have opened the trenches in vain; for the breach must be wider, before I dare storm the town.

Ber. And so I 'm to be your engineer?

Wor. I 'm sure you know best how to manage the battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a mine? I have a thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a thought indeed.

Ber. Faith, I 'll do 't, and thus the execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord Foppington's to-night to supper; he 's come to town with his bride, "and gives a ball with an entertainment of music." Now you must know, my undoer here, Loveless, says, he must needs meet me about some private busi-

ness (I don't know what 't is) before we go to the company. To which end, he has told his wife one lie, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I 'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn truth.

Wor. What 's that?

Ber. Why, I 'll tell her, that to my certain knowledge her husband has a rendezvous with his mistress this afternoon: and that, if she 'll give me her word, she will be satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent inquiry after the woman, I 'll direct her to a place where she shall see them meet——Now, friend, this, I fancy, may help you to a critical minute. For home she must go again to dress. You, with your good breeding, come to wait upon us to the ball, find her all alone, her spirit inflamed against her husband for his treason, and her flesh in a heat from some contemplations upon the treachery, her blood on a fire, her conscience in ice; a lover to draw, and the devil to drive——Ah, poor Amanda!

Wor. [*Kneeling.*] Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee!

Ber. Thou minister of darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the devil at his devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable Berinthia——How shall I requite you——

Ber. Oh, ne'er trouble yourself about that: virtue is its own reward. There 's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou best of women.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter AMANDA, *meeting* BERINTHIA.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my friendship: my love already 's all disposed of: though, I confess, to one ungrateful to my bounty.

Ber. Why there's the mystery! You have been so bountiful, you have cloyed him. "Fond wives do "by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap-"dogs; cram them with sweetmeats till they spoil "their stomachs."

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last reconciliation, you would have thought it were impossible he ever should have breathed an hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again, Amanda; "you should consider, that in matters of "love men's eyes are always bigger than their bellies. "They have violent appetites, 't is true, but they "have soon dined."

Aman. Well; there 's nothing upon earth astonishes me more than men's inconstancy.

Ber. Now there 's nothing upon earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are composed of: for nature has made them children, and us babies. Now, Amanda, how we used our babies,

you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kissed them to pieces, as soon as we got them; then pulled of their clothes, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who 's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he 's weary of his wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that 's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his mistress.

Aman. Don't you think 't were possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my gallant; not if he were yours.

Aman. Why do you think he should be more constant to me, than he would to you? I 'm sure I 'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour: he likes you best.

" *Aman.* Suppose he does; that 's no demonstra-
" tion he would be constant to me.

" *Ber.* No, that I 'll grant you: but there are other
" reasons to expect it; for you must know after all,
" Amanda, the inconstancy we commonly see in men
" of brains, does not so much proceed from the un-
" certainty of their temper, as from the misfortunes
" of their love. A man sees, perhaps, an hundred
" women he likes well enough for an intrigue, and
" away; but possibly, through the whole course of

" his life, does not find above one, who is exactly " what he could wish her: now her, 't is a thousand " to one he never gets. Either she is not to be had " at all (though that seldom happens, you 'll say) or " he wants those opportunities that are necessary to " gain her; either she likes somebody else much bet- " ter than him, or uses him like a dog, because he " likes nobody so well as her. Still something or " other Fate claps in the way between them and the " woman they are capable of being fond of: and this " makes them wander about from mistress to mis- " tress, like a pilgrim from town to town, who every " night must have a fresh lodging, and is in haste to " be gone in the morning."

Aman. 'T is possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the woman in the world, the most to his humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why, he runs after something for variety, I 'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That 's more than you know, madam.

Aman. No, I 'm sure on't: I am not very vain, Berinthia; and yet I 'll lay my life, if I could look into his heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferred to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither: a million to one, but she has the same opinion of you.—What would you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, a dirty trull; though I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my jealousy.

Ber. All the men of sense about town say, she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any people.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof——all the women about town say, she's a fool: now I hope you are convinced?

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfied he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward gallantry!—[*Aside.*] I can't bear this. [*To* Aman.] Don't you think she's a woman to be fobbed off so. Come, I'm too much your friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly imposed upon, by a man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it.—Therefore, in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an hour, "somewhere about that Babylon of wickedness, "Whitehall." And if you'll give me your word that you'll be content with seeing her, without pulling her head clothes off, I'll step immediately to the person from whom I have my intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see them meet.—"My friend and I'll watch them from another place,

" and dodge them to their private lodging: but don't
" you offer to follow them, lest you do it aukwardly,
" and spoil all. I'll come home to you again
" as soon as I have earthed them, and give you an
" account in what corner of the house the scene of
" their lewdness lies."

Aman. If you can do this, Berinthia, he's a villain.

Ber. I can't help that, men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then. Put on some of your woman's clothes, a great scarf and a mask, and you shall presently receive orders. " [*Calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me
" a chair quickly.

" *Ser.* There are chairs at the door, madam.

" *Ber.* 'T is well, I'm coming."

Aman. But, pray, Berinthia, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the rendezvous first; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my heighth, and very well shaped.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked.

Ber. Oh, no, she's as straight as I am. But we lose time; come away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. Enter COUPLER, Young FASHION, *and* LORY.

Coupler.

" WELL, and so Sir John coming in——

" Y. *Fash.* And so Sir John coming in, I thought " it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, " and getting on horseback as fast as I could, rid " away as if the devil had been at the rear of me; " what has happened since, heaven knows.

" *Coup.* 'Egad, sir, I know as well as heaven.

" Y. *Fash.* What do you know?

" *Coup.* That you are a cuckold.

" Y. *Fash.* The devil I am! By who?

" *Coup.* By your brother.

" Y. *Fash.* My brother! which way?

" *Coup.* The old way: he has lain with your wife.

" Y. *Fash.* Hell and furies, what dost thou mean?

" *Coup.* I mean plainly, I speak no parable.

" Y. *Fash.* Plainly! thou dost not speak common " sense, I cannot understand one word thou sayest.

" *Coup.* You will do soon, youngster. In short, " you left your wife a widow, and she married again.

" Y. *Fash.* It's a lie.

" *Coup.* ——I-cod, if I were a young fellow, I'd " break your head, sirrah.

" Y. *Fash.* Dear dad, don't be angry, for I am as " mad as Tom of Bedlam.

" *Coup.* When I had fitted you with a wife, you " should have kept her.

" Y. *Fash.* But is it possible the young strumpet " could play me such a trick?

" *Coup.* A young strumpet, sir, can play twenty " tricks.

" Y. *Fash.* But, pr'ythee, instruct me a little far- " ther; whence comes thy intelligence?

" *Coup.* From your brother, in this letter; there, " you may read it." *Now you have told me your story, I'll let you into mine in this letter; read it.*

[*Young* Fashion *reads.*

' Dear Coupler,

' [*Pulling off his hat.*] I have only time to tell thee in three lines, or thereabouts, that there has been the devil: that rascal, Tam, having stole the letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, formed a damnable design upon my mistress, and was in a fair way of success when I arrived. But after having suffered some indignities (in which I have all daubed my embroidered coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a party of horse after him, in hopes to have made him my prisoner, which, if I had done, I would have qualified him for the seraglio, stap my vitals.—The danger I have thus narrowly escaped, has made me fortify myself against further attempts, by entering immediately into an association with the young lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as

long as we both shall live. In short, the papers are sealed, and the contract is signed, so the business of the lawyer is *acheve*; but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not being willing to consummate in any other bed but my own.

'*P. S.* 'T is possible I may be in the tawn as soon as this letter; for I find the lady is so violently in love with me, I have determined to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my coach-horses.'

So, here's rare work, i'faith!

Lory. 'Egad, Miss Hoyden has laid about her bravely.

Coup. I think my country-girl has played her part, as well as if she had been born and bred in St. James's parish.

Y. *Fash.* That rogue the chaplain.

Lory. And then that jade the nurse, sir.

Y. *Fash.* And then that drunken sot, Lory, sir; that could not keep himself sober to be a witness to the marriage.

Lory. Sir——with respect——I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.

Y. *Fash.* Hold your prating, sirrah, or I 'll break your head. Dear Coupler, what 's to be done?

Coup. Nothing 's to be done till the bride and bridegroom come to town.

Y. *Fash.* Bride and bridegroom; hell and furies! I can't bear you should call them so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call them, dog and cat?

Y. *Fash.* Not for the world, that sounds more like man and wife than t' other.

Coup. Well, call them what you will, there 's nothing to be done without them. But you have been an idle young rogue, or the girl would never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMANDA, *in a scarf, &c. as just returned,* " *her* Woman *following her.*

" *Aman.* Pr'ythee, what care I who has been here?

" *Wom.* Madam, 't was my Lady Bridle, and my " Lady Tiptoe.

" *Aman.* My Lady Fiddle and my Lady Faddle.— " What dost stand troubling me with the visits of a " parcel of impertinent women? When they are well " seamed with the small pox, they won't be so fond " of shewing their faces—There are more coquettes " about this town———

" *Wom.* Madam, I suppose, they only came to re- " turn your ladyship's visit, according to the custom " of the world.

" *Aman.* Would the world were on fire, and you " in the middle on't. Begone; leave me.

[*Exit* Woman."

Aman. [*Alone.*] At last I am convinced. My eyes are testimonies of his falsehood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur'd villain——

" Good Gods—What slippery stuff are men composed of?

" Sure the account of their creation 's false,

"And 't was the woman's rib that they were form'd of."
But why am I thus angry?
This poor relapse should only move my scorn.
" 'T is true; the roving flights of his unfinish'd youth
" Had strong excuses from the plea of nature:
" Reason had thrown the reins loose on his neck,
" And slipt him to unlimited desire.
" If therefore he went wrong, he had a claim
" To my forgiveness, and I did him right:
" But since the years of manhood rein him in,
" And reason, well digested into thought,
" Has pointed out the course he ought to run;
" If now he strays,
" 'T would be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,
" As it has been in him t' offend. But hold!
" 'T is an ill cause indeed, where nothing 's to be said for 't.
" My beauty possibly is in the wain:
" Perhaps sixteen has greater charms for him:
" Yes, there 's the secret.' But let him know,
" My quiver 's not entirely empty'd yet;
" I still have darts, and I can shoot 'em too:
" They 're not so blunt, but they can enter still;
" The want 's not in my power, but in my will.
" Virtue 's his friend; or, through another's heart,
" I yet could find the way to make his smart."

[*Going off, she meets* Worthy.

Ha! he here! Protect me, heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disordered, madam; I hope there 's no misfortune has happened to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be disturbs you, I would to heaven 't were in my power to bear the pain, till I were able to remove the cause.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itself; at least I have given it warning to be gone.

" *Wor* Would I durst ask, where 't is the thorn
" torments you?
" Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive;
" 'T is only with desire to give you ease.

" *Aman.* Alas! 't is in a tender part. It can't be
" drawn without a world of pain: yet out it must,
" for it begins to fester in my heart."

Wor. If 't is the sting of unrequited love, remove it instantly: I have a balm will quickly heal the wound.

Aman. You 'll find the undertaking difficult: the surgeon, who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I 'll aid him with gentler hand——if you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe'er the hand may be, there still is terror in the operation.

Wor. Some few preparatives would make it easy, could I persuade you to apply 'em. Make home reflections, madam, on your slighted love: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms: rouze up that spirit women ought to bear, " and slight your " god, if he neglects his angel." With arms of ice receive his cold embraces, and keep your fire for those who come in flames. Behold a burning lover at

your feet, his fever raging in his veins. "See how "he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how "he consumes!" Extend the arms of mercy to his aid: his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Aman. Of all my feeble sex, sure I must be the weakest, should I again presume to think on love.—[*Sighing.*]——Alas! my heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'T will find the greater bliss in softer usage.

Aman. But where 's that usage to be found?

Wor. 'T is here, within this faithful breast; which, if you doubt, I 'll rip it up before your eyes; lay all its secrets open to your view; and then you 'll see 't was sound.

Aman. With just such honest words as these, the worst of men deceived me.

Wor. He therefore merits all revenge can do: his fault is such, the extent and stretch of vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your instrument of justice, you 'll find me execute it with such a zeal, as shall convince you I abhor the crime.

Aman. The rigour of an executioner, has more the face of cruelty than justice: and he who puts the cord about the wretches neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my truth?

Aman. There is on earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my power?

Aman. It is; and one that would so thoroughly

convince me, I should be apt to rate your heart so high, I possibly might purchase it with a part of mine.

Wor. "Then, Heaven, thou art my friend, and" I am blest; "for if 'tis in my power, my will, I'm "sure will reach it." No matter what the terms may be, when such a recompence is offered. O tell me quickly what this proof must be? What is it will convince you of my love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this moment you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant———You pause upon it, sir——— I doubt on such hard terms a woman's heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 't was not on that I paused: but I was thinking, [*Drawing nearer to her.*] whether some things there may not be, which women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which men may take without offence. [*Taking her hand.*] Your hand I fancy may be of the number: O pardon me if I commit a rape upon it, [*Kissing it eagerly.*] and thus devour it with my kisses.

Aman. O heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her.*] My life, my soul, my goddess— "O forgive me!

"*Aman.* O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, "or I am lost.

"*Wor.* Stand neuter, gods, this once I do invoke you.

"*Aman.* Then save me, Virtue, and the glory's "thine,

" *Wor.* Nay, never strive.

" *Aman.* I will, and conquer too. My forces rally " bravely to my aid, [*Breaking from him.*] and thus I " gain the day.

Wor. " Then mine as bravely double their attack; " [*Seizing her again.*] and thus I wrest it from you." Nay, struggle not; for all 's in vain: or death or victory; I am determined.

Aman. And so am I. [*Rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven's sake.

Aman. [*Going.*] Nay, then, farewell.

Wor. [*Kneeling, and holding by her clothes.*] O stay, and see the magic force of love: behold this raging lion at your feet, struck dead with fear, and tame as charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

" *Wor.* Repentance for past crimes is just and easy; " but sin no more 's a task too hard for mortals.

" *Aman.* Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use " their best endeavours to perform it.

" *Wor.* Endeavours we may use, but flesh and blood " are got in t' other scale; and they are pond'rous " things.

Aman. " Whate'er they are, there is a weight in re- " solution sufficient for their balance. The soul, I " do confess, is usually so careless of its charge, so " soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the reins " in the wild hand of Nature, who, like a Phæton,

" drives the fiery chariot, and sets the world on flame.
" Yet still the sovereignty is in the mind, whene'er it
" pleases to exert its force. Perhaps you may not
" think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains
" for my esteem; but that I leave to you.
" You see the price I set upon my heart,
" Perhaps 't is dear: but spite of all you art,
" You 'll find on cheaper terms, we ne'er shall part."

[*Exit.*

Wor. Sure there's divinity about her; and she 's dispensed some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of love, or (to dissect that spacious term) the vile, the gross desires of flesh and blood, is in a moment turned to adoration. " The " coarser appetite of nature's gone, and 't is, methinks, " the food of angels I require: how long this influ- " ence may last, Heaven knows, but in this moment " of my purity, I could on her own terms accept her " heart. Yes, lovely woman, I can accept it. For " now 't is doubly worth my care. Your charms are " much increased, since thus adorned." When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a graceful habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan,
Could they but reach the deep reserves of man,
They 'd wear it on, that that of love might last;
For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
Their sympathy is such———
The fate of one, the other scarce can fly,
They live together, and together die. [*Exit,*

Enter Young FASHION, " *meeting* LORY.

" Y. *Fash.* Well, will the doctor come?

" *Lory.* Sir, I sent a porter to him as you ordered " me. He found him with a pipe of tobacco and a " great tankard of ale, which, he said, he would dis- " patch while I could tell three, and be here.

" Y. *Fash.* He does not suspect 'twas I that sent " for him.

" *Lory.* Not a jot, sir; he divines as little for him- " self, as he does for other folks.

" Y. *Fash.* Will he bring nurse with him?

" *Lory.* Yes.

" Y. *Fash.* That 's well; where 's Coupler?

" *Lory.* He 's half way up the stairs taking breath; " he must play his bellows a little, before he can get " to the top.

Enter COUPLER.

" Y. *Fash.* O, here he is. Well, old Phthisic, the " doctor's coming.

" *Coup.* Would the pox had the doctor—I 'm quite " out of wind. [*To* Lory.] Set me a chair, sirrah.— " Ah—[*Sits down.*] [*To* Y. Fash.] Why the plague " can'st not thou lodge upon the ground-floor?

" Y. *Fash.* Because I love to lie as near Heaven as " I can.

" *Coup.* Pr'y thee, let Heaven alone; ne'er affect " tending that way: thy centre 's downwards.

" Y. *Fash.* That 's impossible. I have too much " ill-luck in this world to be damned in the next.

" *Coup.* Thou art out in thy logic. Thy major is " true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest " fellow in the universe.

" Y. *Fash.* Make out that.

" *Coup.* I 'll do 't: last night the devil ran away " with the parson of Fat Goose living.

" Y. *Fash.* If he had run away with the parish too, " what 's that to me?

" *Coup.* I 'll tell thee what it 's to thee. This living " is worth five hundred pounds a-year, and the pre- " sentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove thyself a " lawful husband to Miss Hoyden.

" Y. *Fash.* Say'st thou so, my protector! then " 'egad I shall have a brace of evidences here presently.

" *Coup.* The nurse and the doctor?

" Y. *Fash.* The same: the devil himself won't have " interest enough to make them withstand it.

" *Coup.* That we shall see presently.—Here they " come.

Enter Nurse *and* Chaplain; " *they start back seeing* Young Fashion.

" Ah, goodness, Roger, we are betrayed.

" Y. *Fash.* [*Laying hold on them.*] Nay, nay, ne'er " flinch for the matter; for I have you safe. Come to " your trials immediately; I have no time to give you " copies of your indictment. There sits your judge. " [*Both kneeling.*] Pray, sir, have compassion on us.

" *Nurse.* I hope, sir, my years will move your pity;
" I am an aged woman.

" *Coup.* That is a moving argument indeed. [*To*
" Bull.] Are not you a rogue of sanctity?

" *Chap.* Sir, with respect to my function, I do wear
" a gown. I hope, sir, my character will be consider-
" ed: I am Heaven's ambassador.

" *Coup.* Did not you marry this vigorous young fel-
" low to a plump young buxom wench?

" *Nurse.* [*To* Bull.] Don't confess, Roger, unless
" you are hard put to it indeed.

" *Coup.* Come, out with 't——Now is he chewing
" the cud of his roguery, and grinding a lie between
" his teeth.

" *Chap.* Sir——I cannot positively say——I say, sir
" ——positively I cannot say——

" *Coup.* Come, no equivocation, no Roman turns
" upon us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant
" ground, which will slip from under thee, like a Ty-
" burn cart; for in this country, we have always ten
" hangmen for one Jesuit.

" *Chap.* [*To* Y. Fash.] Pray, sir, then will you but
" permit me to speak one word in private with nurse?

" Y. *Fash.* Thou art always for doing something in
" private with nurse.

" *Coup.* But pray let his betters be served before him
" for once. I would do something in private with her
" myself. Lory, take care of this reverend gown-man
" in the next room a little. Retire, priest. [*Exit*
" Lory *with* Bull.] Now, virgin, I must put the mat-

" ter home to you a little: do you think it might not " be possible to make you speak truth?

" *Nurse.* Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean " by truth.

" *Coup.* Nay, 't is possible thou mayest be a stranger " to it.

" Y. *Fash.* Come, nurse, you and I were better " friends when we saw one another last; and I still " believe you are a very good woman in the bottom. " I did deceive you and your young lady, 't is true, " but I always designed to make a very good husband " to her, and to be a very good friend to you. And " 't is possible in the end, she might have found her- " self happier, and you richer, than ever my brother " will make you.

" *Nurse.* Brother! Why is your worship then his " lordship's brother?

" Y. *Fash.* I am; which you should have known, " if I durst have staid to have told you; but I was " forced to take horse a little in haste, you know.

" *Nurse.* You were indeed, sir. Poor young man, " how he was bound to scour for 't. Now won't your " worship be angry, if I confess the truth to you? " When found you were a cheat (with respect be it " spoken) I verily believed Miss had got some pitiful " skip-jack varlet or other to her husband, or I had " never let her think of marrying again.

" *Coup.* But where was your conscience all this " while, woman? Did not that stare you in the face " with huge saucer-eyes, and a great horn upon the

" forehead? Did not you think you should be damned " for such a sin? Ha!

" Y. *Fash.* Well said, divinity; press that home " upon her.

" *Nurse.* Why, in good truly, sir, I had some fear- " ful thoughts on 't, and could never be brought to " consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a peckadille, and " he 'd secure my soul for a tythe-pig.

" Y. *Fash.* There was a rogue for you.

" *Coup.* And he shall thrive accordingly: he shall " have a good living. Come, honest nurse, I see you " have butter in your compound; you can melt. Some " compassion you can have of this handsome young " fellow.

" *Nurse.* I have indeed, sir.

Y. *Fash.* " Why, then, I 'll tell you what you shall " do for me." You know what a warm living here is fallen; and that it must be in the disposal of him who has the disposal of Miss. Now if you and the doctor will agree to prove my marriage, I 'll present him to it, upon condition he make you his bride.

Nurse. Now the blessing of the Lord follow your good worship " both by night and by day." Let him be fetched in by the ears; I 'll soon bring his nose to the grindstone.

Coup. [*Aside.*] Well said, old whit-leather. Hey; bring in the prisoner there.

Enter LORY *with the* Chaplain.

" *Coup.* Come, advance, holy man: here 's your " duck does not think fit to retire with you into the

" chancel at this time; but she has a proposal to make " to you in the face of the congregation. Come, nurse, " speak for yourself; you are of age.

" *Nurse.* Roger, are not you a wicked man, Roger, to " set your strength against a weak woman, and per- " suade her it was no sin to conceal Miss's nuptials? " My conscience flies in my face for it, thou priest of " Baal; and I find, by woeful experience, thy abso- " lution is not worth an old cassock: therefore I am " resolved to confess the truth to the whole world, " though I die a beggar for it. But his worship over- " flows with his mercy, and his bounty: he is not only " pleased to forgive us our sins, but designs thou shalt " squat thee down in Fat Goose living, and which is " more than all, has prevailed with me to become the " wife of thy bosom."

Y. *Fash.* All this I intend for you, doctor: what you are to do for me, I need not tell ye.

Chap. Your worship's goodness is unspeakable: " yet " there is one thing seems a point of conscience; and " conscience is a tender babe. If I should bind my- " self, for the sake of this living, to marry nurse, and " maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be looked " on as a kind of simony."

Coūp. " [*Rising up.*] If it were sacrilege, the living's " worth it: therefore," no more words, good doctor; but with the [*Giving Nurse to him.*] Parish——here—take the parsonage-house. 'T is true, 't is a little out of repair; some dilapidations there are to be made good; the windows are broke, the wainscot is warped,

the cielings are peeled, and the wall are cracked; but a little glazing, painting, whitewash, and plaister, will make it last thy time.

Chap. Well, sir, if it must be so, "I sha'n't contend: "What Providence orders," I submit "to."

Nurse. And so do I, with all humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good people: Come, "my turtle-doves," let us go help this poor pigeon to his wandering mate again; and after institution and induction, you shall go a cooing together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miss HOYDEN *and* Nurse.

Miss *Hoy.* But is it sure and certain, say you, he 's my lord's own brother?

Nurse. As sure as he 's your lawful husband.

Miss *Hoy.* I 'cad, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him: for, between you and I, nurse, he' d have made a' husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you should fancy most, nurse?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, madam, your first husband is the prettier gentleman.

Miss *Hoy.* I don't like my lord's shapes, nurse.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a slam.

Miss *Hoy.* What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a horse my father called Washy?

Nurse. As like as two twin-brothers.

Miss *Hoy*. I 'cod, I have thought so a hundred times; faith I 'm tired of him.

Nurse. Indeed, madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first bargain.

Miss *Hoy*. O but, nurse, we han't considered the main thing yet. If I leave my lord, I must leave my lady too: and when I rattle about in the streets in my coach, they 'll only say, there goes mistress——mistress——Mistress what? What 's this man's name, I have married, nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire Fashion.

Miss *Hoy*. 'Squire Fashion is it?——Well, 'squire, that 's better than nothing. Do you think one could not get him made a knight, nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, madam, when the king's in a good humour.

Miss *Hoy*. I 'cod, that would do rarely. For then he 'd be as good a man as my father, you know.

Nurse. By'rlady, and that 's as good as the best of them.

Miss *Hoy*. So 't is, faith; for then I shall be my lady, and your ladyship at every word, that 's all I have to care for. Ha, nurse, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I 'm afraid, if I change my husband again, I shan't have so much money to throw about, nurse.

Nurse. Oh, enough's as good as a feast: "besides, "madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to "your share with the younger brother, as with the "elder." For though these lords have a power of

wealth indeed ; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half-crown, to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss *Hoy*. O, but for that, do n't deceive yourself, nurse, for this I must [*Snapping her fingers.*] say for my lord, and a———for him ; he 's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me, I should have two hundred a-year to buy pins.—Now, nurse, if he gives me two hundred a-year to buy pins, what do you think he 'll give me to buy fine petticoats ?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he 's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberidge with 'em, would confound a gipsey. That which they call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the versal world, down to their very shoe ties. " Nay, I have heard " folks say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants, " as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their " pin-money too."

Miss *Hoy*. Has he served me so, say ye ?——Then I 'll be his wife no longer, that 's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine folks at his heels. I 'cod, nurse, these London ladies will laugh till they crack again, to see me slip my collar, and run away from my husband. But, d' ye hear, pray take care of one thing : when the business comes to break out, be sure

you get between me and my father, for you know his tricks; he 'll knock me down.

Nurse. I 'll mind him, ne'er fear, madam.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON, LOVELESS, WORTHY, AMANDA, *and* BERINTHIA.

L. *Fop.* Ladies and gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To* Lov.] Loveless——that 's my wife; pr'ythee do me the favour to salute her: and do'st hear, [*Aside to him.*] if thou hast a mind to try thy fartune, to be revenged of me, I wont take it ill, stap my vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, sir, I am too fond of my own wife, to have the least inclination for yours.

[*All salute* Miss.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] I 'd give a thausand paund he would make love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, though his own wife has not. [*Viewing him.*] "He 's a very beastly fellow, in "my opinion."

Miss *Hoy.* [*Aside.*] What a power of fine men there are in this London. He that kissed me first is a goodly gentleman, I promise you. Sure those wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *with* Musicians, Dancers, *&c.*

Sir *Tun.* Come, come in, good people, come in; come, tune your fiddles, tune your fiddles. [*To the hautboys.*] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come, strike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's wedding day;
And therefore we keep holy-day,
And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my wench, i'faith: touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame rabbit.

Miss *Hoy.* [*Aside.*] I'cod I think my father's gotten drunk before supper.

Sir *Tun.* [*To* Lov. *and* Wor.] Gentlemen, your are welcome. [*Saluting* Aman. *and* Ber.] Ladies, by your leave. Ha——they bill like turtles: udsookers, they set my old blood a-fire; I shall cuckold somebody before morning.

L. *Fop.* [*To* Sir Tun.] Sir, you being master of the entertainment; will you desire the company to sit?

Sir *Tun.* Oons, sir——I 'm the happiest man on this side the Ganges.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old fellow. [*To Sir* Tun.] I said, sir, it would be convenient to ask the company to sit.

Sir *Tun.* Sit——" with all my heart: come, take " your places, ladies, take your places, gentlemen:" come, sit down, sit down; a pox of ceremony, " take " your places." [*They sit, and the Mask begins.*

" DIALOGUE *between* CUPID *and* HYMEN.

I.

" CUPID.

" *Thou bane to my empire, thou spring of contest,*
" *Thou source of all discord, thou period to rest;*
" *Instruct me what wretches in bondage can see,*
" *That the aim of their life is still pointed to thee.*

II.

" HYMEN.

" *Instruct me, thou little impertinent god,*
" *From whence all thy subjects have taken the mode,*
" *To grow fond of a change, to whatever it be,*
" *And I 'll tell thee why those would be bound, who are free.*

" CHORUS.

" *For change, we 're for change, to whatever it be,*
" *We are neither contented with freedom, nor thee.*
" *Constancy's an empty sound,*
" *Heaven, and earth, and all go round,*
" *All the works of nature move,*
" *And the joys of life and love*
" *Are in variety.*

III.

CUPID.

" *Were love the reward of a pains-taking life,*
" *Had a husband the art to be fond of his wife,*
" *Were virtue so plenty, a wife could afford,*
" *These very hard times, to be true to her lord,*

" *Some specious account might be given of those,*
" *Who are ty'd by the tail, to be led by the nose.*

IV.

" *But since 't is the fate of a man and his wife,*
" *To consume all their days in contention and strife:*
" *Since whate'er the bounty of Heaven may create her,*
" *He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her.*
" *I think 't were much wiser to ramble at large,*
" *And the vollies of love on the head to discharge.*

V.

HYMEN.

" *Some colour of reason thy counsel might bear,*
" *Could a man have no more than his wife to his share:*
" *Or were I a monarch so cruelly just,*
" *To oblige a poor wife to be true to her trust;*
" *But I have not pretended, for many years past,*
" *By marrying of people, to make 'em grow chaste.*

VI.

" *I therefore advise thee to let me go on,*
" *Thou 'lt find I 'm the strength and support of thy throne;*
" *For hadst thou but eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,*
" *How smoothly the dart*
" *Slips into the heart*
" *Of a woman that 's wed,*
" *Whilst the shivering maid*
" *Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.*

" CHORUS.

" *For change, &c.*"

The Mask ended. Enter Young FASHION, COUPLER, *and* Chaplain.

Sir *Tun.* So, "very fine, very fine; i'faith, this "is something like a wedding." Now, if supper were but ready, I'd say a short grace; and if I had such a bed-fellow as Hoyden to night—I'd say as short prayers——[*Seeing Y.* Fash.] How now, what have we got here? A ghost! Nay, it must be so; for his flesh and blood could never have dared to appear before me —[*To him.*] Ah, rogue!

L. *Fop.* Stap my vitals, Tam again!

Sir *Tun.* My lord, will you cut his throat, or shall I?

L. *Fop.* Thou art the impudentest fellow that nature has yet spawned into the warld, strike me speechless.

Y. *Fash.* Why, you know my modesty would have starved me; I sent it a begging to you, and you would not give it a groat.

L. *Fop.* And dost thou expect, by an excess of assurance, to extart a maintenance fram me?

Y. *Fash.* [*Taking* Miss *by the hand.*] I do intend to extort your mistress from you, and that, I hope, will prove one.

L. *Fop.* I ever thaught Newgate or Bedlam would be his fartune, and naw his fate's decided. Pr'ythee, Loveless, dost knaw of ever a mad doctar hard by?

Y. *Fash.* There's one at your elbow will cure you presently.—[*To* Bull.] Pr'ythee, doctor, take him in hand quickly.

L. *Fop.* Shall I beg the favour of you, sir, to pull your fingers out of my wife's hand?

Y. *Fash.* His wife? Look you there. Now I hope you are all satisfied he 's mad.

L. *Fop.* Naw it is impassible far me to penetrate what species of fally it is thou art driving at.

Sir *Tun.* Here, here, here, let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

L. *Fop.* No, pray, sir, hold; we 'll destray him presently, according to law.

Y. *Fash.* [*To* Bull.] Nay, then, advance, Doctor ——Come, you are a man of conscience; answer boldly to the questions I shall ask. Did not you marry me to this young lady, before ever that gentleman there saw her face?

Chap. Since the truth must out, I did.

Y. *Fash.* Nurse, sweet nurse, were not you a witness to it?

Nurse. Since my conscience bids me speak—I was.

Y. *Fash.* [*To* Miss.] Madam, am not I your lawful husband?

Miss *Hoy.* Truly, I can't tell, but you married me first.

Y. *Fash.* Now, I hope you are all satisfied.

Sir *Tun.* [*Offering to strike him, is held by* Lov. *and* Wor.] 'Oons and thunder, you lie!

L. *Fop.* Pray, sir, be calm—the battle is in disarder; but requires more conduct than courage to rally our forces. Pray, doctar, one word with you.—[*To* Bull, *aside.*] Look you, sir, " though I will not

" presume to calculate your notions of damnation, " fram the description you give us of hell; yet, since " there is a passibility you may have a pitchfork " thrust into your backside," methinks it should not be worth your while to risque your saul in the next world, for the sake of a beggarly yaunger brother, who is nat able to make your bady happy in this.

Chap. Alas, my lord, I have no worldly ends! I speak the truth, Heaven knows———

" L. *Fop.* Nay, pr'ythee, never engage Heaven in " the matter; far, by all I can see, 't is like to prove " a business for the devil."

Y. *Fash.* Come, pray, sir, all above-board; no corrupting of evidences, if you please: this young lady is my lawful wife, and I'll justify it in all the courts in England. So, your lordship (who had always a passion for variety) may go seek a new mistress if you think fit.

L. *Fop.* I am struck dumb with his impudence, and cannot passitively tell whether ever I shall speak again or not.

Sir *Tun.* Then let me come and examine the business a little; I'll jirk the truth out of them presently.—Here, give me my dog-whip.

Y. *Fash.* Look you, old gentleman, 't is in vain to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some friends within call, have swords by their sides above four feet long; therefore, be calm, hear the evidence patiently, and when the jury have given their verdict, pass sentence according to law. Here 's honest Coup-

ler shall be foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether the nurse persists in her evidence? The parson, I dare swear, will never flinch from his.

Nurse. [*To* Sir Tun. *kneeling.*] I hope in heaven your worship will pardon me: I have served you long and faithfully; but in this thing I was over-reached. Your worship, however, was deceived as well as I; and if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you had put madam to bed with him with your own hands.

Sir *Tun.* But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me.

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung, and twined about me, like ivy to an old wall, you would say, I, who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nursed it both wet and dry, must have had a heart of adamant to refuse it.

Sir *Tun.* Very well.

Y. *Fash.* Foreman, I expect your verdict.

Coup. Ladies and gentlemen, what 's your opinions?

All. A clear case, a clear case.

Coup. Then, my young folks, I wish you joy.

Sir *Tun.* [*To* Y. Fash.] Come hither, stripling—if it be true, then, that thou hast married my daughter, pry'thee, tell me who thou art.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer there.

Sir *Tun.* Art thou brother to that noble peer?—Why

then, that noble peer, and thee, and thy wife, and the nurse, and the priest—may all go and be damn'd together. [*Exit* Sir Tun.

L. *Fop.* [*Aside.*] Naw, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do, with an aching heart, is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosaphical air is the most becoming thing in the warld to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affrant.—[*To* Y. Fash.] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen aut, pry'thee, give me leave to wish thee jay; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb. You have married a woman, beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, canstant in her inclinations, and of a nice marality, split my windpipe.

Y. *Fash.* Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this lady, and two thousand pounds a year. ——[*Taking* Miss.] Come, madam:

We once again, you see, are man and wife;
And now perhaps, the bargains struck for life:
If I mistake, and we should part again,
At least, you see, you may have choice of men:
Nay, should the war at length such havock make,
That lovers should grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind heaven always will preserve a beau—
Pointing to Lord Fop.] You'll find his lordship ready to come to.

L. *Fop.* Her ladyship shall stap my vitals if I do.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord FOPPINGTON.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THESE people have regal'd you here to-day
(In my opinion) with a saucy play;
In which the author does presume to show,
That coxcomb, ab origine—*was beau.*
Truly, I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp chastisement be n't his fate,
Gad's curse it may, in time, destroy the state.
I hold no one its friend, I must confess,
Who would discauntenance you men of dress.
Far, give me leave t' observe, good clothes are things
Have ever been of great support to kings.
All treasons come from slovens; it is nat
Within the reach of gentle beaux to plat;
They have no gall, no spleen, no teeth, no stings;
Of all Gad's creatures the most harmless things.
Through all record no prince was ever slain
By one who had a feather in his brain.
They 're men of too refin'd an education,
To squabble with a court—for a vile dirty nation.
I 'm very pasitive you never saw
A th'ro' republican a finish'd beau.
Nor, truly, shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better dress'd than he.

In shart through all the courts that I have been in,
Your men of mischief—still are in foul linen.
Did ever yet one dance the Tyburn jig,
With a free air, or a well pawder'd wig?
Did ever highwayman yet bid you stand,
With a sweet bawdy snuff-box in his hand?
Or do you ever find they ask your purse,
As men of breeding do?——Ladies, Gad's curse,
This author is a dag, and 't is not fit
You should allow him e'en one grain of wit;
To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is——he may be damn'd.

EURYDICE.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY MR. DAVID MALLET.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of

GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND,

MDCCXCV.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

MONTROSE.

MY LORD,

I beg leave to shelter the following Tragedy under your patronage; a small, but sincere return of gratitude for the many obligations I have to your Grace, and in particular, for the generous concern with which you espoused and supported the interest of this performance; and to which I am greatly indebted for its reputation and success.

Permit me to add, in justice to your Grace (and I do it with equal pride and pleasure) that I received this indulgence, without being obliged to pay for it that adulation and baseness of heart, which is sometimes exacted by the vulgar great; but is more frequently the voluntary, ill-judged offering, of mean and venial writers. I am, with the truest zeal and attachment,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged

And most faithful servant,

D. MALLET.

Nov. 1731.

PROLOGUE.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq.

IN youth when modesty and merit meet,
How rare the union, and the force how sweet!
Though at small praise our humble author aims,
His friend may give him what his blush disclaims.
Ladies, to you he makes his chief address;
Form'd to be pray'd to, and even born to bless;
He feels your power himself, and makes it felt;
His scenes will teach each stubborn heart to melt;
And each fair eye that now shines softly here,
Anon shall shine still softer through a tear.

Let not constraint your gen'rous sighs repress,
Nor veil compassion, nor repel distress.
Your sex's strength is in such weakness found,
And sighs and tears but help your charms to wound.

Of all the wonders taught us by the fair,
'Tis strangest, tragedy should lose their care!
Where Love, soft tyrant, in full glory reigns,
And sovereign beauty holds the world in chains.
Less polish'd, and more bold, the comic muse
Unkings your Cupid, or obstructs his views;
Upholds presuming wit's familiar claim,
And blots out awe from love's diminish'd flame:

Finds or makes faults, and sets them strong in sight,
And dares draw woman false, or vain, or light.
While tragedy, your servant try'd and true,
Still to your fame devoted, and to you;
Enslav'd to love, subdu'd ambition brings,
Firms beauty's power, and crowns it king of kings.

Let wish'd attention grace our scene to-night,
And mourn'd afflictions move refin'd delight.
Each tender light of life we recommend,
Wife, husband, subject, parent, son, and friend;
All your impassion'd int'rests shall engage,
And hopes, and fears, and pity fire the stage.

Then, when soft sorrow swells the fair-one's breast,
And sad impressions mix with nightly rest,
Pleasing remembrance shall our scene supply,
And the sweet saddening influence never die.

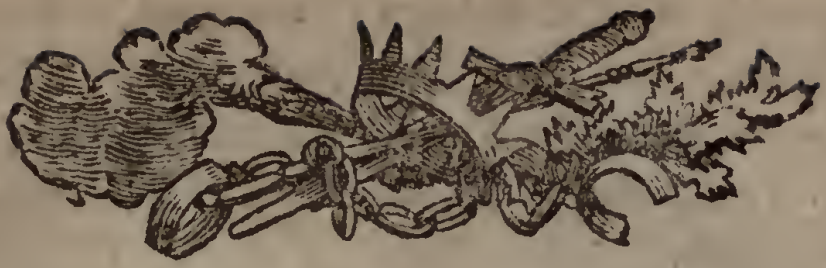
Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
PROCLES, Tyrant of Epidaurus, in possession of the Crown of Corinth.	Mr. Clarke.
MEDON, his Favourite, -	Mr. Packer.
LEONIDAS, a Nobleman, secretly in the Queen's interest, - -	Mr. Davies.
PERIANDER, King of Corinth,	Mr. Garrick.
POLYDORE, his son, - -	Mr. Holland.
ARISTON, - -	Mr. Burton.
	Women.
EURYDICE, Queen of Corinth,	Mrs. Cibber.
MELISSA, her Confidante, -	Miss Haughton.

Officers, Guards, Attendants.

Scene, Corinth.



EURYDICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EURYDICE *and* MELISSA.

Eurydice. [*Thunder.*

YE heavenly Powers!
What means this dreadful war of sea and sky?
Mel. Dreadful, indeed! It rose not by degrees,
But all at once, a tempest wild and loud.
Eur. Hear, from the wint'ry north, how keen it howls
Through these lone towers, that rock with every blast;
Each moment threatening ruin on our heads!
But see——stand here, and cast thy eyes below,
O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky,
See what confusion fills the raving deep!
What mountain-waves arise!——'T is terrible,
And suiting to the horrors of my fate,
The deep despair that desolates my soul.
Mel. Ha! look, behold, due west, where yonder rocks,
O'er-hang the beating tides——Oh, sight of woe!

Four goodly ships, abandon'd to the storm,
Drive blindly with the billows, their drench'd sails
Stripp'd off, and whirl'd before the rending wind.

Eur. Assist them, all good Powers! The storm is high,
And the flood perilous.
Look, now they climb a fearful steep, and hang
On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.
Save me! it bursts, and headlong down they reel
Into the yawning gulph. They cannot 'scape.—
A sea rolls o'er the foremost.

Mel. Ah! she stikes
On yonder wave-worn cliff. The fatal shock
Has doubtless shiver'd her strong side. She sinks
So swiftly down, that scarce the straining eye
Can trace her tallest mast. Where is she now?
Hid in the wild abyss, with all her crew,
All lost for ever!

Eur. Turn we from the sight,
Too dismal for a woman's eye to bear.
Ill-fated men! whom, knowing not, I mourn;
Whence, or what may they be? Even now, perhaps,
In some far distant land a faithful wife,
Or tender parent, offers vows to Heaven
For their return, and fondly numbers up
The ling'ring months of absence. Fruitless love!
They never more shall meet!——By my own ills
Severely taught, I pity them: yet think
Their fate, all full of horror as it seems,
Is rather to be envy'd. They are now

Beyond the hand of fate, at rest for ever;
While I, Melissa———

Mel. Ah, Eurydice,
My royal mistress, rather think the gods
Would teach you, by this sight of mournful ruin,
Patience and gentler thought. When others too
Are miserable, not to know the worst
Is some degree of bliss.

Eur. Melissa, no.
I tell thee, no ill fate, no face of death
Can be so dreadful as a life like mine.
Call back to thy remembrance what I've been:
How happy in a husband, and a son
The rising boast of Greece! Behold me now
Cast down to lowest infamy; the slave,
The sport of a foul tyrant, who betray'd me,
And would destroy my honour. Gracious Heaven!
And shall this bold offender, who has broke
All bonds of holy faith, yet bids his soul
Rejoice and take her ease; shall he long triumph
Here on the throne of Corinth, while its lord,
The great, unhappy Periander, roams
An unknown fugitive?

Mel. These tears, my queen,
These faithful tears, which sympathising sorrow
Draws from my eyes, speak the sad share I take
In all your mighty ills.

Eur. Say, now, Melissa,
Is there among the daughters of affliction,
One so forlorn as poor Eurydice?

A prisoner here, subjected to the power
Of impious Procles, daily doom'd to hear,
Oh, deadly insult! his detested love.
What ill can equal this? Why did I trust
The brutal tyrant?

Mel. See, his minion's here.

Enter MEDON.

Med. Hail, beauteous queen! By me, the royal Procles
With lowly service bends him to your charms;
Bids smiling health, and gentle peace of mind
Light up your morn, and make your evening fair.
This, with the tenderest vows——

Eur. Canst thou inform me
Of those unhappy men, whom I but now
Saw perish on this coast?

Med. Not who they are;
But what their fate, these eyes with dread beheld.
The king too, from the morning chace return'd,
At this sad sight, spurr'd on with all his train,
To save, if possible, whom the wild sea
Casts forth upon the land. But first his love,
That counts each moment's absence from your eyes
An age of ling'ring torment, bade me ny
With health and greeting to the matchless fair,
Who holds his soul enslav'd.

Eur. Then bear him back,
From her whom he has wrong'd, betray'd, and ruin'd,
Horror and loathing, unrelenting scorn,
And all a woman's hate, in just return

For his detested love. The tyrant coward!
To crush the fallen and helpless, to embitter
The pangs, the miseries himself has caus'd,
With gall of mockery!

Med. Your pardon, madam;
If I, the humblest of your slaves, presume
To place before your eyes in faithful prospect,
That mournful period, full of dread and danger,
Which late you saw. Behold then your false subjects,
Wantonly mad, and spurning every tie
Of sworn obedience, mix'd in one bold treason,
Threat'ning and universal: your lost husband
Absent, involv'd in unsuccessful war;
His troops averse and mutinous. From them
Bold faction with contagious swiftness spread
To Corinth too, where the wild herd arous'd
Insulted you, and drove you to this fortress.
Say, where was then your hope, when meagre famine
Join'd his devouring ravage, and your eyes
Saw daily, hourly perish, those poor few
Whose faith had kept them yours?

Eur. Oh, would to Heaven,
I then had perish'd too!

Med. Such was you state,
Lost even to hope, when generous Procles flew
Impatient to your aid, dispers'd and quell'd
The general treason. May I dare to urge
These services! But what are these? his throne,
His heart is yours; he lays them at your feet;
He bids you reign in both.

Eur. Thou base of heart!
To slaves like thee, who flatter and inflame
Their prince's crimes, are owing half the plagues
That curse mankind. Has not thy cruel master,
Whose guilt this shameful praise of thine brings home
On thy own soul, say, has he not usurp'd,
With perfidy avow'd, the very crown
He swore to save? And I too——thy bold insult
Shews I indeed am wretched. But, away;
'T is base to parle with thee, the sycophant
Who leads him on from guilt to guilt, and swears
He grows a god by sinning. [*Exit* Medon.

Mel. Ah, my queen!
My heart forebodes some fatal consequence
Will grow of this.

Eur. Why, let it come, Melissa.
I merit all that fortune can inflict,
For trusting this betrayer, this curs'd Procles.

Mel. Alas! what could you do?

Eur. I should have dy'd.
He was the known and mortal foe of Corinth.

Mel. Yet his fair-seeming might have won belief
From doubting age, or wary policy.
By frequent, urgent message, he conjur'd you
To save yourself. With open honour own'd
His ancient enmity; but, by each power,
Celestial and infernal, swore 't was past:
Nay, more, that as a king and as a man,
Just indignation at your impious subjects,
And pity of your fate had touch'd his heart.

Eur. But Fame had spoke him faithless, bold, ambitious.
No, 't was the coward woman in my soul,
Th' inglorious fear of dying, that betray'd
My virtue into the deceiver's power.
For this my heart, each conscious hour upbraids me,
As faithless to my trust, weak, and unworthy
Even of the base, precarious life I hold.
For this, Oh, crown of misery! I 'm doom'd,
Daily to hear the tyrant's impious passion,
His horrid vows and oaths.

Mel. That way, indeed,
I dread to turn my thoughts. A soul so brutal,
And flown with nightly insolence and wine,
What may he not attempt?

" *Eur.* Oh, curse, to know
" That I am in his power, and yet compell'd
" To suffer hated life!——for can I die
" Unheard, unjustify'd, while yet perhaps
" Th' unhappy Periander thinks too hardly
" Of my late error?——King of gods and men!
" Whose universal eye beholds each thought
" Most secret in the soul, give me to clear
" My faith to him; I ask of Heaven no more
" For my past miseries.

" *Mel.* What shouts are these? [*Looking out.*
" Ah, me! th' inhuman triumph of the croud,
" The hard-soul'd many, who have watch'd the storm,
" For driving wrecks, the spoils of perish'd wretches.

" *Eur.* Unfeeling beasts of prey!—Methinks the storm
" Is almost overblown. The waves subside,
" And fall their fiercer roarings. But, alas,
" Of all the four not one remaining sail
" Is to be seen around."

Mel. Either my eyes
Deceive me, or the good Leonidas
Bends hitherwards his steps, and on his brow
Sits some afflicting thought.

Eur. Ha! whence is this;
What mean these secret shiverings, this dark horror
Of some approaching ill?

Enter LEONIDAS.

Leon. Forgive me, madam,
That I appear before you to impart
A mournful message; but by Procles' order———

Eur. Whate'er proceeds from him, Leonidas,
Must needs be fatal to me. But say on.
No form of ruin is so dreadful now,
As being in his power.

Leon. Unhappy queen!
Your fate might melt the hardest breast, and teach
Even Cruelty's remorseless eye to weep.
How shall I speak the rest?

Eur. Leonidas,
What is this fatal tale, too sad for utterance?
Alas! why dost thou weep, why turn thy eyes
Severe on Heaven?

Leon. This ruinous storm,
Whose sudden outrage———

Eur. Ha! what ships were these,
Say, speak, that sunk but now before our eyes,
In sight of shore?

Leon. The very fleet design'd
To rescue you; to free repenting Corinth
From this betrayer, this detested Procles.
The king was there embark'd.

Eur. Then all is lost!

Mel. Ah, Heaven! she faints.

Leon. Behold, ye gods! this sight.
Remember the curs'd author of this ruin.——
My eyes, my soul's in tears to see her thus.

Eur. Oh, Periander, my much-injur'd lord!
Would I had dy'd for thee!——Ah, gentle maid!
Was it then he, my husband, whom these eyes
Saw perish in the storm; whose fate I wept,
Nor knew that all the cruel wreck was mine?

Mel. Unhappy day!

" *Eur.* Undone Eurydice!
" But I will die———I should have dy'd before,
" When my mean cowardice, my dread of death,
" Betray'd me to false Procles. I had then
" Dy'd innocent; I had not then deserv'd
" A ruin'd husband's curse. Oh, thought of horror!
" Perhaps his latest breath, even in the hour
" Of dreadful fate, charg'd me with all his wrongs,
" His life and honour lost, perhaps expir'd
" In imprecations on me.

" *Mel.* Oh, for pity,
" Forbear these fatal thoughts! they but inflame
" The rage of real ills, and wound you deeper."
Leon. Would tears, my gracious mistress, aught avail us,
Methinks these aged eyes could number drops
With falling clouds, or the perpetual stream.
But while we mourn our enemy rejoices,
And sounds his cruel triumph loud to Heaven.
If I have bow'd me to his impious will,
Though with that strong abhorrence nature feels
At what she holds most mortal: 't was to turn
Against the traitor his own treacherous arts,
And ruin him more surely. This may be.
Sad Corinth looks with horror on the hand
That scourges her each hour with whips of scorpions.
She waits but some fair chance, at once to rise
And drive him from her throne. [*A flourish.*
Mel. These trumpets speak
His near approach.
Eur. Father of human kind,
Eternal Justice, hear these guilty sounds,
Behold this tyrant's revel—while a king,
Thy great resemblance, floats a cold pale corse,
Or on the naked beach cast vilely out,
Unknown, unhonour'd lies!——Leonidas,
By all my griefs, I beg thee, search these shores,
Each cliff and cavern where the wild wave beats,
For my lov'd lord, and to these widow'd arms
Give back his dear remains. " But Procles comes."
[*Exeunt* Eur. *and* Mel.

Enter PROCLES, MEDON, *and* Attendants.

Proc. Hail, glorious day! auspicious fortune, hail!
From this triumphant hour my future life
Runs fair and smiling on. The bold attempt,
Laid dark and deep by my most dreaded foe,
Is perish'd with its author. From on high
Heaven arm'd his winds and seas to fight for me;
And victory is mine without my care,
Almost without my knowledge. Yes, the gods,
The gods themselves espouse my happy cause!
For this, let flowery garlands wreath their shrines;
Let hecatombs before their altars bleed,
And triumph reign through Corinth.

[Attendants *withdraw.*

Is the queen
Inform'd of all, Leonidas?

Leon. She is.

Proc. And she receiv'd the news——

Leon. With sad surpise,
And many tears, my lord.

Proc. Just the fond sex.
Such their vain grief; a moment's passing storm,
Then all is calm. Be it thy farther care,
As the receding flood forsakes the shore,
To make strict search through all this coast around
For Periander's corpse. I would, methinks,
A while indulge my eyes, a while peruse
The features of a rival once so fam'd,
So terrible in arms; whose partial fortune

Soar'd high above, and ever thwarted mine
In all the dearer aims that swell my thought,
Love and ambition.

Leon. Mark this, righteous Heaven! [*Aside. Exit.*

Med. At length, sir, all the gods declare for you,
And fortune is your own. Your native realm,
Fair Epidaurus, peaceful and resign'd,
Acknowledges her lord. Your rival's fate
Confirms his kingdom yours.

Proc. Yet I am still
Unbless'd amid this flow of prosp'rous fortune.
Not all the charms ambition's shoreless wish.
Empire and kneeling homage, can bestow
The better joy I long for.

Med. Ah, my prince!
Forget, or scorn that proud ill-natur'd fair-one!

Proc. Impossible. By Heaven my soul can form
No wish, no thought but her. I tell thee, Medon,
With blushes tell thee, this proud charmer reigns
Unbounded o'er my reason. I have try'd
Each chape, each art of varied love, to win her;
" Alternate prayers and threats, the soothing skill
" Of passionate sincerity, the fire
" Of rapturous vows; but all these arts were vain:
" Her rooted hate is not to be remov'd."
And 't was my soul's first aim, the towering point
Of all my wishes, to prevail in this,
To triumph o'er my rival too in love.
That had been great revenge! but baffled here,
I 'm disappointed still.

Med. Believe me, sir,
When once the fit of wilfulness is o'er,
The burst of tears discharg'd, she 'll quickly soften,
Stoop to your wishes, and forget a husband
Who is no more.

Proc. Perdition on his name!
I dread his memory as my rival still.
But if I have not won her to be mine,
At least the hated husband reap'd no joy
From her fantastic honour. Stung to madness,
For ill-requited love, I darkly spread
Surmises of her truth. He thought her false;
And, as he doated on her, the dire tale
Was poison to his quiet. Jealousy,
In all its horrors, must have seiz'd his soul.
I triumph'd there!

Med. 'T was exquisite revenge.
I too, my lord, who live but for your pleasure,
Your ever-faithful slave, I too combin'd
To aid your vengeance. You can still remember,
When in a dungeon's depth Ariston lay,
Ariston, Periander's factious friend.
With looks of seeming pity, I oft mourn'd
His hard imprisonment, complain'd of you,
Nay, curs'd your cruelty, 'till I had brought
His unsuspecting honesty to credit
My fiction of the queen. I told him then,
With well-dissembled hatred of her crime,
Embittering every circumstance, that she,
Forgetful of her better fame, had heard

Your secret passion, and with equal ardour
Return'd its warmth. Nay, that she often urg'd yo
To wreak your rage on him the hated friend
Of Periander. Having thus alarm'd him,
After a long pause, I let him 'scape at last,
To find his master out.

Proc. I thank thee, Medon.
But this avails not much. My soul burns in me.
With furious longings to subdue that woman;
To bend her pride of virtue to my passion.
I fancy in her arms transcendant joys,
A heaven of higher bliss, not to be found
In unresisting beauty, woo'd and won
At idle leisure. Yet once more I mean
To try the fortune of my wishes with her;
And if I am repuls'd, away, at once,
All little arts of love.

Med. Mean while, the banquet,
Which pleasure's curious hand hath furnish'd out
With splendid choice, awaits you, and invites
To laughing thought and triumph. There the god,
Th' inspiring god of wine, with rose-buds crown'd,
Mirth in his look, and at his side the band
Of little playful loves, fills high the bowl,
And bids it flow unbounded. Music too
Joins her enchanting voice, and wooes the soul
With all her powerful skill of moving strains,
Till the gay hour is quite dissolv'd in bliss,
In ecstacy of revel, all unknown
To lean-look'd Temperance, and his peevish train.

Proc. Come on then, Medon. Life is vainly short,
A very dream of being: and when death
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,
Beyond is all oblivion, and waste night,
That knows no following dawn; where we shall be
As we had never been. The present then
Is only ours: and shall we let it pass,
Untasted, unenjoy'd? No, let us on.
Hail we the rising shade! and now, while night
Leads on the secret hour of free delight,
With wanton gaiety, in naked state,
Let music, mirth, and love around us wait. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A rocky Coast, terminated by a View of the Ocean. Enter PERIANDER.

Periander.

" By the pale glimmering of the falling moon,
" Amid the broken windings of these rocks
" I wander on forlorn, and find no place
" To trust my head, or rest my weary steps.
" Horror pursues me close. In each low blast,
" And murmur of the main, methinks I hear
" The murderous spies of Procles at my heels.
" Thou mournful queen of Heaven! and you, dread gods,
" Who rule the fearful secresy of night,

" Behold me here, the sport of human chance,
" A nameless wretch, a ruin hardly sav'd
" From the devouring deep. There my last hopes,
" My great revenge, lies buried. Is there more?
" Away, away! a traitor fills my throne,
" Triumphant in his crimes; and I, the while,
" Roam here a midnight fugitive. Yet this,
" All this I could have borne. He was my foe,
" The jealous rival of my power——But thou,
" In whom my soul had treasur'd up her heaven,
" Friendship, and faith, and love, Eurydice!
" Thou to betray me!

" [*Letting himself fall against the Rock.*

" Ha! by the moon's sad beam, I can descry
" The towers that hold this author of my shame.
" Nay, Procles too, perhaps——and may not he,
" Even now——confusion! death! he may he does
" Invade my bed!——Oh, hell! she smiles to hear
" The story of my fate!——And now they give
" A loose to impious joys. All-seeing Powers!
" And does your vengeance slumber? Are your bolts
" Reserv'd for me alone?—Ha!—yet 't is just.
" Conscience, that in the day of fortune's favour
" Securely slept, now rouzes into strong
" And dread conviction of her crime. I broke
" The sacred oath sworn to a dying father,
" To free my country from her chains. My soul
" Shakes as I roll this thought. Oh, Providence,
" Awfully just, though guilt may shut her eye,
" Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish!"

Enter LEONIDAS.

Leon. This way a distant sound alarm'd my ear;
Broken it seem'd to be; the voice of mourning
And deep distress. Methought it rose just here,
From these deaf-sounding cliffs. But all is still,
Save the hoarse deep yet working from the storm.
Some power direct my steps where I may find,
By this faint moon-light, my lov'd master's corpse,
To save his sacred reliques from the rage
Of brutish tyranny——Ha! what art thou?
A man, or fear-form'd shadow of the night?

Per. Leonidas!

Leon. The same. But speak again.

Per. Leonidas!

Leon. Ha! can it be, ye Powers,
My royal lord?

Per. [*Coming forward.*] A wretch that has no name.

Leon. Oh, all ye gods! may I believe my senses?
'T is he! my Prince!—Just Heaven, to thee I kneel,
And thus adore thy gracious providence:
" 'T is most amazing!"

Per. Rise, Leonidas.
I am beneath thy care. Thou seest me here
The last of men, cast off by all good powers;
Sav'd from the deep to be more lost on shore.

Leon. My king and master, though my heart bleeds in me,
With all your mighty ills, I must again
Bless that good Heaven whose providence has sav'd you.

'T is great! 't is wondrous all! But how, oh, how
Have you escap'd the tyrant's jealous search?
His guards with strict survey rang'd every cliff
And hollow of these rocks.

Per. I 'll tell thee then.
We were in sight of Corinth, when at once
Broad darkness hid the sky; at once the winds
Roar'd with mad bluster o'er us, and the sea
In rolling mountains rose. A storm so fierce,
So big with ruin, baffled our best skill.
Despair struck every heart. The ship ran round
In giddy whirls, and bulg'd on some hid rock.
Oh, dismal moment! still methinks I hear
The general dying scream of multitudes,
Just drowning in th' abyss. How poor a thing
Is a king then, Leonidas!——I grasp'd
A floating wreck, the big sea roaring round me,
And bursting o'er my head: "but bury'd deep
"Beneath the whelming tide," at once I lost
The light of heaven and life. A wave, it seems,
Lodg'd me within a cavern's secret depth,
Near yon tall mountain.

Leon. Miracle of fate!
Sure God's immediate hand conducted it,
Severely merciful——How shall I tell
What pangs, what agonies of soul I felt
At sight of your sad wreck?——But, sir, the Prince,
What of his fate?

Per. I know not what to think:
But to be mine, it seems, is to be wretched.

Half of my fleet, yet riding in the port,
I left to his command, but with strict charge
To sail a few hours after. " 'T were in vain
" To tell thee now the reason of my order."
This storm, I fear, may have surpris'd him too;
Unhappy boy!

Leon. Your own escape, my lord,
So full of wonder, and beyond all hope,
Inclines me to strong faith, that Heaven is still
Concern'd for your affairs. But to behold " you
" So late the first and happiest of mankind,
" Alone and wandering here at this dead hour;"
No roof but heaven's high cope to shelter you;
No couch but this unhospitable earth,
To rest your brine drench'd limbs—it kills my heart.
Curse on the tyrant!

Per. Pr'ythee think me not
So poorly soul'd to stoop beneath the pressure
Of Fortune's hand. That were to merit it.
But there is still behind——Oh, death to honour!
One crushing blow, that lays me low indeed!
That sinks me in the dust!

Leon. What do I hear?
Your words amaze me!

Per. How, Leonidas!
Surely thou art no stranger to my thought.
Procles—Eurydice—Wilt thou not speak,
To save my shame? Say, tell me what thou know'st
Of that bad woman.

Leon. With such watchful care

The tyrant's trusted spies observe her steps,
That, till this fatal evening, when, by order
Of Procles, I inform'd her of your death,
I have not seen her once.

Per. Just what I fear'd.
That guilty secrecy was well contriv'd,
To cover crimes too foul for honest eyes,
And heaven's fair light to see. None, none but Procles
Could gain admittance; and to him my gates,
My fortress, nay, my bed itself was open!

Leon. Oh, wrong her not, my lord! Had you but seen
With what convulsive pangs of heart-felt anguish,
What bleeding agonies, she heard the tale
Of your imagin'd death, your soul would melt,
In pity of her woes. This Procles too,
Call'd down each power of heaven to witness for him,
He meant her fair. Hers was the common cause
Of kings, he said, whose place and honour bound them
To scourge rebellion, in whatever shape,
Wherever found. And then what was her state?
Death, in his ghastliest form, devouring famine,
Hung instant o'er her head. Oh, think of this,
And add not to her wrongs!

Per. Ha! wrong her, say'st thou?
Answer me: has she not entail'd disgrace,
And vileness on my name? Has she not made me
The laughter of my foe, the scoff of Procles?
Oh, curse! is there in all the wrath of heaven
A plague, a ruin, like that infamy!

" Wrong her—I am too well inform'd of all:
" Too certain of the blushful stain that cleaves
" To me and mine for ever."
Leon. Ah, my lord,
By all good powers, by your eternal quiet,
I beg you hear me———
Per. I have heard too much,
Too much, just gods! to hope for quiet more.
Those fates inexorable, that pursue
My life with utmost rigor, would not spare me
The knowledge of my shame. From my best friend
Blushing I learn it—But hast thou e'er felt
That heart of anguish stabb'd by murderous fears,
And shuddering with ten thousand mortal thoughts!
That tempest of the soul that knows no calm;
Tossing from love to hate, from doubt to rage,
To raving agony!
Lam. Alas! my lord,
Trust me, I weep to hear so sad a tale.
Per. I'll tell thee all! for, oh! my soul is full,
And must have vent. " My aking memory,
" Still fruitful to my torture, brings again
" Those days, those months of horror I have known.
" Abandon'd to distraction, I renounc'd
" The commerce of mankind. I sought to vent
" My ravings in the wildness of the woods;
" To hide my shame in their profoundest night.
" The morn still brought it back: the midnight shade
" Could not conceal it. Her lone echoes groan'd
" Unceasing with my pangs; and her sad ghosts,

" Forbid to rest even in the grave, in me
" Beheld a soul more lost, more curst than they."
" *Leon.* Oh, sir, no more——
" *Per.*" When I call'd back past time,
Life's vernal season, the soft hours of peace
And unsuspecting love; our growing joys
In rearing one lov'd son; that heaven of bliss
Which princes seldom find, and was all ours,
My soul dy'd in me. " Solitary, wild,
" I wept, I groan'd, in bitterness of heart.
" But when curst Procles flash'd on my remembrance,
" My known, my deadly foe—that he of all
" That he had made her vile! 't was then, 't is now
" Rage, fury, madness."—You at last arous'd it
To thoughts of vengeance. With all speed I sail'd,
Feeding my frenzy with the gloomy joy
Of stabbing the betrayer in her arms;
Of plunging both to hell—but this curst storm!
These treacherous waves!

Leon. Ye gods, what have I heard!
Alas, alas! all waves, all storms, are calms
To jealousy. Oh, my lov'd lord, beware
Of that destroyer, that self-torturing fiend,
Who loves his pain, and feeds the cruel cares
That prey upon his life; whose frantic eye
Is ever open, ever prying round
For what he dreads to find. " By all most dear
" And inward to my soul, I think the queen
" As pure as Truth herself." This is, by heaven,
Some dark-laid treachery, the crime of Procles.

Per. Of Procles, say'st thou?

Leon. Oh, you know him not.
Lust and ambition are not all his guilt.
But now 's no time, my lord,
For farther talk. I tremble for your life.
This place is hostile ground; and danger here
May find us out, though shrouded round with night.
Hence let us fly, where I may lodge you safe
In some obscure retreat; till pitying heaven
Unravel this perplexity of ills,
And point us what to do.

Per. Thou good old man!
By heaven, thy matchless honesty and truth
Half reconcile me to disgrace and ruin.
Yet blushing let me tell thee all my folly——
Might I but see Eurydice.—Nay, start not:
I know 't is base. I know she is beneath
My coldest scorn. I hate and curse this weakness.
Yet let me see her—If she still has kept
Her faith inviolate; fallen as I am,
My ruin will be light. If otherwise,
To know the worst will be soft soothing ease
To this hot hell of doubt.

Leon. I wish you, sir,
To weigh the certain peril that attends
This rash adventure. Should, which Heaven avert,
Should Procles' guards discover you, oh, think
What must ensue! Think, in your fate, the queen
And prince both ruin'd!

Per. But my genius prompts.

Fate calls, and I must on. No face of danger
Can be so dreadful as the vulture-thoughts
That gnaw my heart-strings. But we both are safe.
The moon withdraws her light; and who will dream
Of finding Periander in this russet?
This, when the storm grew big, I threw around me;
In hopes my vulgar fate, if then I perish'd,
Might ever rest unknown; and Procles still
Sit trembling on his throne—But hark, what sounds?

Leon. The tyrant thus dishonours fortune's favour
By this mean pomp and triumph—Yet, 'tis well.
Now riot rules the hour, and watchful order
Resigns his post to dissolute security.
We now may pass unquestion'd. Come, my lord,
This way our path lies. May some friendly god
Walk with us, and throw tenfold darkness round.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EURYDICE, *alone.*

Eur. Oh, night of ruin, horror, and despair!
Walks there beneath thy universal shade
A wretch like me undone? All-ruling gods!
Why have I liv'd to this? Why was my crime
Visited on the guiltless head? on him
For whom my soul would have met death with joy?
Where shall I turn my eyes? What hope remains
To misery like mine? Oh! I am lost
Beyond the hand of Heaven to save me now.
Leonidas returns not——

Enter MELISSA.

Mel. Gracious gods,
Defend my royal mistress! As I watch'd
Without for good Leonidas, this moment
I saw the tyrant cross the lower court,
Preceded by his minion: as new risen
From the mad midnight's feast; his wanton robe
Loose-flowing from behind, and on his head
A festal wreath of roses—Ah! he 's here.

Enter PROCLES *and* MEDON.

Proc. Hail, young ey'd god of wine! parent of joys!
Frolic, and full of thee (while the cold sons
Of temperance, the fools of thought, and care,
Lie stretch'd in sober slumbers) we, the few
Of purer flame, exalt each living hour
With pleasures ever new.——Eurydice!
Thou queen of souls! thou rapture of my vows!
What means this pensive mood? Oh, quench not thus
In fruitless tears those eyes, that wont to smile
With all love's sweetness, all his dewy beams,
Diffusing life around thee.

Eur. Hence, thou tyrant,
And leave me to my sorrows. Ills like mine
Would draw remorse and reverence from the savage,
Who howls with midnight wolves amid the desart
In quest of horrid prey. What then art thou?
Whose brutal rage adds bitterness to woe,
And anguish to the breaking heart?

" *Proc.* 'T is well.
" Yes have a care: my temper but ill brooks
" Upbraiding now. Be wise, and timely seize
" The minute of good fortune, that by me
" Invites thee to be blest.
" *Eur.* Talk'st thou of bliss?
" Thou bane of all my happiness! Cast back,
" Cast back thy guilty eyes, and view the crimes
" Thy soul stands charg'd with: view my bleeding wrongs,
" Insult, imprisonment, dishonour, ruin!
" All, all this guilt is thine—but Heaven will find thee.
" Those gods whom thou hast proudly set at nought,
" Will call thee to a dreadful reckoning.
" *Pro.* No.
" The gods and I are friends; they crown my cause
" With their best favour. Come, be thou too mine,
" And imitate the great example set thee.
" *Eur.* Thou vain and blind in soul! The righteous gods,
" Oft, in their anger, cloath the worst of men
" With all the pride of fond prosperity,
" To make his fall more terrible."
Proc. " Confusion!"
Still wayward and perverse!—Off then this tameness,
These supple, fawning arts. By all th' impatience
That goads my soul, I will not flatter more.
Know thou art in my power, and———
Eur. Tyrant, no.
I scorn thy base, unmanly threats—Ah, Heaven!

Dost thou look calmly on?—But be it so.
This friendly dagger sets me free.

[*Attempting to stab herself.*

Proc. Ha! what,
What means thy frantic passion? This is wildness,
Th' extravagance of female wilfulness;
It must not be; you shall be gently forc'd
To live, and to be happy.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Sir, forgive
This rude intrusion. What I bring imports
Your present ear. As now I walk'd the round
Of this wide fort, where the steep-winding path
Ends at the northern gate, I spy'd a stranger,
Who sought to lie conceal'd. Forthwith I rous'd
The nearest watch; and, ere he was aware,
Surrounded him at once. His sullen silence,
And hands oft rais'd to heaven with earnest action,
Convince me he is of no common note.

Eur. My soul! what dost thou hear? [*Aside.*

Proc. 'T is well. I thank thee.
Haste, see him brought before us.

Enter PERIANDER, *guarded.*

Eur. Oh, ye Powers! [*Aside.*

Per. Ha! poison to my eyes! [*Aside.*

Proc. I know him not.
His dress is poor, and speaks him of the vulgar.
He seems to labour with some stormy thought,

That deeply shakes his frame. What art thou? say,
Why at this hour of silence ling'ring here?
Ha! speak, resolve me: or the rack shall tear
Confession from thy pangs.

Per. Fate, thou hast caught me!
But all is equal now. [*Aside.*
[*To him.*] Then see before thee
The man on earth whom thou hast injur'd most.
If guilt can know remorse, what must thou feel
At sight of Periander.

Proc. Periander!

Eur. Now, now, we both are ruin'd.

Proc. Heaven, I thank thee.
I form'd but one supreme, one crowning wish,
And thou hast heard it! This is more than triumph!

Eur. Oh, my lov'd lord——

Per. Thou canst no more betray me.
For thee, my soul still unsubdu'd and free,
Disdains to parle with thine.

Proc. Yet thou art fallen
Beneath my wrath, the vassal of my nod,
To be chastis'd for mirth—Guards, drag him hence,
And plunge him in the dungeon's depth.

Eur. Oh, Heaven!

Per. Away,
Unkingly boaster. Can prosperity
Debase thee to the cowardice of insult?
Thy brutal manners well revenge me on thee:
They shew thee as thou art. "My nobler part,
"Th' immortal mind, thy madness cannot reach:

" Thy wips and racks can there impress no wound."
As for this weary carcase in thy power,
It is beneath my care. Lead to my dungeon.
Chains, scourges, torture, all that nature feels,
Or fears abhorrent, cannot shock my thought
Like thy loath'd sight, and that vile woman's. On.
[*Exit, guarded.*

Eur. My lord, my husband, stay—Oh, hear me!
hear me———
Shame! rage! distraction!——Cruel tyrant, off.
I 'll follow him to death.

Proc. No. By the joys
That swell my soaring thought, you shall not 'scape me.
Revenge and love combine to crown this night
With matchless bliss.

Eur. Inhuman! hast thou eyes?
Hast thou a heart? and cannot all this wreck
Of ruin'd majesty, ruin'd by thee,
Move one relenting thought, and wake thy pity?
He feels not what I say: repeated crimes
Have savag'd his remorseless soul.—Hear then,
Almighty Jove! behold, and judge the cause
Of Periander! number all his wrongs
In plagues, in horrors———

Proc. Ha! by hell, this raving
But wings his fate. Since thy fond folly weds thee
To ruin with this rival, know he dies;
This very night he dies. Through him I mean
To wound thy heart indeed. Thou shalt behold him
When the rack stretches strong his rending joints,

Bursts all his veins, and hunts the flying soul
Through every limb. Then, when convulsive agony
Grins hideous in his face, mangled and bleeding,
In the last throes of death, thou shalt behold him.

Eur. It is not to be borne. My life dies in me
At the destroying thought—Ah, stay thee, Procles—
Assist me, pitying Heaven!—See then, behold me
Thus prostrate at thy feet. If yet thou hast not
Renounc'd all manhood, feeling, and remorse,
" Spare me his life; save only that: all else,
" His crown, his throne be thine.
" *Proc.* Off! let me go:
" Thy words are lost in air.
" *Eur.* Nay, hear me, Procles.
" As is thy hope in Heaven's forgiving goodness,
" Shut not thy heart against the cry of misery."
Banish us any whither; drive us out
To shame, want, beggary, to every woe
That most embitters life. I yet will bless thee,
Forget my crying wrongs, and own thee merciful.

Proc. [*Aside, and pausing.*] This woman fools my rage—but to resolve.
No—yes; it shall be so. Rise then, and learn
Thy triumph o'er my soul. Yes, he shall live,
This Periander whom I deadly hate.
Nay more, he shall be free. Leonidas
With such safe conduct as thyself shalt name,
Attends him to our kingdom's farthest limit.
This, in the sight of Jove, the supreme lord,
I swear to do; so thou at last consent

To meet my love—Ha! what! and dost thou frown;
Weigh well what I propose; for on my soul,
His life or death awaits thy next resolve.

[*Exeunt* Procles *and* Medon.

Eur. Then kill me first—He 's gone! and now, ye gods,
Is there among the wretched one so lost,
So curst as I? Oh, scene of matchless woes!
Oh, Periander! wert thou sav'd for this?
Ye holy powers in heaven, to whom belongs
The fate of virtue, and redress of wrongs,
Assist, inspire me how to save his life;
Or to th' unhappy husband join the wife. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

EURYDICE *and* MELISSA.

Melissa.

THIS chearless morning rises slow and sad.
The frowning heavens are black with stormy clouds;
And, o'er the deep, a hovering night of fogs
Lies dark and motionless.

Eur. That mournful face
Of Nature is less gloomy than my soul:
All there is darkness and dismay. Ah, me!
Was ever night, Melissa, like the last?
A night of many terrors, many deaths!

How has my soul out-liv'd it? But, great gods!
Can mortal strength, can human virtue bear
What Periander feels? In one day's course,
Wreck'd, made a captive, sunk into a dungeon,
To die or live as his curst foe decrees!
Distraction's in the thought. And what can I
To save his sacred life?
Ha! is it Heaven [*After a pause.*
That darts this sudden light into my soul?
This glimpse of dawning hope?—It shall be try'd.
Yes, yes, ye Powers! my life and fame shall both
Be offer'd up to save his dearer life.

Mel. Alas, what mean you, madam?

Eur. Mean, Melissa!
To do a noble justice on myself;
A deed for which, in nations yet unborn,
Chaste wives and matrons shall renown my name.
I've wrong'd my husband greatly, and I mean
Ample atonement of my guilty weakness.
Go then, Melissa———

Mel. Whither must I go?
I tremble at your words.

Eur. Yet it sticks here,
This fatal purpose. Can I leave behind me
A doubtful name, insulted, wounded, torn
By cruel calumny? I can; I dare
"Throw off the woman, and be deaf to all
"Those nicer female fears that call so loud,
"Importunate, and urging me to live
"Till I may clear my truth from all surmise."

Go then, and in my name—'T is worse than death
To utter it—but go, inform the tyrant,
So Periander lives, and is set free,
I yield me to his wish.

Mel. Forbid it, Heaven!

Eur. Thou faithful, virtuous maid! Know then, my last,
My fix'd resolve. By this I mean to amuse
His brutal hopes, and save me from his violence,
Till Periander is beyond his reach.
Then, if he still dare urge his impious purpose,
A dagger sets me free. This arm at last
Shall do me right on him, myself, or both.

Enter LEONIDAS.

Eur. Leonidas!

Leon. Ah, madam!

Eur. Dare I ask
Where Periander is——Ah, where indeed?
Chain'd in a dungeon's airless depth, amid
Foul damps, and lonesome darkness! Oh, that thought
Draws blood from my torn heart.

Leon. Justice divine!
In thy great day of visitation, mark
This man of blood. Oh, let him feel the hand
He dares to disbelieve. To all his counsels
Send forth, in thy just wrath, that fatal spirit
Of error and illusion, that forerunns
The fall of guilty kings.
Ere morning dawn,
Soft to the dismal dungeon's mouth I stole,

Where, by the glimmering of a dying lamp,
I saw my great unhappy master laid
On the cold earth along——

Eur. Oh, hide the sad,
The fatal image from me. " The dire thought
" Will run me into madness.

" *Leon.* Yet even there,
" Where pale dismay, the prisoner's drear associate,
" Sits ever sad and sleepless, he could rest.
" Superior to the cruel fate that crush'd him,
" He slept as deep as indolence on down.
" These eyes beheld it; and I would not break
" His wish'd repose, but fix'd in silent wonder,
" Stood weeping o'er the sight."

" *Eur.*" Ah, me! my life
Flows out at every word——What 's to be done?

Leon. Madam, I set my all at stake for him.
Old as I am, and broken with the load
Of threescore years, what is a life like mine,
But as it may be useful to my master?
Already the sad people know his fate:
And I, by faithful hands will try to rouse
Their pity first, and next their rage. No hour,
No moment shall be lost.

Eur. Thou good old man!
What words can speak thy worth? Fair loyalty
And faith inviolate, which seem'd quite lost
Among mankind, live in thy virtuous bosom.

Leon. No more of this, my queen. Might I but see
This haughty tyrant, in some guilty hour

Of insolence and riot, when his pride
Plumes all her vainest wishes, hurl'd at once
To ruin unforeseen; my labours then,
My services, were greatly over-paid.

Eur. Heaven hear thy pious wish. I too the while,
To save my husband's life, have been contriving——

Leon. Madam, the tyrant—I will find another
More favourable moment. [*Exeunt* Eur. *and* Mel.

Enter PROCLES *and* MEDON.

Proc. Hold thyself
Prepar'd, Leonidas: I must employ thee
In an affair of weight. [Leonidas *withdraws.*
Methinks I droop
With more than wonted heaviness of heart.
But I will shake it off, and to the winds
Give every thought of care. 'T is only fondness,
And fancy sick with hope. Eurydice
Bends to my wishes: and, in her, I hope
That heaven imagin'd that sole bliss, which yet
My search could never meet.

Med. It moves my wonder
To see your love thus wedded to one bosom;
While all around bright crouds of rival beauties
Practise each art of charming, look, and talk,
And live for you alone.

Proc. Alas, my friend!
Poor is the triumph over hearts like these:
This hour they please us, and the next they pall.
But to subdue the pride that scorns to yield;

To fill th' unwilling breast with sighs and longings,
With all the soft distraction of fond love,
Even while it strives against th' invading victor,
And wonders at the change; that, that is conquest!
The plume of pleasure! and from her alone
A glory to be won.

Med. Well, may you find
In this proud fair-one that enchants you thus,
Whate'er imagination's fondest eye
Beholds in rapturous vision, or young love
In all its wantonness of power can give.
But yet, forgive your servant's forward zeal,
Mean you to keep the promise you have made her?

Proc. I do.

Med. How, sir? what, set her husband free?

Proc. I mean no less.

Med. Your pardon, sir; 't is well.
But have you calmly weigh'd, in reason's scale,
The certain consequence? Set free your rival!
A soul made furious with his mighty wrongs;
Boiling with hate, rage, jealousy, revenge;
With the full-gather'd storm of deadly passions!
The gods forbid it, sir——And all to dry
A froward woman's tears!

Proc. No, no, my friend;
Nor liberty nor life shall long be his:
I never meant him either; but my faith
Is pass'd to set him free. By that alone
The haughty queen was overcome; and I
Will keep th' illusive promise to her ear,
But break it to her hope.

Med. As how, my lord?

Proc. Such inbred enmity my soul bears his
As Nature does to ruin, to the grave,
Where the whole man descends to rise no more.
Hear then what I intend. Thou know'st the fortress,
That guards our frontier on the Theban side.
That way our foe must pass; but thou shalt first
Post thither on the spur with wary speed;
And with a chosen band, drawn from the fort,
Way-lay him on the farther hill, close couch'd
In the deep covert of those pendant woods,
That shade the path below.

Med. Conclude it done.
Sleep shall not know my eyes till his are clos'd
In everlasting night. As to his prison
I waited him, he call'd me minion, slave,
A traitor's parasite, the base-soul'd minister
Of his loose pleasures; and I will repay him,
For each opprobrious name, a mortal stab.
Yes, he shall feel his fate. Insult and taunt,
Embittering every blow, shall mock his pangs,
And give him sevenfold death.

Proc. So, now to try
This Periander thoroughly. Go, Medon,
Command him hither. [*Exit* Medon.
No, I cannot bear
His last night's haughty look and untam'd spirit.
It baffles my revenge, and I still miss
My noblest triumph; for I meant to bend him
To base dejection, and to feast my scorn

With his pale cheek and supplicating eye.
But I will hunt this pride through each recess,
Each closer folding of the soul, till I
Have sunk him to my wish.——Thou, jealousy!
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,
Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,
O'erturn the seated heart, and shake the man
Through all his frame with tempest and distraction;
Rise to my present aid; call up thy powers,
Thy furious fears, thy blasts of dreadful passion,
Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of horrors;
Rouse thy whole war against him, and complete
My purpos'd vengeance.—But he comes to prove it.

Enter PERIANDER, MEDON, *and* Guards.

[*Advancing.*] I have to talk with thee. Thy life, thou know'st,
Depends upon my will——

Per. And therefore I
Am weary of the load. But let the gods,
Who thus dispense our fates, account for them,
And vindicate their justice.

Proc. Be more calm.
The noble mind meets every chance of fortune,
Unruffled and serene. I, though thy foe,
Perhaps may mean thee good.

Per. Such good the tiger,
Hungry for death and slaughter, means his prey.
But know, my soul receives with equal scorn
Thy hate and hollow love. I am not fallen

By thy superior sword, or nobler deed;
It was the guilt of fate!

Proc. Call we it so.
At least 't is well thou must of force acknowledge
Thy crown, thy liberty, thy life and death,
Hang on my nod. I can dispose of all
As likes me best.

Per. Ha! dost thou boast of that?
But thou wilt never know how poor a purchase
Is power and empire gain'd for virtue lost.

Proc. And yet, methinks, I read the difference plain
In thee and me. Thy virtue and these bonds
I weigh in equal scale against the crown
And sceptre of fair Corinth: and while these,
The glorious aim of each great heart that dares
Beyond the narrow sphere of earth-born spirits;
While these are mine, I envy not thy tribe,
A sound, an empty name.

Per. It joys my soul
To find the man, who bears me mortal hate,
At war too with the gods. 'T is great revenge!
Had not vain fortune made thee blind, the thought
Would change thy purple to the mourner's sack-cloth.
What are thy glorious acts? Thou hast undone
A woman, weak and worthless.—Yes, ye Powers!
This hero, this fair warrior, well deserv'd
To fill my vacant seat: he won it nobly!
Dissembling, perjury, the coward's arms——
With these he fought his virtuous way to empire.
Thou seest I know thee.

" *Proc.* Dost thou preach to me
" The pedant maxims of those sons of earth,
" Whom the gross vulgar fondly title wise?
" Slaves, who to shades and solitude condemn'd,
" Pine there with all-shunn'd penury and scorn.
" A monarch is above them, and takes counsel
" Of his unbounded will, and high ambition,
" That counts the world his own. I ever held thee
" My foe, my deadly bane; and against such,
" Force, fraud, all arts are lawful. I have won,
" And mean to wear thy crown. Thou may'st the while
" Seek some vile cell out, and grow poorly old
" Amid the talking tribe of moralists.
" *Per.* Through this false face of arrogance, I read
" Thy heart of real terror and dismay.
" Hence all these coward-boasts. The truly brave
" Invincible to pride and fortune's flattery,
" Know neither fear nor insult. But I would not,
" As thou surmisest, dream out useless life
" In sloth's unactive couch. Nay, I could tell thee,
" That though I shun thy shameful ways of conquest,
" Still heaven-born glory, won by virtuous deeds,
" Has been my fair pursuit: still would I seek her
" In toils of war, and in the nobler field
" Of justice, peace, and mercy."

Proc. My soul longs
To prove thy highest daring, and to meet thee
Amid the din and peril of the battle.
Thy life is in thy hand: thou art no longer
Our prisoner. This moment sets thee free.

Per. How!—but thou dar'st not—Could I find thee there,
In open day, and honourable arms,
Opposing war to war, as monarchs should,
I would forgive thee all, my crown usurp'd,
These slave-like bonds—but that fair hope is vain.
The fears that haunt thy soul——

Proc. Strike off his fetters. [*To* Medon.
Haste, find Leonidas. Bid him prepare
To guard the prisoner to our kingdom's frontier.
There he shall leave him free to choose what course
His fancy most affects.

Per. What means all this?
Dares guilt then be so brave? and dost thou free
The man whom act of thine shall never win
To owe thee ought but deep and deadly hate?

Proc. Go, see my orders instantly perform'd.
[Medon *and Guards retire.*

" *Per.* And is it so—I shudder with my fears.
[*Aside.*
" Say, tell me first to what is Periander
" Indebted for his freedom?"

Proc. Well it may
Surprize thy hope: 't was what I never meant thee.
But that fond woman who enslaves my soul
To all her wishes, and still pities thee,
With idle blandishments extorted from me
A solemn vow to set thee free.

Per. Confusion!

Proc. Thus I, against my better mind, release

My mortal enemy. But let it speak
The greatness of my love; and what dull husband,
Through all recorded time, e'er gave such proof
Of matchless fondness?

Per. Plagues! perdition! hell!
Damn'd, damn'd adultress!—Villain, slave, 'tis false:
Thou ly'st——What thee! Oh, curse——

Proc. At last 't is done. [*Exit.*

Per. Have I then liv'd to this? to this confusion?
My foe, the man on earth my soul most loaths,
Rejoices over me; and she—even she
Hath join'd his triumph!—Off, away, begone,
Love, manhood, reason——Come, ye sister furies,
Daughters of hate and hell! arise, inflame
My murderous purpose; pour into my veins
Your gall, your scorpion-fellness, your keen horrors
That sting to madness; till my burning vengeance
Hath her full draught of blood——

[*Walking with a disturbed motion.*

But how! where am I?
Oh, this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury
Are whirling there, and reason is no more.
Him! him! a caitiff black with every vice!
Debase herself to him!—the thought is hell!
Well, well——and I, how have I doated on her
Whole years of fondness! cherish'd, pleas'd, adorn'd her,
With all that love can give——Yet she has done this!
Confusion on my folly——Ha! she comes.
Down, down, tempestuous soul: let me be dumb,
And hide this shameful conflict that unmans me.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. He must not know my secret fatal purpose,
That I am fix'd to die; lest his great soul
Refuse a life so dearly sav'd——And now,
All powers that pity human kind, assist me
In this important hour! [*Aside.*
Oh, Periander——— [*To him.*
And is it thus we meet again!

Per. Ha! see,
She comes prepar'd. By hell, she weeps a lie.
My rage will leap all bounds. [*Aside.*

Eur. My lord, my love,
I know you look on me as on the cause,
The fatal cause of all your ills; too true:
That guilt is mine—Oh, would to Heaven this head
Had been laid low in earth ere that sad hour!
Why did I shrink at ruin? Why not bear
All pangs, all horrors of besieging famine?
Alas! my love—But your false faithless subjects
To what have they reduc'd us?

Per. No; not they:
Betrayer! thou alone hast made me wretched.
Oh, death to a king's honour! thou hast sunk me
Into a proverb of reproach; a word
For low contempt, for ribbald-scorn to mock at.

" *Eur.* Just gods! what means my lord?

" *Per.* Mean!—dost thou ask?

" *Eur.* Heaven! has the traitor then——

" *Per.* Ha! does that gaul thee?

" Perdition!—Woman! Woman!—Yes, thy minion,

" The vile one, has repaid thy broken oath
" With well-match'd perjury: has loudly boasted
" To heaven and earth, and me, that thou art—Hell!
" The hated word would choak me!"

Eur. Oh, dire error! [*Aside.*
My lord, my only love, by holy faith [*To him.*
I never was disloyal. Rags and penury,
Disease and death shock not my apprehension
Like that detested crime——I dare no more.
Oh, fly, my love; haste from this fatal place,
And leave me to my fate. Oh, save your life,
While yet 'tis in your power.

Per. My life! Away.
And hast thou vilely barter'd for that life
Thy truth, and my fair fame? By yon blest heaven,
I could have borne all woes that wretchedness
Groans under; age, affliction, pining anguish:
And borne them like a man. I could have smil'd
At fortune's keenest rancour——But to know
Myself deceiv'd in thee! there, there I sink!
There manhood, reason die.

Eur. Oh, ye just Powers!
Were ever woes like mine? What are the whips,
Rack, engines, all that murderous cruelty
Hath yet contriv'd—What are they all to this?
This infamy that kills the soul itself?
Yet I will bear even this.
Then here, by weeping, bleeding love I beg you,
With streaming eyes haste from this fatal place.
The tyrant may recall his word; and there——
I cannot utter more.

Per. And thou canst weep!
Thou crocodile! These false, these lying tears
Are daggers here. I go—but dost thou hope
Thy mean dissimulation hides thee from me?
Thou hast dishonour'd, ruin'd me; and now
My sight is hateful to thee.
But say, tell me, [*Returning.*
How have I merited these wrongs of thee?
What was my crime? Can all-bestowing love
Do more than mine for thee?—When I call back
The days that are no more—Thou wert my all
Of happiness; my soul ne'er knew a joy
That was not thine; my doating fondness lull'd
Its hopes, its fears, its wishes, in thy bosom.
O heaven and earth!—and yet—Eurydice—
Thou could'st forsake me! [*Weeps.*

Eur. Oh, this is too much!
Heaven knows I would have dy'd to save thy life;
But we will perish both, both die together.
Thy tears distract me. I will tell thee all.

Per. Curse on this weakness! I could tear these eyes
From forth their orbs——Thou exquisite deceiver!
Hence, lest this arm should do a deed of shame,
And stain me with thy blood.

Eur. Oh, but one moment!
For mercy's sake, allow me one short moment.

Per. No; in the sight of all-beholding Jove,
Here I renounce thee. What a slave to folly,
To thy curs'd arts has Periander liv'd!

Eur. Oh, cruel, cruel! hast thou cast me out
For ever from thy heart? By all our loves,

By the dear pledge of our unspotted flames,
Grant me one moment. [*Kneels.*
Here will I hang, grow to thy knees—Yes, spurn me,
Drag this bare bleeding bosom on the ground;
Yes, use me as the vilest slave—but hear me.

Per. Away, away.

Eur. Then strike me dead at once.
Look here, my love; I shrink not from the blow.

Per. That were poor vengeance. No, I meditate
A nobler sacrifice—— [*Alarm of Trumpets.*
Ha! what 's this? [*Alarm again.*
Th' alarm is urgent, big with war and dread.
I am the sport of fortune.

Enter MELISSA.

Mel. Oh, my lord,
Some wondrous birth of fate is sure disclosing!
Procles calls out to arms; his guards swarm round him,
Haste in each step, and fear in every eye.
This way too, Medon speeds, and in his train
A gloomy band of soldiers.

Per. Let him come.
Death has no terrors, when to live is shame.

Enter MEDON *at the head of one Party, who hurry the Queen off the Stage*; LEONIDAS *at the head of another, who removed the King.*

Med. Be quick, secure the queen.

Eur. What mean'st thou, ruffian?
Must we then part?—Farewell, my lord, for ever.

Per. Thou too, Leonidas!——Nay, then——

[*Exeunt all but* Leonidas.

Leon. O, Jove!
Eternal and supreme, whose nod controuls
The fate of empires, whose almighty hand
Sustains the weak, and raises virtue fallen,
Now to this royal sufferer deal thy mercy;
Aid his just arms, and teach mankind to know,
Thy sovereign justice sways the world below. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter EURYDICE *and* MELISSA.

Eurydice.

WHAT may this mean? The gloomy band of ruffians,
That bore me hence, vanish'd I know not how.
And hark! no sound, no breath of human voice;
But all around the depth of solitude!
A dumb and death-like stillness! My soul trembles;
And apprehension peoples the lone void,
With fears of horrid form——But what can fate?
What can the wrath of all the gods inflict,
Beyond what I have known?

Mel. My gracious mistress,
This awful moment is perhaps the crisis
Of all your future life. Your guards fled sudden,
And late the neighbouring courts were loud with tumult,
Which dy'd away in slow and sullen murmurs.

Some turn of fate is near. Leonidas
In haste bore hence the king, doubtless to save him
From his dire foe; or at the people's head
Once more to place their sovereign, and restore
You to your former state.

Eur. All otherwise
My thoughts forebode. There is one deadly ill,
Which, Oh, too sure, no time, no chance can heal!
And at the dawn of day, just as these lids
Reluctant clos'd to rest, Arpasia's shade,
My much-lov'd mother, stood confess'd before me,
Pale as the shroud that wound her clay-cold limbs;
Her eyes fix'd on me, still and motionless,
Streaming unreal tears. She groan'd, and thrice,
In low sad murmurs, bade me to her tomb,
To meet her there—And there, in death alone,
In the dark grave, can poor Eurydice
Expect repose.

Mel. Oh, no! just Heaven, I hope,
That sees your innocence, has yet in store
Much bliss, and many days of peace for you.

Eur. I know his heart is quite estrang'd, and shut
For ever shut against the voice of love.
And can my heart survive it? Shall I live
With public infamy? A theme of scorn
To all licentious tongues? Oh, in that thought,
Death's keenest dart has stabb'd my soul already!
And what comes after is not worth my fear.

Mel. Ha! Madam, this way cast your eyes, and s
What swarms of men; these flying, those pursuing.

Eur. Now, Lord of battles! join thy powerful arm;
Assert the cause of righteousness——But hark!
The thunder of their shouts grows near and loud.
This way the combat turns. By all my hopes,
The tyrant's party flies! Look, look, Melissa,
Their broken numbers to the fortress bend.

Mel. And now with eager speed they climb th' ascent
That leads to us.

Eur. But who is he, Melissa,
That, like the god of war, flames foremost yonder?
See his sword lighten, and the foe fly scattering
From his tempestuous arm!—Ha!—yes—Oh, Heaven!
'T is he, 't is he himself, 't is Periander!
Oh, miracle!———He looks again a monarch,
Dreadfully glorious. Throw, all ye Powers, your shield
Of providence before him; think on all
His causeless wrongs, and do him justice now.

Mel. Ah! Procles comes.

Enter PROCLES, *followed by a party of his* Guards.

Proc. Confusion! all is lost.
That traitor has undone me; and those slaves,
The false Corinthians, in a moment's flight,
Threw all their gates wide open to the foe.
Of hope abandon'd, and the gods against me,
What now remains?—The queen! By Heaven, 'tis well!
Their boasted triumph is not yet compleat———
She 's mine, she 's mine, and I am conqueror still!—
You, bear this woman through the postern gate,
[*To one Party.*

Down to the southern shore. I sail this moment.
For Epidaurus—You, the while, make head [*To another.*
Against the near pursuit, " and bar its progress,
" Till she's secur'd. This is my last great stake;
" Of dearer price than victory." Away.

Eur. No, tyrant; I will die first. Off, base slaves.
Dare ye, dare earth-born peasants violate,
With your rude touch, the majesty of kings?
Ah, Heaven———

Proc. Be quick; nor listen to her raving.

Enter MEDON.

Med. Undone, undone! the postern gate is seiz'd.
That curs'd Leonidas———

Proc. Ha! say'st thou, Medon?

Med. By hell, our foes surround us on each hand:
We 're taken in the toil.

Proc. Unequal Powers!
And have you then deceiv'd me? Rais'd me high
With traiterous kindness, but to plunge me deeper
In howling desperation? " Does the man,
" Whom late my foot could spurn, behold my fall?
" And fall I thus; my great ambition dash'd;
" My love unsatisfy'd? Shall he yet revel
" In her fond arms, and hear her curse my name?
" No; spite of Heaven, my ruin shall be glorious,
" A pomp of horrors. I will make this day
" For ever mournful to his aching heart.
" Yes, he shall weep in blood, amid the shouts

"Of victory." One blow destroys his triumph,
And levels him at once to my destruction.
[*He draws a dagger.*

Eur. Strike, tyrant, and complete thy monstrous crimes.
See, thou pale coward; see, a woman braves
Thy guilty dagger.

Proc. "Ha! what 's this I feel?
"A shivering dew of horror sweats all o'er me!"
Some power invisible arrests my arm!
"It is Heaven's secret hand."—But shall I lose
This only moment? No; be strong, my heart;
Be shut against all human thoughts, and scorn
These warrings of thy hostile gods—'T is done.

Enter POLYDORE, LEONIDAS, *and* Soldiers.

[Polydore *pushes* Procles *back with his lance.*

Pol. No, traitor! murderer! no: Heaven is more just,
Than to permit a life so much its care
To fall by thy vile hand. Secure the tyrant.
[*To his Soldiers.*
My mother!

Eur. Oh, my son!

Pol. Transporting joy!

Eur. Oh, ecstacy! And do I see thy face?
And do I hold thee in my trembling arms?——
Thou darling of my love! thou early hero!
Oh, thou hast sav'd us all!

Pol. This, this is triumph!
And I can ask of bounteous Heaven no more.

Was ever joy so full? This feeble arm,
Oh, pride to think! has sav'd the sacred lives
From whom I drew my own.

Eur. And is this possible?
What shall I say?—But language all is poor
To speak the tender yearnings of my soul.
O, Polydore! did ever parents know
Such transports as do thine? Did ever son
Deserve so well of parents?—Good Leonidas,
I saw thee not before; indeed I could not,
My eyes, my soul were so close fix'd on him.
But say, redouble this day's bliss, and say,
Whence this amazing change?

Leon. My royal mistress,
The gods have done this. One half of the fleet,
As led by their peculiar hand, escap'd
Yesterday's ruinous storm, and with the dawn
Enter'd the port unseen; their secret landing
Befriended by the morn's wide-hovering mists.
Instant, inform'd of his great father's fate,
Your Polydore, this gallant, royal youth,
Pour'd forth his eager troops, and at their head,
Swift as heaven's darted fire, flew towards Corinth,
Which open'd wide her arms to take him in.
His fortune speaks the rest.

Eur. O, sovereign goodness,
Be thine the praise; this is thy wondrous work.
The king, how was he sav'd?

Leon. Struck with his danger,
The tyrant had to present death devoted

His sacred head. I counsell'd, and prevail'd
(Procles still thought me his) in bonds to hold him,
As our sure pledge of safety, should success
Desert our arms. The following moment saw him
Free from his chains, and foremost in the fight——
And hark! these joyous strains proclaim his triumph.

Eur. Retire, my son; I would not meet him here.

[*Exeunt* Eurydice, Polydore, *and* Melissa.

Enter PERIANDER, ARISTON, *and* Attendants.

Per. [*Aside.*] She flies—Thou coward, Guilt!—But hence that thought— [*Advances towards* Proc.
At length the measure of thy crimes is full:
Thy high-plum'd pride lies humbled in the dust;
And awful Justice comes array'd in terrors,
To make enquiry for the guilt that swells
Thy black account. But I will check my heart,
Nor learn of thee to triumph o'er the fallen.
Bear him to prison.

Proc. Yet, I will be free,
And soon beyond thy power. Knowing the worst,
I laugh at all to come.

Per. [*To* Med.] For thee, thou vile one,
Thou pander to thy master's lusts, thou sycophant,
(The most pernicious present angry Heaven
Can make to princes whom it means to blind,
And ruin beyond mercy) thy just doom
Is instant. Spurn this slave into the streets:
The furious people, whom his earth-born pride
Has trampled on, and numerous rapines beggar'd,

Will find th' oppressor out, and as they tear
His guilty limbs, think all their wrongs o'erpaid.
[*Exeunt* Procles *and* Medon *guarded.*
Leonidas, my father and preserver,
Rise to my arms. By Heaven, "the joy that smiles
"Upon thy brow, adds brightness to the morn!"
This wondrous revolution of my fate,
This change, that gives me back my crown and name,
Rejoices me yet less, than that I owe
The gift to thee.

Leon. Oh, sacred sir, forbear!
The transport to behold you thus again,
Is great reward. Now your old man can say
He has not liv'd in vain. Ye bounteous Powers,
Dismiss me now in peace; for I have seen
My master bless'd!

Per. No recompence can equal
Such matchless goodness. But I will repay thee
A way more pleasing to a soul like thine,
By running still in debt to all thy virtues.
Thou know'st th' unhappy, envy'd state of kings;
How perilous the height so near to heaven:
All around is precipice; and on each hand,
Foremost in place and trust, their deadliest foes,
Power, passion, pleasure, wait to push them headlong.
Thy life has roll'd through all the various round
Of human chance; and years of hoary thought,
Cool and unpassionate, have taught thee wisdom.
Be still my guide, and save me from the snares
That thus beset me; save me from myself.

Leon. My heart can only answer to this goodness
By silent gratitude and joy—But, sir,
Forgive me, if I say, another care
Demands your present thought.

Per. [*Aside.*] Fatal remembrance!
At once inflam'd my smother'd rage burns up
With fiercer blaze. He must not know the purpose
With which my bosom labours——Yes, my friend,
Of that we 'll talk anon; but now I wish
An hour of privacy——Ariston, stay. [*Exit.* Leon.
Thus far have I repress'd the storm within me,
Held down its furious heavings; but they now
Shall have full flow. I am once more a king.
My foe is in my hand, and breathes this air
But till I doom him dead: yet is not he
So curs'd, so ruin'd as his conqueror!

Arist. What do I hear, my lord?

Per. Ah, good Ariston,
The horrors of thy tale were true! She has,
She has betray'd me.

Arist. Since the queen is fallen,
There is no trust in woman——

Per. Nor no hope
For wretched Periander. Not the grave
Can hide me now from scorn; not length of days
Will wear out this. Oh, never-dying shame!
Worlds yet unfound will hear it; and where'er
The guilty tale is told, my fate will raise
Base mirth, or baser pity.

Arist. Could the queen

Stoop to a thought of Procles? False, fond sex!
Unfix'd by reason, ever wandering wild,
As fancy whirls, from folly on to folly,
From vanity to vice. My gracious lord,
She is beneath your anger. Cast her out
From all your soul, and be yourself again.
Resume that reason, sir———

Per. Away! Can reason
Arrest the whirlwind's wing, or quench the forest,
Struck by the hand of Jove, when all its woods
In one broad conflagration blaze to heaven?
'T is reason makes me wretched; for it tells me
How shameful this mad conflict of my passions:
But does that still their uproar? Here, Ariston,
Works the wild storm that reason cannot calm.
I must, I will have ease.

Arist. You may; but, Oh,
The remedy is dreadful, and will give you
Swoonings and mortal agonies! I tremble
To mention it; but such your soul's deep malady,
No gentler cure can bring the health you want.
Her death, my lord——

Per. Ha! death—My soul shrinks back
From the dread image. How! for ever lose her!
My queen, my wife!—Behold those eyes no more,
That were the light of mine! no longer hear
That voice, whose every sound was harmony!
Of power to sooth tumultuous rage, and heal
The wounded heart of anguish—Can it be!
Oh, misery! Why, why is this!

Arist. Alas,
You love her still, my lord, and know it not!
Per. Ye gods, why am I thus driven to and fro
By every blast that blows?—It is too true.
A traiterous softness steals o'er my just rage,
And melts me to the dotage of low pity.
Oh, thou mean heart! Is she not false! And I,
Shall I sit down with tame dishonour? Take
Pollution to my arms? Grow vilely old,
A tale for drunkards in their wine? The mirth
Of midnight libertines, when they recount
Their triumphs o'er base women? No! she dies:
I tear her from my breast, though the life-stream
Should issue with her. Hear me, then, Ariston,
Do thou prepare a secret draught of death,
Of power most swift and baneful, and be ready
Upon my fatal summons.
Arist. Spare me, sir;
I like not this employ.
Per. It must be thine.
I have no friend in whom to trust but thee;
And she shall die—But think'st thou, good Ariston,
I shall not hear her first?
" *Arist.* Hear her, my lord!
" Would you then have her live?
" *Per.* No; were my fate
" Involv'd in hers, she should not live. But still,"
Something within me cries that I should hear her.
It is not, can't be love. 'T is my revenge,
All direful now, that would enjoy her tears,

Her lying oaths of innocence, her new
And added perjuries; that sink her down
To the dark world with all her crimes upon her.
" *Arist.* You see not, sir, the danger of that meeting.
" Is your heart proof against the powerful charm
" Of beauty soften'd into sighs, and melting
" With the mild languor of imploring eyes,
" More winning now, and shedding gentler beams
" Through showers of sorrow. Think you here behold her,
" The kneeling charmer, lovely in her tears,
" Pleading for pity, sinking at your feet,
" And dying by your frown.
" *Per.* Art thou my friend?
" Oh, merciless! why dost thou raise before me
" This dangerous image? 'T is not to be borne.
" My brain turns round with madness. Oh, ye powers!
" Why am I not at quiet? Why is life
" Forc'd on the wretch who strongly begs to die,
" In bitterness of soul? Who asks no more
" But the grave's shade and silence, there at last
" To sleep for ever, nameless and forgotten?"
Arist. " Alas for pity!"—I will talk no more
On this distressful theme.
Per. Ariston, stay.
Spite of these tears, spite of this fond distraction,
It shall be done. A king may live unhappy,
But not with loss of honour unreveng'd.
" 'T was mad to think of this. I will not trust
" My eyes against t' e witchcraft of her charms."

Then summon all thy firmness, Oh, my soul!
And dare to be accurs'd, since thy sad choice
Is shame or misery. I am resolv'd.
Ye gods who watch o'er the chaste marriage bed,
Thou Stygian Jove, and all ye powers infernal!
Behold I kneel as in your awful presence:
By that invisible, that dreaded lake,
Th' irrevocable oath that binds even you,
Here I pronounce, and seal her doom of death.

Enter EURYDICE; *she kneels to* Periander, *who, after looking at her some time with emotion, flings away without speaking.*

Eur. Not hear me! not vouchsafe me one poor word!
'T is hard indeed—The wretch of many crimes, [*Rising.*
Whom mercy dares not save, is gentlier us'd.
His rigid judge is less severe than mine.
Ye Powers, have I deserved this! Did my heart
Ere harbour one loose wish? Yourselves can tell,
The morning's orient beam is not more pure,
More stainless than my truth. Was ever fate,
Were ever woes like mine? Even in the hour
Of general joy to all, while pleasing hope
Sprung fast within my heart, I find myself
Undone for ever; sunk to rise no more.
Not hear me!—then I know my doom is fix'd.
And shall I stay to hear the foul surmises,
The scurril taunts, the false upbraiding pity,
The keen revilings that must usher in
My public sentence? Can there be in death

Such pangs, such piercing agonies? Impossible!
Death is repose and calm, is soft Elysium
To thoughts like these. I will prevent their triumph,
And save myself this shame. 'T is but to lose
A few unhappy moment; 't is to rest
The sooner from my cares; to feel no more
The bitterness of misery and insult
That bait my weary soul. Then it is fix'd.
Spite of the woman no fond tear shall flow,
No sigh arise, the coward sex to shew.
When life is shame, and glorious freedom nigh,
A Grecian and a queen must dare to die. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PERIANDER *walking disordered*; LEONIDAS *following.*

Leonidas.

O, my lov'd master! have I liv'd to see
This sight of woe? Alas! is this to conquer?
Are these the fruits of victory?

Per. Away!
Why nam'st thou victory to me, a slave
Subdu'd and tyranniz'd by his worst foes,
His unrelenting passions? Talk of ruin,
And I will hear thee; talk of hopeless misery;
No other strain befits thy master's triumph.

Leon. This is the language of supreme distress,
Impatient of itself. My gracious lord,

Forgive an old man's talk, who would this moment,
Might his poor life bring back your peace of mind,
With joy resign it.

Per. That were to bring back
The darted sun-beam, " or recall the flight
" Of unreturning time." Oh, no! my soul
Has bid the last farewell to happiness,
To hope itself. And yet I thank thy love,
Indeed I do—But leave me for a while,
I would be private.

Leon. Sir, I dare not leave you———
Forgive these tears——I dare not leave you thus
At variance with yourself. I read too plain
The fatal thought that wakens in your bosom.

Per. And would'st thou have me live this abject thing?
This slave of folly? For I tell thee, blushing
With shame and strong abhorrence of myself,
I cannot tear that woman from my soul,
False, faithless as she is—Then I will die;
That just revenge is still within my power.

Leon. O, Jealousy, thou merciless destroyer,
" More cruel than the grave! what ravages
" Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!"
Too long, my lord, you listen to the whispers
Of that domestic foe, that bosom traitor.
For mercy's sake, throw not away so rashly
The jewel of your soul. Some unseen error
Misleads you from the truth, and ruins her,
Grant her a moment's audience.

Per. I have sworn
That she shall die.

Leon. Is then her sacred life
Of so small price, to cast her thus away
With blind precipitance? Your queen, my lord,
The fairest form, the most exalted mind,
Once so ador'd and lov'd, to whom your soul
Still cleaves with fondness! Can you give her up,
The mother of your darling Polydore,
Unheard, untry'd, to death and infamy?
Can you do this?

" *Per.* Oh, thou, whose eye beholds
" And pities the frail heart of erring man!
" Ruler of Heaven and Earth! or still these passions,
" That rage in tempest here, or strike in mercy,
" And free me from my pain——What can I do?
" My solemn vow is gone up to high Heaven,
" And wouldst thou have me break it!

" *Leon.* That rash oath
" Nor does, nor ought to bind. The gods refuse it.
" Should you, too late, discover she is wrong'd——
" Think on it well——Oh, what a life of horrors
" Remains for you! I tremble but to name them.
" The sad and silent meltings of vain sorrow;
" The thorn of keen remorse; the sting of love,
" Inflam'd by fond reflection, hourly sighing
" For what he never, never hopes to find;
" With these, late-coming, but no more to leave you,
" Despair accurs'd. Dreadful society!
" Yet such will share your day and night, and haunt

" Your court, your throne, your solitude, your couch.
" Alas, my lord!"

Per. Oh, by my soul's strong anguish,
I would most gladly blot out from my thoughts
All memory of past time! I yet would question
The waking evidence of every sense,
To give her back that virtue, those fair beams
That shone on our first loves. Then was I bless'd
Beyond the race of men, belov'd and loving,
Honour'd and happy; and my name as odour
Pour'd forth, and breathing freshness all around.
Oh, days of dear delight! That I could fix
For ever there, and think no farther on!
I will, if possible.

Leon. Oh, happy change!
Confirm this gentle purpose, favouring Heaven!
I fly to bring her hither.

Per. Stay thee yet.
I would resolve, but cannot. Love and rage
By turns assail me; melt me now to mercy,
Now rouse me to distraction——Oh, my heart!

Leon. Then punish the sole cause of all your pangs;
On the great criminal, on Procles' head
Discharge the fulness of a righteous vengeance,
And justify the gods. Let the rack tear
The traitor's limbs; and as he howls with anguish,
Extort confession from him of the lies,
The dark aspersions, that have well nigh ruin'd
Your injur'd, virtuous queen, and tortur'd you.

Per. What hast thou done? Oh, that detested name!

Thou know'st not half my madness—that curs'd name
Has set my brain on blaze, and call'd up there
Ten thousand furies. Hell! hast thou not heard
What shame and scorn, what vileness and confusion
He heap'd upon my head—and she the cause?

Leon. Oh, Heaven! and is this retribution thine?
Must virtue know what vice alone should feel?

Per. Forbear, fond man. That Heaven thou dar'st accuse,
Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring,
Through ways unmark'd, from guilt to punishment.
I vow'd, alas! and with strong adjurations
Bound that just vow, to set my country free.
This, to my father, on his bed of death,
Solemn I swore—But, oh, blind lust of greatness!
Through wantonness of will I lightly weigh'd it,
Nor fear'd the hour of terrible account.
That hour is come: and what avails it now
That I with equal hand and gentle rule
Have sway'd my people? I am punish'd most,
Where I had bid my soul be most secure
Of happiness for years——Ha! Polydore!

Enter POLYDORE.

I said I would be private.

Pol. Oh, my father!
Here let me kneel for ever, weep these eyes
To blindness, and ne'er know a thought of comfort.

Per. What would my Polydore?

Pol. Alas! what means

This common face of woe that meets my sight
Where'er I turn? Even now, while happy Corinth
Blazes with triumph; while the neighbouring shores
Resound to Heaven her voice of general joy,
The palace is in tears. Her silent courts
Are dark with mourning, as if Death and Ruin,
Not Victory, had fix'd their mansion here.

Per. There is a cause, my son, a dreadful one.
But leave me to myself.

Pol. Am I then grown
A horror to your eyes? What is my crime,
That thus, with alienated look, you turn
As from some baleful object? Yet, my father,
Oft have you sworn, that in this face you saw,
And lov'd your darling queen.

Per. Away, thy looks,
Thy words distract me.

Pol. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide this hated head? My mother too,
As now I left her, pressing full her eyes
With fix'd and earnest mournfulness on mine,
Stream'd into tears; then clasp'd me to her bosom
With such sad passion, such transported tremblings,
As parting lovers that must meet no more.
I begg'd to know the cause: again she press'd me
With fonder eagerness, and sighing cry'd,
'Say to the King, my heart has never err'd.'

Per. By Heaven, my soul melts at the piteous tale.
O, Polydore———

Enter an Officer.

Off. My lord, the prisoner, Medon,
Attends, and prays admittance to your presence.

Per. Ha! Medon! Dost thou dream? Medon alive!
Did I not charge thee strict to cast him forth
That moment to the fury of the people?
How hast thou dar'd to disobey?

Off. Dread sir,
As to his fate I led him, pale and trembling,
At sight of the tumultuous crowd around,
With utmost instance he requested of me
To save him yet a moment; for he had
Secrets of prime concernment that requir'd
The King's immediate ear. We hardly 'scap'd
Into the southern tower; th' unnumber'd rabble,
With cries and threats, demanded forth their foe.
At hazard of my life I ventur'd down,
Sooth'd, flatter'd, promis'd them they should have justice.
They are but now dispers'd.

Per. Leonidas,
My heart misgives me at that miscreant's name.
But let him enter.

Enter MEDON.

Med. O, King, renown'd for gentleness and mercy!
The noblest praise! see, prostrate at your feet,
A criminal, who comes to merit pardon,
By fair discovery of some weighty truths,
That much import your soul's repose and health.

Per. Say on; and if thy heart has form'd a hope
Of one hour's after-life, take heed thy tale
Be strictly just to truth.

Med. Thus groveling here,
With shame and sharp remorse I own my crime:
Misled by that usurper, who, with me,
Now shares the due reward of guilt like ours,
To pleasure him, unhappy that I was!
I told, I know not what, of your good Queen.
Would I had perish'd first! for all was false,
And she most innocent.

Per. Perdition on thee!
What do I hear?

Med. I fill'd Ariston's ears
With monstrous tales, which his plain honesty,
Alas! too rashly credited———

Per. Ye gods!
And could your thunder sleep? Pernicious slave!
Hadst thou as many lives as crimes, not one
Should 'scape my justice——" Ah, Leonidas!
" Was ever such black treachery?"—Forgive thee!
" Thy doom shall be of signal dread and warning
" To all succeeding minions." Drag him hence,
[*To the* Guards.
And guard him at the peril of your heads.
[*Exit* Medon, *guarded.*

Leon. Amazing villany!

Per. Oh, fly, my son!
Find the poor mourner out, and in my name
Say all that weeping penitence can plead,

Or love returning promise. My full heart
Will more than make it good. And may the power
Of soft persuasion wait upon thy lips. [*Exit* Polydore.
As from enchantment freed, the mists disperse
By which my eyes were held——That injur'd fair!
How shall I meet her soft forgiving look,
Whom I so much have wrong'd!

Leon. Thrice happy turn
Of unexpected fate!

Per. But let me fly
Into her gentle arms; there lose the horrors
That have distracted me; there lose myself
In love's ecstatic joys.

Enter ARISTON.

In happy time
Thou com'st, Ariston. We were both deceiv'd,
And I revoke my order. But curs'd Procles
Shall pay me dear for all.

Arist. He has, my lord,
And the sad tale is terrible. I shrink
But to recount it. Slumbering conscience rous'd,
And flashing in his face the startling prospect
Of his past life, furious he dash'd his head
Against his prison walls. I found him fallen;
A piteous spectacle; rolling in blood,
Deform'd with pain: for agonizing death
Sat hideous on his brow. Faintly he drew
His parting breath; yet all that breath went forth
In blasphemies, assaulting Heaven with curses,

The ravings of despair, for frustrating
His impious purpose on the queen.

Per. How dreadful
" This period to a life like his!" The hand
Of Heaven is greatly just——But, oh, my friends,
These strange events have well nigh overturn'd
This tottering brain. I feel I know not what
Of joy and terror, high amaze and transport,
All blended here, and working in wild tumult.

" *Leon.* 'T is but the motion of a troubled sea,
" After sore tempest sinking to a calm:
" All will be well, my lord. Repose and health
" Await you in her arms. What bliss is, is yours!
" A second union of your meeting souls!
" A better nuptial morn, with love new-rising,
" To shine for ever!"

Enter MELISSA.

Per. Melissa!—Ha! speak——

Mel. Oh, my royal mistress!
The dews of death are cold upon her brow.

Per. What mean thy fatal words?

Mel. Falsely accus'd
Of what her soul most loaths, and to despair
By your unkindness urg'd, the queen, alas!
Has drunk a deadly draught.

Per. Oh, heaven and earth!
Are these at last my hopes? 'T is I—Oh, horror!
'T is I have murder'd her——

SCENE II.

Opening, discovers EURYDICE *sitting,* POLYDORE *kneeling by her.*

Ye righteous gods!
Oh, give her back to life, and to your justice
I bow this guilty head!——What 's to be done?
Leonidas, Ariston, fly, my friends,
" Call, gather all our sages; bid them try
" Their sovereign skill." My crown to him that saves her.

Eur. It cannot be. Already death invades
My shivering bosom. Yet a little moment,
And I shall be with those that rest for ever.
But here, in this last awful hour, I swear,
By that dread world, whither my soul is parting,
I never knew pollution. I am still
Your true and loyal wife.

Per. I know thou art,
Thou dying innocence. My fatal blindness,
Destruction on my head! has ruin'd thee.
My life! my soul's best joy! and must I lose thee?
Lose thee for ever?—Wretch! rash fool!—Oh, yet
Forgive my madness!

Eur. Thus, in thy lov'd arms
Each unkind thought is lost. Now I die pleas'd:
Now all is well—Death! thou art here—— [*Dies*

Mel. Ah, she expires! The last dim mist swims o'er
Her closing eyes!

Per. One moment, thou fair spirit,
One moment tarry for me—Thus we join,
To part no more—[*He draws his sword to stab himself.*

Arist. Ah! sir——

Leon. My lord, what means
This fatal fury.

Per. Cruel men, away.
And would you then detain me longer here
On this loath'd spot, to linger out old age
With darkness and despair? To curse the hour
That gave a murderer birth? Would you, my friends,
Have me live thus?

Arist. Ye gods, assuage his grief!

Per. These righteous gods have cast me off for ever.
My broken vow—Oh, terrible! it hangs,
A bursting thunder o'er my head. "I see,
"And tremble at the sight, th' enquiring judge,
"Beyond these heavens, high on his throne of terrors,
"His fix'd and dread regard turn'd full upon me!
"And look, behold the minister of vengeance
"But waits his nod to strike me through the centre!"

Pol. Alas, my father!——

Per. O, my son, my son!
I have undone thee too. How dare I look
On that dear face, where thy lost mother's sweetness
Smiles strong reproach, and charms me into madness?
Then farewell reason; farewell human converse;

Sun, day, and time, farewell!—All hail, despair!
Eternal darkness, hail!—Say'st thou I've lost her?
No, no; we will not part. Thus let me press
Her clay-cold lips, thus weep my soul away
On her chaste bosom here. Oh, yet, my love!
My better life! Oh, yet lift up thy eyes!
Oh, speak to me!

Leon. Alas, she hears you not!
The soul is fled for ever.

Per. O, my queen!

[*He throws himself by the body; the rest stand weeping and silent.*]

Arist. *Gently raise him.*

Per. [*Raising himself up.*] Ha! there—save me! 't is he! the King of terrors!
Lo, how the ghastly vision glares upon me
With his fix'd beamless eyes!—What path is this,
Dreary and deep, through which he drags me on?
" Bless me!—look there—what shivering forms are these,
" Thin as the passing air, that skim around me?
" And now th' infernal world has shut me in."——
But see the Furies arm'd! see their fell serpents,
That rouse themselves to sting me! Is there none,
No power, to screen them from me?

Leon. Gracious sir,
Where is that patience———

Per. Soft—I see her plain.
Yonder on high she sits amid the gods,
Who wonder at her charms—And dost thou smile

Upon thy murderer? Thus let me kneel,
And, weeping, worship thee—Ha! seest thou there
Yon flaming pool? And what damn'd soul is that,
Rising from the mid deeps, that beckons me?
He wafts me still—By hell, 't is hated Procles,
The cause of all my ruin!—Traitor, yes,
I come, I fly, to plunge thee deeper still
In this red sea of tortures——Oh!———

Arist. He dies!

Pol. Oh, matchless horror!

Leon. Bear him gently hence.
Was ever sight like this?—O, Jealousy,
This is thy dreadful work. May future times
Learn here thy power, and mark, with heedful eyes,
From thy blind rage what mighty mischiefs rise.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq. Spoken by a Girl in Boy's clothes, tripping in hastily.

OH, gentlemen! I 'm come, but was not sent ye:
A volunteer—Pray, does my size content ye?
Man, I am your's; sex, bless'd as Heaven can make ye;
And from this time, weak woman, I forsake ye.
Who'd be a wife, when each new play can teach us,
To what fine ends these lords of ours beseech us?
At first, whate'er they do, they do so charming!
But mark what follows; frightful, and alarming!

They feed too fast on love, then sick'ning tell us,
They can't, forsooth, be kind—because they're jealous.

Who would be woman, then, to sigh and suffer,
And wish, and wait—for the slow-coming proffer?
Not I, farewell to petticoats and stitching,
And welcome dear, dear breeches, more bewitching.
Henceforth, new-moulded, I'll rove, love, and wa
And fight, and storm, and charm—like Periander.
Born for this dapper age, pert, short, and clever;
If e'er I grow a man, 't is now, or never.

Well, but what conduct suits this transformation?
I'll copy some smart soul of conversation.
Should there be war, I'd talk of fields and trenches;
Should there be peace, I'd toast ten favourite wenche
Should I be lov'd—Gadso! how then? No matter;
I'll bow, as you do, and look foolish at her.
And so, who knows, that never means to prove ye,
But I'm as good a man as any of ye?

Well, 'tis a charming frolic, and I'll do't:
Sirs, have I your consent? What say ye to't?
Yet hold—perhaps they'll dread a rival beau;
I may be what I seem, for ought they know.
Ladies, farewell—I should be loth to leave ye,
Could an increase of pretty fellows grieve ye:
Each, like myself, devoted ne'er to harm ye,
And full as fit, no doubt, to serve and charm ye.

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